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NEW SOUTH WALES

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LITTLE GREY HOMES of ROMANCE

Tin Hut "Palaces" of Heroes and Heroines of Outback

Scores of primitive old pioneer homes with a remarkable history are scattered around Australia's coastline. They are the little grey homes of the coast.

They have witnessed romance, adventure, pluck and hardship, as their occupants, our men and women pioneers, continued man's everlasting conquest of new, unknown, and dangerous territory.

Francis Birtles, well-known Australian explorer and overlander, gives an interesting impression of some of these outback homes in the following article.

By FRANCIS BIRTLES

AROUND Australia's ten-thousand-mile coastline there are scattered huts reminiscent of the primitive stone age.

They are the humble houses of brave men and women fired by the ambition to conquer our wild unknown lands.

Hemmed in by leagues of trackless, oft-times unexplored lands, the pioneers must depend upon the sea for transport to and from stores or depots hundreds of miles away, although fortunately these coastal regions abound in varied game, such as wild pig, wild cattle, wild duck, and geese, buffalo, fish, crabs, and oysters.

Here's an impression of life in some of these homes.

A Missionary Home

A GALVANISED iron bungalow with wide verandahs surrounded by acres of coconut palms waving in the gentle breezes of a south-east monsoon.

Drifting lazily inwards on the incoming river tide is a white painted, streamlined lugger. It drops anchor as a white dressed aboriginal crew smartly row out to meet it.

George—long white-whiskered "missionary" man, "Boss" of the station, has returned. Gleefully all the red lava-lava clad black men and white gowned black women race



A CONTRAST IN PIONEER HOMES. At top is a sugar grower's home in North Queensland. Bottom left is a North Queensland camp home, perched on a rock to avoid the "wet season" floods. Right is another tropical East Coast home. Its interior is in marked contrast to the luxurious furnishings of the plane flying overhead.

down to the little beach to greet him.

Shyly, but smiling hopefully, a big group of visiting wild bush aborigines sit in the background amid the shady palms and watch the large supplies of "good fellow tucker" being unloaded from the lugger.

No well-beloved ordinary Sunday day was this. This one fellah day was "Christmas Sunday-Day." For weeks they had tramped along primitive jungle trails from hundreds of miles away to greet the missionary on his return home.

A "Gulf Home"

A TROPIC moon shining brightly on the silent racing waters of a tidal channel between the flat shores of an outlying coral island

and the jungle-clad mainland—in the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Beneath the silent shades of a giant wild fig tree camp fires glow and flicker. Over all float a canopy of blue smoke.

Scattered around about are the tired, sleeping forms of naked aborigines and skinny dogs.

On a grassy flat nearby several horses are feeding quietly; goats bital softly in a wooden stockade.

In the overlooming shadows cast by a rocky cliff is a house built of paper bark. It is the home of "White fellow Jack" from Thursday Island, and his wife from Normanston.

Jack is a bushman and learned in the ways of the wild, and makes a living from the hunting of wild bulls and selling their hides.

His riding-horses have been trained to gallop up alongside the jungle kings and to keep steady as their rider shoots them down.

An Island Home

FAR away to the north of Barrier Island tourist resorts there lies a little rock-bound island, the former home of a hardy sea settler.

A man, his wife, and baby lived there, free from the worries of civilisation. They had a comfortable little home. A Chinese gardener looked after a fertile vegetable plot. The food supply was supplemented by stocks of fish, oysters, crayfish, turtle and turtle-eggs. Finance was supplied from the sale of dried beche-de-mer and pearl-shell.

There came a day when the wife remained at home whilst her husband sailed away to the mainland to buy stores.

The aborigines along the coastline were still uncivilised. Late in the afternoon there arrived several dugout canoes with black marauders on board. They killed the Chinese.

While they looted the place, the white woman, babe in arms, slipped away unnoticed to the beach.

With frantic strength she rolled an empty four-hundred-gallon square tank into the water and floated away on the outgoing tide.

The strange craft eventually drifted on to the coastal mainland, and the woman and baby were found by searchers.

Then began a hunt for the black murderers and looters. The aborigines were taught a lesson which has never been forgotten since.

A Bass Strait Home

TWO thousand miles of coastline we pass by. A coastline on which pioneer settlement has developed into far-flung sugarcane and banana and pineapple plantations.

Settlement lands which have evolved into straggling townships

and well-laid-out cities. Epic stories which would fill many volumes.

Years ago—nestling amidst mighty gum trees and hazy, blue, tree-clad ranges was a ten-acre clearing devoted to raspberry growing.

A little shingle-wood slatted hut was tenanted by an old, asthmatic settler and his permanently-crippled wife. She could not walk or do household duties.

They were a happy and religious couple. The old man wheezed and toiled all day cutting, tying up, and picking the red berries of the heavily-laden branches.

At dawn one morning a smoke haze hanging low over the valley attracted his attention.

Sniffing, he gazed at a spot half a mile away. His neighbor's hut had disappeared.

Hastily he walked over. Then he heard a voice, a rasping brogue from down below. In the nearby well was his friend Paddy, standing waist deep and shivering in the icy cold water.

Half asleep, Paddy had rushed out, in his shirt tails to draw water to quench the fire. He had fallen in and had spent most of the night there.

Telegraphists' Homes

TWO thousand miles westward are the little homes of Eucla, on the borders of West and South Australia—homes isolated by hundreds of miles of barren lands skirting the shores of the Great Australian Bight. Homes of telegraph operators, lonely but otherwise happy in their work of relaying messages across a vast continent.

In days gone by the only transport was a little sailing vessel, which, weather permitting, brought supplies from Adelaide or Perth, nearly a thousand miles away in either direction.

The little homes are still there, mostly deserted. Telegraphic automatic relay machines have banished the need for operators.

Clay Pan Homes

IN the far Nor-West of West Australia, land of spinifex ridges, salt-bush plains and sun-scorched clay pan flats. Dotted about are little pioneer homes, some of them only tents beneath bough shades. Pastoral homes of small selections are fringed by sheep lands—sheep which feed on tough herbage and drink of waters which are lifted from underground supplies by means of windmills.

Lonely pioneer homes on the edge of acres of unexplored lands—lands of as yet unknown mineral and pastoral resources!

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Hooton photo.

In Palestine

DR. SYLVIA YOUNG, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. W. J. Young, of Melbourne University, is the first woman doctor to be sent out to Palestine by the Medical Colonial Service.

She has been there a year pioneering successful clinics right in the heart of old Jerusalem.

She is proving a boon to thousands of Arab women whose religion denies them the services of a male doctor.



Successful Career

MISS ELIZABETH DRAPER, whose nursing services with the A.I.F. earned for her the Royal Red Cross and the Greek Military Medal, has made an equal success of her career since war ended. She is the owner and matron of Helenie Private Hospital, Randwick (Sydney), a modern hospital with accommodation for fifty patients.

Miss Draper left for active nursing service in Egypt in 1915, and was later assistant matron at the 1st Australian General Hospital in France, and also spent two years in Greece.



Five Conferences Abroad

MRS. H. W. L. HERBERT, J.P., of Adelaide, will have a busy time while she is abroad this year. She will represent the Women's Non-Party Association at the British Commonwealth League, London, and be present at the meeting of Empire Justices.

Later she will attend the World Conference of the Women's Christian Temperance Union at Washington, and the Pan-Pacific Conference, Vancouver.

Day's hike revealed her secret



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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

57-20-27

YOUTHFUL-LOOKING Governor's WIFE

Lady Wakehurst Strikes A Happy Family Note

From Our Special Representative at Perth

Pick-a-backing a three-year-old boy, a young woman romped through the lounge of the Orford when the vessel reached Fremantle.

She was Lady Wakehurst, wife of the Governor-Designate of New South Wales, who arrives in Sydney this week.

In such happy informal fashion, Australia first became acquainted with members of our new Vice-Regal family.

WITH a quick gesture over her shoulder to the small figure happily perched on her back, Lady Wakehurst introduced the Honorable Robert Loder, her youngest son.

"He's my youngest," she said. "He wants to go on shore. He's not quite three—two and three-quarters."

The romping girlish mother can also be the perfect Governor's lady. In fact, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Secretary for Dominions, emphasised this when he said at the Royal Empire Society's London farewell to the Wakehursts, speaking of the difficulty in finding "a good married couple for Government House," that one of the best things about Lord Wakehurst was that he had married Lady Wakehurst.

She is extremely pleasant in manner and appearance, tall, graceful, with a beautiful complexion and soft, dark, long hair.

Her ease of manner, of natural charm and grace, has been increased by an excellent training in social organising for charity and political work.

She hopes to do some sailing in Sydney, as it is her favorite sport, with golf for winter.

"I am interested in nearly all social affairs," she said, "and especially everything to do with the young, as I am very fond of children. Then there are the Girl Guides and the English-speaking women and country women's movements."

Although her husband calls her "Kay," Lady Wakehurst's name before her marriage was Margaret Tennant.

She is the daughter of Sir David Tennant, a Scottish business man.

Artistic Family

THE Tennant girls were all artistically inclined, and paint.

"But I am no good," said Lady Wakehurst, modestly referring to her artistic talents. "My youngest sister, Mrs. Dugdale, is an artist and does good watercolor work. I would really like to do all I can to encourage art in Sydney. And I do not mean that as horribly as it sounds."

"I am particularly interested in modern art when it is sincere, particularly the French impressionist, as distinct from incomprehensible branches like the surrealism type."

"I am a modest collector and have some lovely pictures, of which I am very fond. I have brought a few among some of our household

goods which we are bringing out."

Her second son, the Honorable David Loder, aged nine, whose good looks, quick animation and wit will be popular at home and at school here, debated with her briskly as to whether there was a lake or not in her valued Turner watercolor.

Although high-spirited and treated with the utmost camaraderie by their parents, the young Loders have delightful manners and a good, firm mother, and David did not contradict.

The three boys, from the Honorable Christopher, aged 11, who is his father's heir and rather more serious-minded than his irrepressible brother, David, to the Honorable Robert, nearly three, are all



LADY WAKEHURST, the new Governor's lady of New South Wales, and her youngest son, the Honorable Robert Loder, with whom she was playing pick-a-back when seen by a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly.

good-looking and are surrounded by the most congenial of atmospheres to childhood happiness.

They looked well in loose tropical palm beach suits and long trousers.

Lady Wakehurst herself dresses with exquisite taste and restraint. She has one dress exuberance—earrings, which she wears morning, noon, and night.

At eight o'clock that morning she could clap her hands to her ears in an instinctive gesture and exclaim, "I don't feel dressed without earrings."

Her only daughter, the Honorable Henrietta Loder, who is called by her full name, will come to Australia in September with her grandmother, Lady Wakehurst's

mother, Mrs. Geoffrey Lubbock, and a school friend. She is waiting to pass an exam. in England.

Lady Wakehurst intends to have the boys board at Bowral, having communicated with the headmaster before she left England. Only Christopher has been to boarding school before.

Few of Lady Wakehurst's photographs published in Australia do her justice. She has finely chiselled features with an intellectual expression.

She has visited Australia before, in 1924, taking in all the capital cities, although she did not see Government House, Sydney.

She is, incidentally, very fond of family picnics, which she intends to arrange up the Parramatta River.

DEATH by PRESCRIPTION

How Patients Are Exposed to Errors

By Our Special Commissioner

Because they had been given injections of the wrong preparation, two patients undergoing operations have recently died in hospitals—one in Sydney and one in Melbourne.

It is a startling fact that these tragedies occurred in the two greatest cities of the Commonwealth, where the most advanced paraphernalia of medical science should be available.

Investigations on behalf of The Australian Women's Weekly reveal a disquieting state of affairs. These two cases were not isolated accidents. They reveal a grave menace in the handling of dangerous drugs and prescriptions.

THESE are the facts of the two cases referred to:

Oliver Throsby Osborne, a grazier, died in a Sydney private hospital on February 16 after a local anæsthetic had been injected.

It was revealed at the inquest that pericaine had been used in the injection instead of novocaine. Pericaine is a synthetic preparation ten times stronger than the drug that was prescribed by the doctor.

Within a few minutes of receiving the injection, fatal symptoms set in and Osborne died.

The chemist told the coroner that both drugs were the same in appearance, and he had believed that they were the same products under different trade names.

The other tragedy occurred in Melbourne. Alexander Alfred Eitershank died on the same day—February 16—after he had been given an injection containing a powerful corrosive.

Again death took place as the result of a chemist's mistake. The dispenser—a man with 36 years' experience—said at the inquest that

he had confused caustic potassium with a harmless saline solution.

The drugs were standing near each other on a shelf, he said, and they were similar in appearance.

The most instructive of these two cases is the first-mentioned, where the chemist admitted substituting pericaine for novocaine because he thought the two drugs were identical.

Better Control

THIS could be overcome in a very simple manner.

For example, the New Zealand Government has drafted regulations which insist that doctors prescribe drugs listed in the British Pharmacopœia.

Only in exceptional cases—and after securing a special permit—will a doctor be allowed to order a trade variety of any drug.

No control of this nature is at present possible in Australia—nor, according to a high official of the British Medical Association, is it being contemplated.

There are two sides to this position, the chemists' and the doctors', briefly set out in the following:

WHAT CHEMISTS SAY

IN recent years a large number of patented drugs have appeared on the market, and these are freely prescribed by doctors.

Many of these drugs are very similar, or even identical, but all have quite different names.

This means that a chemist who wishes to cope with the varied preferences of modern doctors has to stock a multitude of different brands.

So more and more frequently the chemist, when he goes to make up a prescription, is finding that he does not stock the variety of a drug ordered by the doctor. Often he has to ring up the medical man and persuade him to substitute some other brand which can be easily obtained.

But every now and then a chemist, on his own initiative, substitutes another trade product which he believes is similar.

The result of such an action—as the recent tragedies have shown—can easily be fatal.

WHAT DOCTORS SAY

IT must not be supposed either that the doctor has not a good reason for ordering a proprietary drug when he wants to give an injection to a patient undergoing an operation, or other purpose.

He knows the particular drug that he wants to use and he feels more confident in an article packed and sealed in a wholesale laboratory. He considers that there is less likelihood of error or contamination in this way than there is if it is left to be dispensed by a local chemist.

In fact, investigation by The Australian Women's Weekly goes to show that the use of standardised sealed products is in fact the safest and best. The danger lies in the confusion arising from the use of a number of trade names for identical articles.

It is to overcome this confusion that the suggestion is made that every drug be marked distinctly with its proper name according to the British Pharmacopœia.

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SPIRIT MESSAGES At A SYDNEY SEANCE

Noted Clergyman Analyses Amazing Experience

Spiritualism has experienced a reawakening of public interest by the arrival in Sydney of the American medium, Mr. Arthur Ford.

This culminated in a seance which was broadcast from Station 2GB last week, an experiment made for the first time in Australia.

We give here the remarkable experience of the Rev. Wyndham Heathcote, Unitarian Minister, of Sydney, who tells how, at the broadcast seance, he received spirit messages from his wife and sisters, through Mr. Ford.

By Rev. Wyndham Heathcote, B.A., Oxon., Specially Written for The Australian Women's Weekly

THERE are mediums and different, and thorough-going mediums. There are mediums good, bad, and in-

Psychic Medium is Touring Australia

MR. ARTHUR FORD, world-famous psychic medium, is conducting a tour of the Commonwealth, giving lectures and demonstrations.

One of his most interesting demonstrations was given at the Presbyterian Assembly Hall, Margaret St., Sydney, last week, and broadcast over Station 2GB.

"Spirit messages" received by Mr. Ford were conveyed to the dead people's relatives, many of whom were in the audience, which also included the Rev. Wyndham Heathcote, author of this special article.

and since coming to Sydney has justified his reputation of being the best medium of America to-day.

I attended his first three meetings, and since then I have seen him privately for a few minutes, and I have come to the conclusion



REV. WYNDHAM HEATHCOTE

that Mr. Ford is a fine type of American gentleman, a good public speaker, an excellent medium, and, what is most important of all, a thoroughly sincere and honest man.

Mr. Ford's mediumship takes the form of abnormally accurate clairvoyance. He is slightly clairvoyant, also, but it is as a clairaudient that he is supreme.

I cannot do better than repeat the message which was given to me at the first meeting in the crowded Assembly Hall, and then analyse it.

It should be clearly borne in mind that I had never seen Mr. Ford in my life till he walked on to the platform. The evidential value of the message depends on the fact that Mr. Ford and I had never met. That should be kept in mind.

Well, then, the last message Mr. Ford gave at his first meeting was as follows: "I hear the name of Wyndham, anyone here of that name?"

Sitting in the first row, I said: "Yes, my name is Wyndham." Mr. Ford continued: "You are a preacher, I am told. You were a minister of the Church of England, and you are now in a Liberal Non-conformist Church."

"Your wife is here, and sends her love to you. For evidential purposes she takes me to Oxford, and says you were an Oxford man. She brings a Don with her." (At this point there was an inaccuracy of which more later.) "She also brings two of your sisters."

"The name of one was Florence, the other one was in Church orders. This sister says she passed out in New York."

All these statements were true.

An Analysis

THE question arises at once how did Mr. Ford get the name Wyndham? It is a family name and as a Christian name is probably unique in Sydney.

The psychic research people definitely say they did not inform him that I would be present, and there was no other way in which he could have found it out.

Then how did he know that I had been a priest of the Church of England, and was now exercising my ministry in the Unitarian Church? As far as I am aware there is not another Anglican clergyman in Australia in the same position.

How, again, did he know that I had a sister called Florence? My sister, Florence, died fifty years ago in England, and was buried at Melksham, in North Wilts. The only way that he could have discovered that

I had a sister of that name was by consulting a book of reference such as Burke or Debrett. This Mr. Ford denies having done.

My other sister was a member of an Anglican Sisterhood and wore the robes of a nun, and passed out in New York State, as Mr. Ford said.

Here I maintain we are confronted with phenomena which can only be explained by saying that Mr. Ford obtained the information from the next world, as he claims to have done.

THERE was one inaccuracy in the message alluded to above: the name of the Oxford Don was given somewhat hesitatingly as Fairfax. I knew at the time that he had misheard the name and also what the name was which he had not caught. Some three weeks later Mr. Ford said to me that in going over a verbatim report of the message in his room he was told of the mistake, and he said to me the right name was not Fairfax, but Chavasse.

Dr. Chavasse, who subsequently became Bishop of Liverpool, was a great personal friend of mine. I had been a student at Wycliffe Hall when he was president, and in later years my wife and I had stayed with him at Wycliffe Hall.

On reflection, it seems to me that this one inaccuracy in the message

Write Your Story:

£1/1/- Offered

The Australian Women's Weekly is offering a prize of £1/1/- each week for the best real-life story submitted and published.

Full details are given on Page 24.

tends to strengthen rather than lessen its value.

Had Mr. Ford been at the pains to obtain by ordinary means the facts and the names which were mentioned, it is inconceivable that he should have been so careless as to give the wrong name of an Oxford Don.

But it is quite easy to understand how the name Fairfax was picked up instead of Chavasse by one listening clairaudiently.

It was amazing that there should only have been one inaccuracy under the difficult conditions of a crowded hall.

Please turn to Page 24

BACKACHE RHEUMATISM

The Danger Signs of Dire Kidney and Uric Acid Trouble conquered!

ONE Remedy that succeeds where all else fails

Why Harrison's Pills Give Superior Results



It is easy to lull the pain of Rheumatism and other bodily tortures. Aspirin, and many simple pills, will do this. But it is temporary—the cause of the trouble remains and the pain frequently returns.

Harrison's Pills work on different lines. First: They cleanse and soothe the kidneys and urinary tract EFFECTIVELY. This alone gives immediate and exceptionally beneficial relief. Next: they lastingly strengthen the kidney-action. Then: They dissolve the uric acid crystals and deposits that lie along and torture the joints, nerves, and muscles. Finally, they eliminate the danger-elements from the system. Other remedies do not provide the same guaranteed

action and thorough security as Harrison's Pills. No other gives such a quick, safe, completely assured clearing up of all aspects of the trouble in so short a time.

'Life' begins at 40—if Kidneys O.K.

Kidney, Bladder, Uric Acid and Urinary Disorders can quickly age you by 10 years or more. To end them means rejuvenation—new vigour—new comfort—new peace at night—new happiness each day. At about 40 years of age, kidney, bladder and urinary troubles start most men and women on the downhill road to premature "old-age." DO YOU KNOW THE "WHYS AND WHEREFORES" OF THIS SERIOUS MATTER? MILLIONS of filter-tubes in your Kidneys, put there to rid you of Acids, Poisons, Germs, must be kept in order—all the time. These vital filter-tubes can fail—if they do, misery results. If everyone knew the urgency of keeping the Kidneys well, there would be no neglect of the early signs of Kidney Disorder.

Uric Acid Crystals like Splintered Glass Tear NERVES & MUSCLES

With every movement—TORTURE! Tiny pin-points that with every move, make you gasp and limp—weakens you, and spoil life. Rheumatism is deadly. It starts with kidney-failure. Cleanse your system of the trouble-causing crystals! Bend your raw, weakened kidneys—by taking Harrison's Pills. This remedy reaches the spot. In quick time, sufferers who have failed to get benefit from other remedies find Harrison's Pills bring grateful ease.

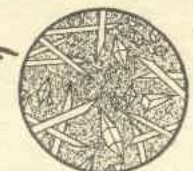


Diagram showing types of Needle-point Uric Acid Crystals

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WOMEN GET SPLENDID RESULTS!

"Dear Sirs,—My daughter has suffered a lot from swollen feet. She tried many other remedies, but obtained no benefit until taking Harrison's Pills. They gave her relief straight away, and we cannot speak too highly of them—they really are wonderful. She has had no recurrence of the trouble. (Signed) G. E. McKELLAR."

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"Dear Sirs,—Due to uric acid and severe rheumatism, I was practically dead at 77. In spite of the severity of my trouble, Harrison's Pills have made a new man of me, and I feel not a day older than fifty. I have never known any remedy set in such a remarkably beneficial manner. (Signed) B. JACKSON."

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IMMEDIATE RESULTS OR NO COST!

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TRIBAL CALL

*A Vivid Jungle
Story of Elephant Love...*

The elephant approached too close for her liking, and mother love making her bold the little cur rushed out at him, yelping her rage.

Illustrated by
SYD. MILLER

BROWSING as they went, resting as they chose, bathing whenever they felt inclined, the elephants marched slowly through the forest.

There were but eleven of them, one of the families that had broken away from the main herd during the last "round up," when a number of them had been captured for service and the rest allowed to go free. For a month they had travelled north-east, then westward for a while, and now were heading due south, probably in obedience to some tribal instinct that bade them rejoin the main body.

So quietly they traversed that the sound of their great feet on the moist jungle paths could scarcely be heard at even a short distance. In the clinging gloom of the deep forest they could have passed unnoticed—by any human being.

But the denizens of the jungle, with keener sight and scent and hearing, marked their progress.

One beast alone watched them with greedy eyes, but the striped terror of the jungle was too wise to approach closely. The mother elephant knew this well, but kept her son very close to her side; her offspring should make no meal for a hungry tiger. He was very fond of roaming by day, but not for a moment would she let him leave her side after darkness fell. Dawn would see them all browsing, after which they would spend an hour or two in some forest pool and rest during the heat of the day.

They passed Hurripoor, a collection of tiny villages set amid cultivated clearings in the very heart of the jungle, where the rich, black, humus-laden soil yields three heavy crops every year. The paw-paw trees carried fruit of prodigious size, the melons were ripe and luscious and the breeze that kissed the gold-ripe guavas wafted temptation to man and bird and beast.

It carried an invitation to the elephant herd. The smell of the ripening maize was tantalising and the rustling of the sugar-cane tops whispered a welcome. After their terrifying experience when the hunters drove their fellows into the keddah (elephant trap) they were loath to approach the haunts of men, but the scent of the ripe guavas—what elephant could resist that?

When the soaring kite looked down on an awakening world and the jackal was slinking home to his lair there was not an elephant to be seen—and very few guavas on the trees.

The peasants were waiting with drums and conches the next night. The hideous din reminded the elephants of the last stage of the "drive," when they saw their kindred hustled into the huge stockade, and they fled.

The peasants complained to the Deputy Collector, who forwarded their petition to the District Collector, who sent it on to the Commissioner. The official who was sent to investigate, returned to headquarters and reported that the elephants had disappeared. They had.

Among the cultivated clearings

between Meeraganj and Pharran-poor they were again reducing the peasants to despair. Once more the weary round of fruitless complaints and inquiries began. Then the herd found the nursery beds belonging to the Forest Department, and, in three joyful nights, destroyed the labors of three years.

Wilkinson, of the Forests, viewed the damage and said very little—he was a worker, not a talker. He swung his wiry body into the saddle and rode to the telegraph office within the hour—fourteen miles along a jungle track. Trees to him were more precious than fine gold, and the sight of those tender saplings trampled into the soil made him shudder, as though he had seen some sentient thing maimed and dying. He wasted no time in sending futile reports. He had no love for red tape, employed the direct method of getting things done and, in less than twelve hours,

who have been born and reared to the profession. Any Indian—if his caste laws permit—may become a camel driver, a groom, or a bullock driver, but NOT a mahout. Only the son of a mahout may drive an elephant.

It is an arduous, often precarious calling, and they left nothing to chance. They studied the lie of the land and they studied the elephants, individually and collectively.

Swiftly and accurately they noted their ages, customs and peculiarities of temperament. They knew which would be likely to put up a fight and which would be easily compelled to follow the stronger characters. They then got to work. Other men had the keddah ready, the delicate task of driving the elephants into it fell to the artists.

Very cautiously the animals were

dislike to keep them moving towards the keddah.

Then, when they were within two miles of the carefully-hidden trap, the big cow took alarm. Some subtle instinct warned her of danger, and she wheeled eastward. A coolie hidden in a tree-top blew a whistle, and she turned northward, the rest of the herd closed in. But the men who were guiding the drivers had anticipated her movement—every movement an elephant could possibly make. Northward there were thin spirals of smoke, westward there was suspicious movement among the undergrowth, and the only road that seemed clear of danger lay due south.

SOUTHWARD they went at an increased pace. Once more the cow stopped, for her calf was missing again. He was given to roaming by day and was quite big enough to find his way back to the herd, so she had ceased to let his wanderings distress her. Now that danger threatened she wanted to find him and tried to turn back.

The time for gentle measures had passed. The mahouts knew that the calf was not in the round-up and that if the mother should break back to find him, the rest of the herd would follow and all their labor would go for nothing. Only by bold measures could they accomplish their task now, so the preconcerted signal was given.

Now, from every direction except the south, their foes appeared. Tom-toms, conches and cymbals raised a hideous clamor, but the riotous discord was as nothing to the shrill yells of the coolies, for the wild elephant fears the human voice above all other sounds. Forward they rushed; they were between the great palings that stretched out on either side of the enclosure when the mother elephant made her last effort to escape.

Please turn to Page 13

By
W. GILHESPY

the men of the Keddah Department were speeding north.

This department is responsible for wild elephants in Government forests, and its men had been sent to capture the herd with the least possible delay. Wilkinson and his subordinates gave them the benefit of their local knowledge and helped them choose a site for the keddah. Then they went back to their trees, leaving the actual capture to those men who alone understand it.

For only the elect may capture and train elephants, only the men

turned in the direction of the stockade, without knowing that they were being guided. When their care-free wanderings took them in a westerly direction a faint whiff of burning brushwood turned them eastwards. There they heard the far-off sound of an axe. From the north the distant echoes of drums mingled with the sighing of the breeze that stirred the tree-tops. There was nothing to alarm them, nothing close enough or loud enough to stampede them, just enough of the scents and sounds that elephants

Continuing....

LADY with Carnations

Another thrilling episode of our romantic serial about marriage versus a career.

THE STORY SO FAR

BEAUTIFUL KATHARINE LORIMER, an antique dealer of repute, is visiting America to negotiate the sale of a valuable miniature.

Her niece, NANCY SHERWOOD, is also in the States fulfilling a theatrical engagement.

They spend a holiday at the home of the Maddens, in the Adirondacks. CHRIS MADDEN is Nancy's fiance, but Katharine is rapidly falling in love with him.

Back in New York, she plans to finalize her business and return to England, and an interview is arranged by her agent, Breuget, with a prospective buyer for the miniature.

NOW READ ON—



ASHIVER went over Katharine as she stepped out of the cab and passed quickly through the raw air. Breuget was waiting for her in the back office, a tiny cubby hole with barely room for a desk, a gas stove and a couple of chairs. He was nervous, she saw at once, though his lean form and aquiline features were strung to a pretence of polite unconcern. And with an air absurdly and pathetically festive he had brewed some coffee on his little stove, which, with a plate of sweet biscuits, he now offered her by way of election and refreshment.

Katharine accepted. It was good coffee, hot and strong with the real French tang. As she drank it she studied the old man, his lined sensitive face, his suit, shiny from repeated pressings and worn at the cuffs, his linen, spotless, yet suspiciously threadbare, with a careful darn just beneath the high stiff collar, his shoes, so meticulously polished that the tiny crack in the uppers hardly showed, and all at once an immense compassion woke in her. She had never given much attention to Breuget before, except to consider the usefulness of this spindly old gentleman to her, but now she read him with a new sympathy, seeing his fight against shabbiness, the whole deprecatory struggle for genteel existence.

"By the way," she remarked suddenly, "if we put this deal across we're going to raise your salary."

Breuget colored to the roots of his sparse grey hair.

"Oh, no, Miss Lorimer."

"Oh, yes, Breuget," she answered decisively.

He glanced at her, dog-like, then looked away.

"Thank you, Miss Lorimer," he stammered. "Thank you very much."

There was a silence. He looked at his watch, a thin gold and

enamel Louis-Philippe timepiece, relic of his former standing.

"I wish Mr. Brandt would come."

"It isn't three yet, surely?"

"Just on, Miss Lorimer."

"Don't fidget, Breuget." Her eyes smiled at him kindly, confidently, attributing his nervousness to a new cause. "That rise is in your pocket already."

He said hurriedly: "It isn't that I'm thinking of it's you, Miss Lorimer. After all it's pretty important—" He broke off with a van snort.

"Brandt'll take it." She spoke conclusively. "After what he said. We know him, don't we? He keeps his word."

AGAIN there fell a silence which they filled, both of them, by thinking of their famous client. Brandt was, as Katharine had declared, a man who knew what he wanted and had always got it, a short, dark, thick-set figure with bespectacled yet piercing eyes, who had battled his way to fabulous wealth through the twin interests of transport and lumber. His name was a national axiom for achievement. The tale of his creations—from the great chain of lumber camps he had made in the north-west to the new biochemical institute he had founded for humanity at San Francisco—had become almost legendary, and the computation of his treasures, which filled his castle in Spain, his palazzo in Venice, and his great baroque house near Key West, was a harmonic procession in millions.

Merely to think of him brought him in person to the room, so vivid was his personality, and it was with a start that Katharine emerged from her reverie to find herself still alone with Breuget, whose watch, ticking away relentlessly, now showed a quarter past three.

"Queer, Miss Lorimer, isn't it?" said the old man, clearing his throat. "Shall I... shall I ring up his house?"

Katharine made a gesture of dissent.

"We mustn't worry him. He'll be along all right, unless he's been held up. In that case they'd ring us up."

"Yes, Miss Lorimer."

But the suspense, with all that it implied, was proving too much for Breuget. Detaching himself from his seat he sidled imperceptibly into the front office, where, in an attitude of expectation, he took up his position behind the

His lips came together in a determined way. "Katharine, I've something to say to you. And I've travelled all night to say it."

narrow glass door where his eye could command the section of sidewalk directly in front.

Katharine, resting her cheek upon her palm, continued to wait, his ear, attuned to catch the door's opening click, hearing only the roar of the traffic, and the shrill calling of a newsboy outside. It came to her, eventually, that this calling was unusually shrill and feverish. But at the same instant Breuget burst back upon her with a paper in his hand, his aspect so disordered she thought he must have a stroke. At first he could not speak. He stood upon the threshold, swaying slightly, his eye wild, his face chalky except for a high spot of color on his cheek bones. At last he stammered:

"Look, Miss Lorimer! Look!" She jumped up, torn by a sudden fear.

"What is it?"

"Brandt... he's... he won't buy the miniature... after all." He choked out the words, his face distorted now, then sinking into a chair he began unashamedly to weep.

Katharine tore open the paper he had given her and there, sprawled in block headlines across the entire page, was the news of the airplane disaster which had plunged Brandt and ten others to their deaths.

Katharine walked out of the

powers a character in essence so simple and magnanimous that she had come to regard him, not only as her patron, but as her friend. And now he was gone.

Desolation rushed upon her as she sat, a strange, solitary figure, in the forsaken park. Around her in the enshrouding gloom rose the minarets and temples of a great civilisation, humming with the note of multitudinous life. Yet here she was alone. Upon the icy pond before her some children had been skating, but they were long gone home, leaving only the churned rime of their skate tracks. A few water fowl, their cold wings folded over stilled legs, brooded disconsolately in the shelter of the little island. The park lamps, strung like blurred beads upon an invisible chain, stretched into nothingness. The rest was gloom and muffled silence.

Gradually her own position dawned upon her. She was finished. With Brandt so tragically removed, her chances of disposing of the miniature speedily and favorably had vanished to all but an infinitesimal point of chance. Her commitments to the bank would shortly fall due. To meet them, and her other obligations, she must sell out—if, indeed, they did not sell her up—of everything she possessed, stock, lease, even the goodwill of the business itself. With luck she

By A. J. CRONIN

office into the thickening fog, as though her one desire now were to bury herself from human sight and contact. With head erect and eyes that stared unseeing before her, she marched down 81st street, across the raging canyon of Madison, and came by a kind of dumb instinct to the open and deserted oasis of Central Park. There she sat down upon a bench that stood beside the frozen lake and strove blindly to compose her thoughts.

At first nothing reached her but the dull horror of Brandt's sudden end. She had liked the man. In all his dealings with her he had been scrupulously just, revealing through the aura of his

might shave the ignominious edge of bankruptcy.

But, with or without such luck, she was down, beaten, ruined. This was the end of her career, the pitiful downfall of that house of cards she had built by her utmost endeavor. A pang transfixed her at the thought of her early flashing hopes, all brutally extinguished now, of her sweet transient success, all turned to ashes in her mouth.

Then, with a swift evolution of her pain, she thought of those whom her failure would involve. Waiters and Miss Mills, Breuget—alas for poor Breuget!—her mother, Mabel's children, dependent on her for their expensive

Illustrated by
.: FISCHER .:



schooling, Mabel herself, even the dismal, unhappy Henry, yes, even he would feel the shock of her collapse. Nancy, thank God, did not need her now. But the others—oh, it was too crushing to contemplate that they must suffer because of her. She could still work, of course, and driven by that relentless conscientious strain, direct inheritance from her puritanical father, she might well slave herself into a premature old age.

But could she ever attain the affluence she had previously known? Others, and she thought of Bertram, might gainy lose and then remake a fortune in a year. But she was different. The orbit of her star was measured rather than erratic. When it fell it would plunge never to rise again. Besides, she had felt herself strangely defenceless lately, and vulnerable to the tear and turbulence of life.

Now, indeed, at this moment, she was supremely and agonisingly conscious of her sex. She was a woman, weak and helpless, needful of a sustaining arm, of a stronger will to which she might turn, and, weeping, invoke protection.

ALL at once an impulse of despair flooded her, of such utter and abandoned hopelessness, she was tempted to end the process of disaster by the swift surrender of life itself. So easy, it would be to seek the dark, kind Lethe of oblivion. No one need know. One step, mistaken in the traffic, an accident, of course, and she would be out of her distress, asleep, and soon forgotten.

But in the same instant, a shudder of revulsion passed over her and she thrust away the thought as though it were unclear. Courage! That had been the motto of her life, always courage, nothing else mattered, and now she must bring to her defeat a greater fortitude than she had ever known before. She rose abruptly, tightening her coat about her, set off, at a firm pace, towards her apartment.

When she arrived Nancy was there, though on the point of leaving for rehearsal, and at once she ran forward and threw her arms round Katharine's neck. "Darling Katharine," she exclaimed, "I'm so dreadfully sorry." She had seen the special edition and she quickly went on: "I hope it won't make such a frightful difference. It's the most appalling luck. If only it had happened afterwards instead of before!"

Katharine had control of herself now. She said quietly:

"Most of the bad luck is on Brandt, when you come to think of it."

Please turn to Page 45

SACRILEGE

Another thrilling Captain Blood adventure dealing with vengeance and piracy on the high seas.



THE seed of it, at first rejected, proceeded from the impiety of Captain Blood's French associate Yberville, who, having been educated for the priesthood, should have been the last to supply it.

The immediate occasion was provided by the fact that the Arabella was sailing at a venture without definite aim. Because of this, Yberville, a Basque who had spent some early years in a Spanish seminary and spoke Castilian well enough to pass for a Spaniard, had gone ashore at Bique to see what might be gleaned. When he returned to the big red-bellied ship at anchor in the roadstead, with the flag of Spain impudently flaunted from her mainmast, he brought news that Don Ignacio de la Fuente, some time Grand Inquisitor of Castile and now appointed Cardinal-Archbishop of New Spain, was on his way to Mexico on the sixty-gun galleon, the Santa Veronica. His Eminence was at present reported at San Juan de Puerto Rico, whence he would proceed to San Domingo, then to Santiago de Cuba, and, lastly, to Havana, before crossing to the Main.

Unblushingly Yberville disclosed the value his rascally mind perceived in the news.

"Next to King Philip himself, there is no Spaniard living who would fetch a higher ransom than this Primate of the New World."

They were pacing the poop-deck of the Arabella in the bright November sunshine of that region of perpetual summer. Yberville, a tall, gracefully vigorous man, was still arrayed in the finery of lilac satin in which he had gone ashore, a purple love-knot in his long brown curls. Forward, at the capstan and at the braces, was the bustle of getting under way.

BLOOD'S vivid eyes, hard as sapphires under their black brows, flashed upon the jovial countenance of his French associate.

"What then?" he asked. "Why, just that the Santa Veronica carries a sacerdotal cargo worth any plate-ship out of Mexico." And Yberville laughed.

But Blood did not laugh with him. Under the shadow of his broad black hat with its claret plume, his swarthy, aquiline countenance was forbidding. He shook his head.

"That is not for us. I may be a sinner, Heaven knows; I may be outlawed for the alleged offence of having been out with the Protestant champion, Monmouth; and I may be regarded by Spain as a heretic fit for the fires of the Faith; but for all that, I was born and bred a papist, and when all's said, I am, I hope, a true son of the Church."

"A son of the true Church, perhaps," the some-time seminarist amended. "I am no less, myself, yet I make no scruple of holding a Grand Inquisitor to ransom. And it's so easy. We lie in wait for the Santa Veronica in the straits north of Saona, and we take His Eminence on his way to San Domingo."

But Blood was not to be persuaded.

"We'll be keeping out of sacrilege, so we will."

From the sequel, however, we must suppose his resolve to have been less intransigent than he conceded it.

It happened that, some three days later, some twenty miles south of Puerto Rico, they came upon a two-masted carrack of a dozen guns, very high in the poop and manifestly Spanish, from the

By . . .
RAFAEL SABATINI

picture of Our Lady of Sorrows that adorned the swelling mainsail.

In response to a shot across her bows, the carrack not merely hove to promptly, but amazed the Arabella by hoisting the Union flag. Next she sent a boat across the gently ruffled sapphire water, and out of this, a short, stockily built little man, very red of face and hair, climbed to the deck of the buccaneer, truculently to demand of Captain Blood who the devil he might be.

In the great cabin, over a bumbo brewed by the negro steward, of rum and sugar, water and cinnamon, he presently told a tale to move the indignation of an audience composed, besides Blood and Yberville, of the one-eyed giant Wolverstone, and Jeremy Pitt, who was to become Blood's chronicler.

A north-country shipmaster, a Quaker of the name of Nathaniel Walker, he had put the savings of twenty thrifty years into a stout, broad-beamed, well-found ship and, with a crew of forty hands, had sailed to the coast of Guinea, where for beads and axes and assorted cutlery he had bought from an African chieftain three hundred slaves.

With this cargo he was steering for Jamaica, when, at the end of September, somewhere off the Bahamas, he was caught by an early storm, forerunner of the approaching hurricane season. So battered that, to keep afloat, he had had to jettison his guns and put all hands to the pumps, he staggered for sanctuary into the Bay of Havana, admitted by the port Alcalde once his helpless condition had been verified.

When, so as to pay for gear and victuals and what else they lacked, Walker begged leave to trade some of his blacks, the Alcalde, urging the need of slaves in Cuba, since a scourge of smallpox had swept the mines, brought him an offer of ten thousand pieces of eight for the entire cargo.

The negroes were landed, and when, instead of payment in gold, the Alcalde proposed a cargo of green hides, Walker again gladly consented, knowing that in England he could sell it for three times the purchase price. He was given a bill of lading for the hides, which were to be shipped so soon as, with repairs completed, Walker should be in case to put to sea again.

Thus had fortune come to the little slaver out of misfortune. But he reckoned without Spanish subtlety. When the time came to take the cargo aboard, he received notice that His Excellency the Governor had ordered its confiscation on the ground that it was against the law for any foreigner to trade in the dominions of His Catholic Majesty.

"I am not the man," Walker fiercely assured his audience, "to suffer impudent robbery. I went ashore at once: not to the Alcalde, but to the Governor himself, or Captain-General as they call him, Don Ruiz Perera, Count of Marcos, a lean, close-eyed, tight-lipped Grandee of Spain with a soul of flint. He smiled slyly as he listened to my plaint, 'Ye've been told the law,' he



Illustrated by —
FISCHER

Don Ruiz did not mince his venom. "Accursed robber, there is your gold, the price of a sacrilege, for which you will burn in hell."

answered me, and went on to make clear what I hadn't yet suspected: that my blacks were not to be given back to me. Ye'll not wonder that I drove me all but crazy to see myself so robbed to the skin. That cool scoundrel let me rant myself out of breath, then showed me his yellow teeth again in another of his wicked smiles.

"Why, you heretic fool," says he, "ye don't yet perceive that it's no less than my duty to seize your ship, your crew and your person and send you all to Cadiz, or Seville to purge the errors with which your kind is troubling the

the New World. But he sent a guarda-costa after us. It overtook us four or five miles out at sea, opened fire and pumped as much round shot into us as bad Spanish gunnery could contrive.

"Without guns as we was, it were easy as shooting woodcock. Or so they thought. But, having the weather gauge, I put the helm hard over, and ran straight for her. The guarda-costa counted on shooting us to pieces before we could reach her, and, faith, she all but did. We was leaking like a colander and sinking fast when we bumped alongside. But, by

explains the emblems of popery on our mainsail. When, as I supposed, it was on account o' they that ye put a shot athwart my hawse, it occurred to me that maybe I had found a friend."

WOLVERSTONE stirred with a growl at that conclusion.

"As ugly a tale as I've heard. That Captain-General would be the better for a keel-hauling."

"Better still for a roasting over a slow fire," said Yberville. "It's the only way to give savor to this New Christian pig."

Blood looked sharply across the table at the Frenchman.

"New Christian?" he echoed. "You know him, then?"

"No more than you." And the some-time Spanish seminarist explained. "In Spain, when a Jew is received into the Church he must take a new name. But it must be the name of a tree, so that the source of his descendants may still be known. This Captain-General is called Perera: Pear-tree. They are ever readiest with threats of the fires of the Faith, these renegades."

Please turn to page 14

A Complete Short Story

world. Be off while my conscience slumbers."

The slaver mopped a brow grown hot in the fury of recital.

"Having no mind to be sent to the fires of the Faith in a fool's coat, I stayed for no more. But it weren't yet the end. That dog might ha' been content to have stripped me naked, to his own profit. For that 's how these Spanish governors grow rich in

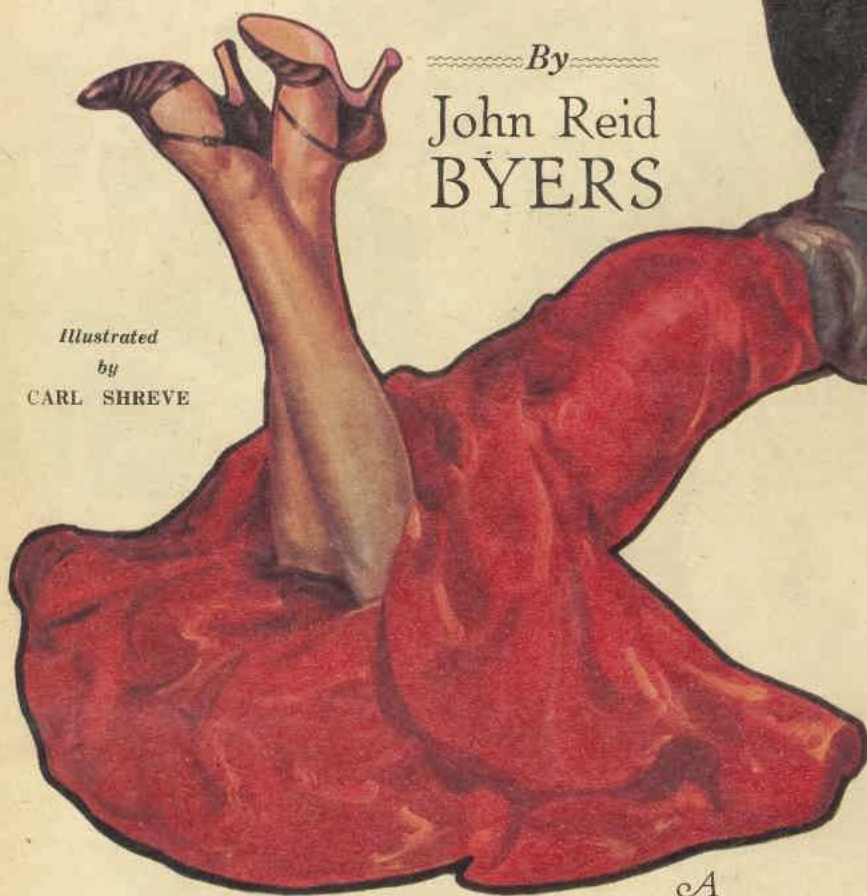
the mercy of the Lord, what was left of my poor ship got a hold on her w' the grappels what time we climbed aboard and swept her with cold steel. It was red murder on they decks, for we was all mad. I had five o' my men killed and a half-score wounded, but the only Spaniards left alive was them as went overboard to drown.

"We kept the frigate, of course, my own ship being sunk, and that

HAPPY Ever AFTER

By
John Reid
BYERS

Illustrated
by
CARL SHREVE



"She was resting on the sofa. I thought she was rather smart for a country girl."

Should love stories always have a happy ending? Read what one young man discovered.

A
Complete
Short Story

THE People's Correspondence School, English Department, August 15, 1936. Mr. Edward Carpenter, 1453 20th Avenue.

Dear Mr. Carpenter: I am enclosing your short story, "Renunciation," which has been read, corrected, and graded. A number of errors in construction, spelling, grammar, and so on, have been indicated on the face of the manuscript for your guidance.

This story has two major faults. In the first place, you do not seem to be at all familiar with the background you are attempting to use—that of Monte Carlo and the Riviera—or with such characters as your Lady Angela and Sir Ronald. If you will refer to Lesson 4 of your course, you will note that we have been careful to emphasise that in order to create the illusion of reality it is essential to write about people and places you know.

The second grave fault is that your story ends upon a note of despair, with the lovers parting forever. Unhappy endings are never desirable; nobody wants to read a love story which ends tragically. I strongly advise that you work out a happy ending for the next story you write in connection with your course.—Very truly yours, H. H. Peters, Short-Story Instructor.

1453 20th Avenue, August 23, 1936. Mr. H. H. Peters, C/o The People's Correspondence School.

Dear Mr. Peters,—I am pretty much surprised that you think people don't like to read love stories with unhappy endings, and I don't agree with you at all. I'll admit that when I was still going with Stella I may have felt that way myself, but right now it would just about make me sick to read a love story with a regular happy ending. And if other girls are as fickle and unreasonable as Stella, I'll bet there are a lot of other men who feel the same way!

Anyway, I'm not going to change the ending I have all planned for the story upon which I am now engaged, and which I hope you will like better than "Renunciation"—though I thought "Renunciation" was pretty good myself, and I am going to copy it and mail it out to some of the better magazines.

As to only writing about people and places I know, that would be pretty hard to do if I am to make my stories at all interesting. In order to get the glamor of places like that I lounge on the sofa and think and think. And it seems to me that by being careful and looking things up in the encyclopaedia, it ought to be possible to create the illusion of reality even if you've never been to the place you are using as a background. Anyway, I'm going to keep the scene of the story I am working on in the South Seas. I think it ought

to be easier to create an illusion of reality about the South Seas than about Monte Carlo.

Besides, I don't think you'd care much about getting stories about what it's like to clerk in a drugstore, which was what I was doing until just recently, when I lost my job. That was Stella's fault, too, and is another reason why I think that there ought to be more love stories with kind of sardonic unhappy endings.

You see, the clerk whose turn it was to work that night was taken sick, and the manager asked me to work in his place, and that meant that I had to break a date I had to take Stella to a dance. But when I phoned her she grew very angry, and said that if I didn't take her to that dance I'd never have a chance to take her to another one, and then hung up while I was trying to explain that the other clerk had been taken sick and it was an emergency. I guess she expected me to call her right back, but I couldn't quite make up my mind what to do until the last minute.

And when I finally did decide, the manager grew angry, too, because that meant that he'd have to work that night himself. So that was how I lost my job. And when I got out to Stella's house I learned that she had just left for the dance with Ted Bailey, who has a good job in his father's office and a car of his own, and who had been asking Stella for a

date for weeks, as Stella very often told me.

I phoned Stella the next morning and tried to fix things up, but she wouldn't listen to my explanations, and said that she didn't want to see me again. And though I have phoned her many times since then, her mother or her father or whoever answers the phone always asks who it is first, and then says that Stella is not at home; and she is going with Ted Bailey all the time now, so I guess that she must have meant it.

And, of course, I am doing my best to forget her, but until I have done so, I guess you can see that I will not want to write any love stories with happy endings.—Sincerely yours, Edward Carpenter.

1453 20th Avenue, September 15, 1936.

Mr. H. H. Peters, C/o The People's Correspondence School.

Dear Mr. Peters: I am enclosing "Their Last Good-bye," the second story of the five I am to write in connection with my course with you, and which I hope you will like better than you liked "Renunciation"; though I still think "Renunciation" was pretty good, in spite of the fact that it has just come back from the first magazine to which I sent it. In "Their Last Good-bye" I especially like the final scene, where the hero kisses the girl who has not been intelligent enough to appreciate him, on the forehead, and then sails his trading schooner right out into the path of the typhoon.

You will probably be glad to hear that I have found another job, even if it will leave me less time for my writing. The way I happened to find it was highly coincidental, and just the kind of thing

cars with loud-speaker horns on the top which several political candidates have been using around town ever since the middle of the summer.

The banners of this one said Vote for Thomas Moore, the People's Candidate for Senator, but the man in it wasn't talking about Mr. Moore right then. The car was parked alongside the kerb and he was leaning back in the seat with the microphone in his hand and using the loud-speakers to shout personal remarks like "Pick up your feet, Fatty!" at people crossing the street. After I had listened to him for a couple of minutes, I made up my mind that he had been drinking, and several other people in the crowd which had gathered said they thought so, too, and a little man who was standing in the door of his store, and looking very indignant, said that he had phoned for the police. So I decided to hang around and see what would happen. In another minute something did happen, and I had got mixed up in it.

A girl was coming down the steps from the overhead walk that leads to the water front. She was small and very shy looking, with high-heeled shoes and a big suitcase; she had "country girl" written all over her. And the fellow in the car saw her and yelled at her through his loud-speaker horns, "Hey there, kid!" they yelled. "You with the straw suitcase! Come on over here!"

The girl stopped and gave him a kind of a scared look. The fellow in the car leaned out and beckoned to her. "I'm on the committee that meets strangers in town, sister," he told her, sort of half through the speakers and half in his own voice. "That's why I yelled at you. Climb in here with me and I'll drive you wherever you're going." The girl had moved a couple of steps closer to him, pretty much as if she didn't know what else to do, and now he reached out and grabbed her by the wrist and started to pull her into the car. And it looked to me as though something ought to be done about it, and nobody else made any move to do it. So I walked over to the car.

"You had better let go of that young lady's arm," I told this fellow in a quiet voice.

He looked at me for a minute, and then he kind of stuck out his chin at me. "Looking for trouble, eh?" he asked me in an angry voice. And before I had any chance to answer him, he had dropped the girl's arm and bounced out of the car and was starting a roundhouse punch at me.

"Please turn to Page 22"

Edward Speaks Out

that Lesson 5 explains you can't use in a story, on account of truth being so much stranger than fiction that nobody will believe it.

I had been downtown looking for a job, as I had been doing every afternoon since I lost the one at the drugstore. Because even though I live with my Aunt Martha, who wouldn't worry if I got a little behind, being sort of used to it with her other boarders, I like to feel that I have something coming in. But I had given up looking for that afternoon, and was just wandering along First Avenue, looking in the windows of stores and pawn-shops, which always interest me greatly. And then I heard a very loud bawling noise in the next block, and when I walked down there to see what it was, I discovered that it was coming from one of those little

The Fashion Parade by Petrov



THREE silhouettes, all equally modish, are exemplified in the three models sketched on this page by Petrov.

In all cases the designers—Molyneux, Vionnet, and Lelong—feature the tube tight skirt, achieving variety by the length and type of the coat.

Speaking to Mary St. Claire recently, Molyneux declared that "unless the modern skirt is of the definite swing variety it must be of the tube type. Though uncomfortable for walking and ungraceful for sitting, these skirts are beloved by women. The reason is that they have such a good line when the wearer is standing. A frock that follows the figure is always more attractive than a garment that fits only where it touches."

• LEFT: A Molyneux geranium-red suit of soft woollen with raised knots over its surface. The slimness of the tightly-belted waist is emphasised by large patch pockets.

• CENTRE: A Vionnet suit of black facecloth with softly draped sleeves. It is worn with a jabot blouse of old-gold satin.

• RIGHT: A Lelong bottle-green tweed suit, which has tiny cuffs and pockets edged with black caracul. All the fullness in the coat is concentrated at the front.

THREE-QUARTER, finger-tip, and hip lengths are adopted by the coats featured here. The Molyneux model shows the Russian tunic influence, the Vionnet (centre) flares slightly and the Lelong selects a peplum basque, flared in front and close-fitting at the back. All three are trimmed with caracul.

Three Silhouettes . . . With One Trimming Motif

MARCH OF THE MODE by *Arne*

OVER a black taffeta gown with full sweeping skirt is worn a lovely little jacket of ruched and gathered blue-white taffeta, very cunningly designed. The top of the very large sleeves forms part of the back. White camellias in the hair.

GOLD LAME is made into a severely tailored jacket coat with long sleeves and fitting basque. It is worn over a gown of deep vintage-red uncrushable broadcloth.

TINY JACKET matching the top of a black suede crepe gown. It is cyclamen rose suede crepe, finely and closely beaded all over in matching seed beads.

A PRINTED JACKET is done in old gold cloque, and the tiny grouped print is lacquer-stencilled on the material in brilliant red, green, and black. It is worn over rich black uncrushable velvet.



CONTRASTING JACKETS

ALTHOUGH we have talked jackets and worn them for some time now, we are really only just becoming "jacket conscious." Every frock must have its own jacket, meant and made especially for itself. Lots of frocks have their matching jackets, made to become part of the frock, but this season the contrasting jacket type is a definite feature, a jacket which in fabric and color is a supplement to the frock. Novelty is achieved by contrasting one material with another—rich velvets with lustrous lames, dull broadcloth with shimmering satins, smooth suede crepes with exaggerated cloques.

AUTUMN PRINTS



• MAPLE leaves in their rich autumnal hues of yellow and brown make a charming printed design for the dinner frock on the left.

• THE Robert Piguet model in the centre is of earth-red corded taffeta, neatly printed in leaf design.



• AN ATTRACTIVE "whirl" design in white is printed on the black crepe afternoon dress above. The yoke and sleeve treatments are unusual and becoming points of this pretty frock.

Two Silhouettes Share Fashion's Evening Honors

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

Paris is showing two evening silhouettes, the one moulded to the figure, with only shoulder-straps at the top and gentle fullness flowing from the knees to the hem; and the other, romantic, bouffant, the sort of frock about which every young girl dreams.

IT is not that different designers are hesitating about which is likely to be the more popular.

Every house shows them side by side, and each of them does a beautiful "between" dress that has a more or less straight front, sloping sides, and fan-shaped fullness at the back. This perhaps is the most lovely line of all. Certainly it is the most wearable.

For once there can be no doubt about which is the leading fabric. It is tulle, used in every conceivable way, from Lelong's picture frocks made in twelve contrasting colors (horizontal bands, wide at the hem, narrowing off to the waist and then widening again to the top of the corsage—jade, yellow,

violet, red, royal blue, green, caramel, grey, cerise, harebell-blue, flame, and then back again) to Molyneux's coarse-meshed coats worn over slender gowns and so exaggeratedly simple that they look rather like flowing sleeveless dressing gowns.

Waltz Frocks

ACTUALLY there is a very definite feeling for voluminously-folded coats and capes. They belong to the Arab family, and range from all-enveloping capes to monkish-looking habits. Schiaparelli does a lovely coat of this type in pale-blue broadcloth, belted with leather studded with gold nail heads.

As usual, she provides one of the major sensations of the collec-

tions, in the shape of what she calls waltz frocks. These are dance dresses, ideal for the very young girl, slightly shorter than ankle length, and falling in soft fullness from the waist. They conjure up vivid pictures of the ballet, and one of the most striking of them was made in white organza printed with a much larger-than-life size lobster on the front of the skirt!

Heavy crepes, satin, and some large and brilliantly colorful prints are favored for the moulded models. Patou drapes chiffon with a master hand, gathering the folds at the front of the waist in an Egyptian line.

His other line is an asymmetric one, sloping across the bodice to the hemline at the opposite side. Here again he introduces draperies, swathing them round the hips and making thigh-high slits in the centre of the skirt in order that their wearer may walk.

Molyneux also likes this one-sided line, and it is introduced in the Alix collection.

Molyneux does a perfect court gown in white brocaded with little gold crowns and circles which say "God Save the King." So perfect is the balance of the design that it is only on close examination that one realises that it is in any way unusual.

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An Editorial

APRIL 10, 1937.

DRAMA IN LIFE



THAT truth is stranger than fiction is an outworn and hackneyed old aphorism. Truth is the living material of which fiction plots are only the meagre and bodyless shadows. This is vividly illustrated by the success of our "Memorable Moments" competition.

How an O. Henry would revel in the sum of human experiences this competition has provided! How vividly these entries demonstrate the tenseness of the drama which flows beneath the placid stream of everyday life!

Just that one flash which transcends all other experiences—a flash which is life, and possibly literature as well.

In this sudden focus on the unusual and the spectacular, many thrilling incidents are brought to light. These "Memorable Moments" are little vignettes of life, cameos of experiences, tales of the acid tests of resource and courage which have bitten into the tablets of memory.

These vivid, human documents range up and down the scale of human emotions. They are a rich blend of pathos, drama, tragedy and humor.

They contain plots which worried novelists might lie awake at night trying in vain to conjure up—or dismissing as too improbable. They embody "plain tales from the hills," and tense dramas from the city which the fingers of the scenario-writer would literally itch to expand into the epic he hopes one day to write.

News of the day places a spotlight on sensational happenings of the moment. In the life of every individual there are unrecorded and often unemphasised moments of tragedy as tense and drama as high. In short, there is one great story of personal experience every man and woman has to tell.

Winning entries in the competition are published in this issue.

—THE EDITOR.

Points of View

Ol. Twist

THE Americans have put "Oliver Twist" into easy English. Whereas Dickens used a vocabulary in the book of 5000 words, the new "Oliver Twist," without tears, is told with the use of 900 words.

This sounds like a good labor-saving device escaped from the efficiency experts' department into literature, but there are words and words. Wasn't it another master of words, Robert Louis Stevenson, who said:

"Sweet is the tone of a bell when the right man rings it; sweet is the sound of a word when the right man sings it."

Business Partner

THE man who says that he owes everything to his wife has probably been mortgaged to an inferiority complex all his life. Just the same the millions many self-made men leave behind them in not a few cases owe their existence to a woman. A business man who died recently in England was frank about it. In leaving his wife the whole of his considerable fortune, he said: "Thanks to my wife's lifetime of devotion, guidance, and help, I am now able to provide for her at my death."

Baby Takes the Air

THE mere fact of the cow jumping over the moon must leave modern children in the nursery very bored.

A blase youngster of one year was taken to Croydon aerodrome in England the other day and handed over to the stewards, cradle and all, for an unaccompanied flight to her grandparents in Amsterdam.

She slept all the way, blissfully unconscious of the fact that in this age of records she was a personality and a news item. The youngest child in the world to fly alone.

Dentists in War

ACCORDING to a report in a current dental journal, dental service during war plays a large part in the success or failure of a campaign.

But from observations made in dentists' waiting rooms it remains a moot point whether the majority of soldiers would not prefer to advance upon the foe in the firing lines rather than face the drilling and gassing behind the lines.

LYRIC OF LIFE

PRODIGAL

THE roads have grown restless
That have known my feet too long,
And the birds I have known for al-
ways

Have lost the sound of my song.
The river beyond the bemoaks
That has run through all my years
Is sullen against my hatred,
And bored with my futile tears.

The faces that meant my friendships
Are hostile and inimical,
For they sense that I dread their
power.

They know I am harsh with fear.
They have woven my life in their
pattern.

I am fearful to stand alone,
But I pray they will cast me from
them.

And give me my soul for my own.

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

Adventure

WHAT really constitutes adventure? A Sydney nurse left her job recently to become air-hostess. She said she loved flying and longed for adventure. Nursing was too prosaic. But aren't we prone to imagine adventure is just around the corner and in some other occupation? Florence Nightingale found the wards of a hospital housed her dream of help to humanity which she afterwards gave a glorious reality in the Crimea.



CHARMING MADELEINE DE CHARPIN, who will reign as Queen of Beauty at the Paris International Exposition in May, will perpetuate a ceremony that dates back 500 years. Annually, during the feast of St. Catherine, the merchants of Paris choose the most beautiful girl in Paris as Queen, and this year the honor fell to Mlle. de Charpin. —Air Mail photo

G. and S. on the Films

SPEAKING in Melbourne concerning the future of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, Mr. Ivan Menzies said that if the operas were made into films it might be the end of them as stage presentations.

Theatrical history in the making doesn't support that view. Shakespeare has been filmed, but the only effect on the stage in London and New York has been a beneficial one. The Bard has been a success on the movies, and theatres playing Shakespeare report increased support, after a film of one of his plays has been shown.

In the same way the G. and S. operas would make ideal musical films, and, such is the indestructibility of genius, give a filip to stage presentations as well.

Perfect Englishman

IN May a model of the perfect Englishman is to be exhibited in Paris. As the result of a poll in which millions of women voted, the ideal man has been evolved. He is 6 feet, has a 41-inch chest, is 30 inches round the waist, fair-haired, and clean shaven. What a pity they went to all the trouble of voting. The gentleman who smiles at you from a million soap and collar ads. measures up to all these requirements; and so does a tailor's dummy.

Q'land Premier Wants Charm In Politics

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE,
Our Special Correspondent in London
LONDON, Sunday.

"The reason why there are not more women in politics to-day," said Mr. Forgan Smith, Queensland's Labor Premier, who is in London for the Coronation, "is because they cannot get votes to put them into Parliament."

"There should be more women in politics," he said, "because of the special contributions they can give to the functions of the Government. Womanly charm would be a good thing, too."

"WOMEN'S viewpoint on education, health, child welfare, domestic affairs and economics, would be invaluable," said Mr. Forgan Smith. "Women as political workers are most efficient and industrious," said the Queensland Premier, "but they lack confidence in their own abilities, and they lack leadership among their own sex."

This followed a general statement to the London Press that "women ought to be in politics," following which he admitted to an alert interviewer that they were not there "because they cannot get votes."

"The qualifications for a politician are principally intelligence and ideas," Mr. Forgan Smith explained. "Eloquence is only secondary, but appearance and charm are important. Why shouldn't women capitalise on charm? Charm is as much a part of a woman as the nose on her face, and if a woman feels good in a smart new dress and new hat, why shouldn't she wear them electioneering? It would do the electorates good, anyway, and brighten up in other ways a prosaic campaign."

"In intelligence women are not behind men. If an intelligence test were taken in either the Australian or British Parliaments, lots of members would fail. If there were a tax on brains, many politicians would get their money back and a bit over."

Cart Before Horse

"ON the contrary, the few women who are in active politics to-day are fine types, and treat the job seriously."

"In working their way towards more political power, women are putting the cart before the horse," said Mr. Forgan Smith. "They should try to convert the electors towards the woman's viewpoint and ideas, instead of working on ingenuities to convince them of women's right of election to Parliament."

Mr. Forgan Smith was asked to select a Cabinet of women in Australia. He replied: "It would not be a hard job to find them, but I prefer not to name them."

Asked if he could visualise a woman Prime Minister of England, Mr. Forgan Smith said he did not know English women in politics very well, but the late Marion Phillips, an Australian woman who held a seat in the House of Commons for many years, would have made an excellent Prime Minister.

As far as Australia was concerned, he knew several women who would make a good job of such an important position. But he would not name them.



L. W. LOWER ON HOLIDAYS

WHILE on holidays, L. W. Lower, Australia's foremost humorist, is trying to catch up with his "fan" mail. Artist Lahm has endeavored to picture him answering a few telephone calls, the while he dictates letters to two of his numerous typists.



TRIBAL Call

Continued from Page 5

SHE was too late. The rest of the herd, terrified by the awful clamor, pressed forward by the yelling crowd, urged her through the opening and she was powerless to resist. The captors paused, the great bars were dropped into place and the herd rushed madly round the keddah, vainly seeking a way of escape.

And, while the captives were seeking a way of escape from the keddah, there was one elephant that was anxious to enter.

Just when his mother's instinct had warned him of danger, the baby elephant had been pursuing a course parallel to that followed by the herd. His first intimation of peril was his mother's call, his second the sight of a hunter hiding among the bushes. The calf stopped, stared in amazement and tried to rejoin the herd. Another man appeared and the youngster tried to make a detour.

He was too late. The leading hunter saw the baby, hesitated for a second only and realised the danger. To give the calf time to rejoin his mother might give the herd time to break back, so he gave the order to hustle. So, as the baby advanced the men rushed forward—between the herd and himself. As the last resolute cry sent the great beasts into the keddah, his infantile courage failed him and he fled into the jungle.

Lonely, hungry, and disconsolate he stood in deep shadow and watched. For three days and nights he hovered near, then from the keddah there came such squealings and trumpeting as drove him far into the gloomy recesses of the jungle.

He could still hear shrill trumpeting of fear, rage, or defiance, for the taming of the elephants had begun. Tame elephants carrying experienced mahouts on their backs entered the enclosure and the bars were fastened behind them.

Day by day the taming was continued, without hustle and without delay. A fortnight later the first great lesson had been learnt. They were by no means docile, but they had been taught much, and knew now that man was not the enemy they had believed him to be, that he was, after all, a harmless kind of creature who knew much more about them than they did about him.

They had still to learn that the puny creature who had outwitted and ensnared them in their own jungle was one who would treat them kindly and yet knew how to extract obedience, so they were taken to a training camp to learn it.

THEY left the keddah in batches, each captive chained and guarded by highly-trained decoys. The baby watched them from a distance, longing to follow, but afraid. He had wined his mother, but the sight of those trained elephants with men on their backs and necks was too terrifying, and he sought the dense cover of the forest.

He was often hungry, for deer were plentiful and had taken heavy toll of the lower branches, where the sweetest and most satisfying forage was to be found.

His wanderings took him to where the herd had destroyed the young trees, but the voices of the coolies who were preparing fresh nursery beds reached him and he turned aside. He knew that he would not find the elephants there, so he travelled on to the clearings and the orchards he had helped to destroy.

The smell of the cooking fires and the dreaded scent of man halted him, and again he hid in the jungle. But hunger made him bold, and an hour before dawn he feasted on guava, mangoes, and melons—his first satisfying meal since he lost his mother.

He fed well, grew stronger, and more confident, and at last his confidence was his undoing. Forest fare did not satisfy him as well as did the tender green crops, the ripe melons or the luscious ripe fruit, and he lived almost entirely on that which he stole. The peasants soon learnt that their ordinary methods of keeping jungle marauders at a distance had failed. Their reports of the damage done were disregarded, so they held a council.

It lasted till nearly morning and, while the elders were making long speeches, the little elephant was making another raid. Then the younger men took matters into their own hands and dug a pit. The authorities had turned a deaf ear to their complaints. Wilkinson was one who attended strictly to his own business and would not interfere unless his beloved trees were damaged. The elders would make interminable speeches that led to nothing, so the younger generation decided on the calf's death.

Making a pit and covering it with brushwood and dead leaves and earth was a simple matter; inducing the baby to enter it was not, so they dug another and he avoided that. They dug pits all around the clearing, and all they caught was a decrepit donkey that, according to their custom, they had turned out to die when he was no longer fit for work.

THEN a little mongrel succeeded where her master and his friends had failed. She had a litter of puppies under a broken bullock cart near the mango trees; the little elephant approached too close for her liking and, mother love making her bold, she rushed out at him, yelping her rage. "Nothing dismays an elephant more than a mouse running round his feet, or the barking of a little cur, and the youngster fled in terror. He trumpeted his dread when he fell into the pit, and the peasants rejoiced.

"Let him lie there till morning," they decreed.

Mahomed Din, the hunter, arrived at dawn, but the husbandman whose land adjoined the pit-fall objected to having any execution there.

"Take the brute away into the jungle and slay him there if ye wish his death, he hath not harmed my crops," he declared. "If the servants of the Government learn that he was killed near my holding the blame will fall upon me."

The consultation that followed lasted till midday. Then a rope was slipped under the captive and willing hands hauled on it. But even a young elephant is no light weight; he struggled frantically, and the rope slipped. His captors were inexperienced and hurt him; while the rope was being readjusted he squealed in pain and fear and—his mother heard him.

Her education was proceeding satisfactorily and, with the rest of the captives, she was carrying fodder to the training camp. Steadily they marched, browsing as they went, an experienced elephant in the lead and another in the rear. Even these stopped when they heard that infantile wail—but not the mother—there was no stopping her.

No longer was she the slave of man. She wheeled to the right and her trumpet call echoed through the forest. It told of apprehension, of anger, of savage determination to succeed her offspring. She trumpeted again—the call that every wild beast instinctively obeys—the tribal call for aid. Every beast in the troop followed in her wake. They crashed through the jungle,

trampling down saplings and levelling the undergrowth.

The baby called again, the mother answered and the villagers fled as she made straight for the pit. There she halted and knelt, crooning the mother elephant's song, the song that few men ever hear and that none can describe. She felt her baby all over with the tip of her trunk, then she tried to raise him from the pit, tried again and failed.

She rose to her feet, walked to the other side of the pit and tried again. But she was too cautious to go close to the edge and could not get her trunk under the captive. Then she stood up, stepped back and deliberately pushed the edge of the pit in

The leading mahout rapped out a warning to the men on the half-tamed elephants.

"Jump clear!" he yelled. "That beast will be uncontrollable now. She will lead her young one to the jungle and surely the others will follow. Jump clear, else your wives will be widows!"

The old greybeard knew. The mother wheeled, took three paces backwards and charged the nearest tame elephant. It was the expression of her determination to be free, free to roam her native haunts with her offspring by her side. There was resolution in the gesture, but no malice. It was merely her final repudiation of man's control.

Then she turned to the south,

guiding her son with her trunk, as though contact with his little body gave her infinite satisfaction. The other beasts followed in their usual order as steadily as though they had never seen a keddah or a camp—as though their past experiences had been but a dream.

Sadly the mahouts gathered round their leader.

"Shall we not follow and—try to bring them back?" asked a very young mahout. The veteran turned slow, sorrowful eyes on the speaker.

"Wouldst thou capture the morning breeze or grasp a sunbeam in thine hand?" he asked wearily. "Will the sun shine at midnight? Will the dead speak? Aye," he concluded bitterly, "they may—if ever again the sons of men can drive that herd into a keddah. It is the will of God. Let us go."

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A Beauty Talk

by KATHLEEN COURT

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"SURE now, we might be paying him a visit," said Blood, "just to recover the cost of those slaves with a trifle over for our trouble. Havana is a wealthy city."

Young Pitt condemned the notion. "Don't think of it, Peter. I know the place. In all the New World there are no defences more formidable. Already in Drake's day they were impregnable, as he discovered."

"And that's a fact," sighed Walker, whose red eye had momentarily gleamed at Blood's proposal. "The place is an arsenal. The entrance is by a channel not half a mile across, with three forts to guard it: the Moro, the Punta, and El Fuerte. Ye wouldn't stay afloat in it an hour."

Blood frowned as if challenged. "Yet you stayed afloat in it some days."

"Ay, man. But the circumstances."

"Glory be! Couldn't we be creating circumstances?"

"Ah, bah!" said Yberville. "Why these risks when there's an easier way? The Archbishop. Let him pay for the sins of his countrymen. His ransom need be no less than the plunder of Havana."

"Faith, ye have it!" said Wolverstone, who, being a heretic, was daunted by no thought of sacrilege.

"I could better it," ventured Pitt, who was in the same case. "If we had the Primate of New Spain in the hold, we could sail into Havana without fear of their forts. They never durst fire on a ship that carried His Holiness."

Blood smiled pensively. "I was thinking of that."

If Captain Walker was momentarily agitated at the prospect of the adventure to which his tale had so swiftly committed these buccan-

SACRILEGE

Continued from Page 7

ers, yet, as he put it, having already lost everything, he was in case to take any risk that offered a chance, no matter how slender, of recovery.

And so it happened that he and the survivors of his crew were aboard the Arabella when she appeared off the entrance of the lagoon on which Havana stood in a majesty of limestone palaces, churches, monasteries, squares, and market-places that might have been transported bodily from Old Castile to the New World.

The Arabella hove to in the roadstead, a half-mile from the Moro, fired a gun in salute, hoisted the Union flag and awaited events. They followed soon in the shape of a ten-oared barge, out of which the Alcalde of the port, Walker's old friend Don Hieronimo, climbed the Jacob's ladder.

Captain Blood, in a splendor of purple and silver, received him cordially in the waist, attended by Wolverstone and Pitt. A dozen seamen hovered above decks and a half-dozen more were aloft, clew up the royals.

They were, Blood announced, on their way to Jamaica with a cargo of slaves, compelled to put in at Havana by lack of wood and water. If he might have these and also some fresh victuals, he would gladly pay for them in gold.

Don Hieronimo was pasty-faced and flabby, some five and a half feet high and scarcely less round. His shrewd black eyes grew fixed at the mention of slaves, and a certain affability crept into a manner until then forbidding and consequential.

To be sure, the Senor Captain was at liberty to enter the port when he pleased.

So the seaman at the whipstaff was ordered to put down the helm, the men at the braces were bidden to let go and haul, and the Arabella, catching the breeze, again crept forward past the forts, with the Alcalde's barge in tow, what time the Alcalde was seeking information touching the slaves aboard. But so vague was Captain Blood that at last Don Hieronimo was constrained to explicitness. "If you have slaves to sell, sir Captain, why be at the cost of carrying them to Jamaica? You'll find a ready market for them here."

Blood raised his eyebrows. "Here?" he echoed. "But is it not against the laws of His Catholic Majesty?"

The Alcalde pursed his thick lips.

"Necessity knows no laws. Our mines are short of hands. So, if you care to trade, sir Captain, there will be no difficulty." He paused to add with emphasis: "And the prices will be unusual."

"So are my slaves. Very unusual."

"If I might see them," begged Don Hieronimo.

They came to the door of the wardroom, guarded by two musketeers. From beyond it came a drone of chanting, Gregorian of character.

Blood turned to his visitor. "You'll be acquainted with Don Ignacio de la Fuente, the Cardinal-Archbishop of New Spain?"

Don Hieronimo stared with surprise at the oddness of the question.

"Not yet, sir. But we look almost daily now for the honor."

"It may be yours sooner than you think."

He signed to one of the sentries to unbar the door. The chanting broke off when the Alcalde, responsive to Blood's invitation, stepped heavily across the threshold. There abruptly he halted, horror-stricken.

In the spacious, simply-furnished wardroom, invaded by the smells of bilge and spynaryn and lighted by a window astern, he beheld a dozen figures in the white woolen habit and black cloak of the order of St. Dominic. In two rows they sat, silent, their hands folded within wide sleeves, their heads bowed and cowed, all save one, whose tonsure was a natural baldness, standing immediately behind a stately figure that sat apart. A tall, handsome man of perhaps forty, he was from head to foot a flame of scarlet. A scarlet skull-cap covered the tonsure to be presumed in his flowing brown

locks; a collar of finest point adorned the neck of his alken cassock; a gold cross gleamed on his scarlet breast. His very hands were gloved in red, and on the annular finger of his right flashed the episcopal sapphire worn over the glove. The austerity enveloping him lent him an aspect almost above the human.

Captain Blood was urging forward the gasping, recoiling Alcalde.

"I warned you, sir, that my slaves are of unusual quality."

"Slaves!" The Alcalde choked. "Slaves? In heaven's name, who are you to dare this infernal jest?"

"I am called Blood. Captain Blood. To serve you."

"Blood!" The black eyes bulged in that suddenly congested countenance.

"I see that you've heard of me. But come, sir. On your knees, to ask a blessing of the Primate of New Spain."

Hat in hand, stately as a Court usher, Blood bowed to the Cardinal until the curls of his glossy black perwig met across his swarthy hawk-face. "Eminence, condescend to receive the homage of a person of some consequence in these parts: the Alcalde of the Port of Havana."

The prelate's calm, inscrutable, deep-set hazel eyes moved slowly to consider the horror-stricken officer who knelt barheaded at his feet.

"Eminence!" gasped Don Hieronimo, almost in tears. "Eminence!"

"Pax Domini semper tibi, filius meus," droned a gentle voice, and the hand that bore the ring was extended.

Faltering "Eminence!" yet again Don Hieronimo pressed slobbering lips to it.

"What horror!" he wailed.

"What sacrilege!"

A wistful smile broke upon that handsome countenance.

"We offer up these ills for our sins, my son. We are for sale, it seems. I and these poor brethren of St. Dominic."

Don Hieronimo was scrambling to his feet.

"But how could such horror come to pass?"

"Let it not distress you, my child, that I should be a prisoner in the hands of this poor, blind heretic."

"Three errors in three words, Eminence," said Blood. "I am not poor, nor blind, nor heretic. And you, my lord, are brought here less as a prisoner than as the judge of a monstrous wrong done in the names of the King and the Faith."

Through his teeth a bare-headed friar snarled three words at the Captain.

"Perro hereje maldito!"

"Quiet, Frey Domingo," the Cardinal rebuked him.

But Blood was not heeding him. He had turned to the door to beckon, and a fierce little red man rolled forward, nodded casually to the scarlet presence, and then truculently, arms akimbo, confronted the Alcalde.

"GOOD DAY to you, Don What's-ye-name. Ye weren't maybe expecting to see me so soon again. I've come back for my hides, you thief."

"So now you begin to understand, perhaps," said Blood. "Before we can discuss the release of His Eminence, Sir Alcalde, we must require restitution. You'll pay in gold the price the hides would have fetched in Europe; let us say thirty thousand pieces. And you'll provide a ship of at least equal burden to the vessel your guarda-costa sank, this ship to be all found, victualled and armed for a voyage."

The Alcalde, shaken though he might be by dismay and rage, yet had the wit to perceive that the mighty forts of Havana, within range of which this pirate vessel impudently rode at anchor, were powerless against her whilst the Primate of New Spain was aboard. He strove for dignity.

"I will inform the Captain-General," he answered shortly, and turned again to the Cardinal. "Give me leave, Eminence, in the assurance that you will not be left one moment longer than is unavoidable in this indignity."

"But I don't understand." There was a puzzled frown on the prelate's brow. "This man speaks of a restitution."

Please turn to Page 16

Some NEW LAUGHS

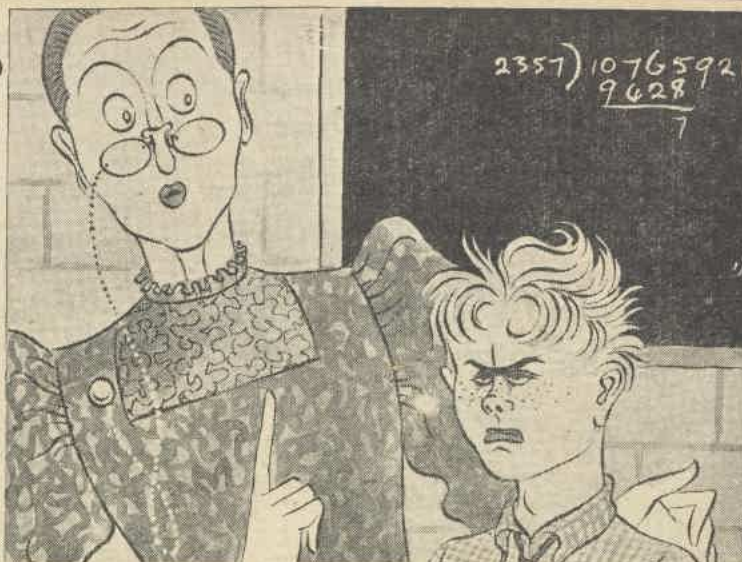
"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow they'll still be dancgreen."



MISSIONARY: Was my predecessor tender-hearted?
CANNIBAL CHIEF: Yes, but the rest of him was inclined to be tough.



"Jack used to boast that all his girls were passing fancies, but he's married at last."
"Yes—he lingered too long in passing the last one."



"Johnnie, why don't you keep your hair combed?"
"Cause I ain't got no comb!"
"Then why don't you ask your mother to buy you one?"
"Cause then I'd have to keep me hair combed!"



"Did your husband deliver his speech at the dinner last night?"
"He must have. He was speechless when he arrived home!"

PIMPLES, FRECKLES

BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, AND ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS QUICKLY REMOVED BY NEW HOME METHOD



For years I was worried to death with unsightly freckles and abominable pimples and blackheads. Other girls would avoid me. It was impossible for me to attend parties and dances, because both sexes would shun my company.

Whenever I went out I was actually dressed better and looked smarter than most other girls; nevertheless, I always felt miserable. Every cream and powder and lotion that I saw advertised I would try in the hope of removing these distressing blemishes, but one and all proved failures.

My father felt an sorry for me that he took me to France and Germany. During this trip, which occupied six weeks, I underwent the treatment of a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist. Within the first week after I commenced this treatment I noticed a remarkable change, and at the end of four weeks my face was quite clear of all blemishes.

I had about abandoned all hope of ever being able to hold my own in company. You can, therefore, realize my joy on returning to London to have my old friends stop me in the street and exclaim, "How well you look. I would never have known you!"

Since my trip I have never been troubled with my old complaints, because I learned just how to care for my skin.

If you will, therefore, simply send your name and address, with 2d. in stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I will send you free, in a plain, sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all trace of freckles, pimples, blackheads, and any other blemishes, by the wonderful method that overcame my troubles.

Remember, it is different to any that you have adopted in the past. It does not consist of cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage rollers, or other implements. No diet—no fasting—nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

Know the happiness of a radiant, smooth, young skin, as do the thankful thousands who have used my method. Write NOW, TO-DAY, while you think of it, to MISS ALMA P. CHALMERS, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

JOHN: Prosperity is returning.

Tom: In what way?
John: Some folks are taking their noses from the grindstone, and turning them up again.

"THERE is a mendicant at the door, madam," said the superior maid.

"Well," replied her not so superior mistress, "tell him we've got nothing that needs mending."

NEWLYWEDS: We'd like to see a living-room suite.
Salesman: Modern or comfortable?

"WHAT do you give for blank verse?" asked the poet.
"Blank cheques," replied the editor.

"JUST think, my husband has eloped with the cook."
"The brute!"

"Yes, it is the limit—he knew I was having a big party to-night."

"THINK of poor old 'Arry bein' sent to gaol. One of the fastest workin' burglars in the game."
"Ah, well, he's takin' his time now."

"THIS 'orse old?" the dealer protested. "Why, e's a good 'orse and strong in the wind, believe me!"
"He must be," the customer retorted. "I can see that. He's blown all his teeth out."

I've Got the Job! I've Got the Job! Mum! I've Got the Job!

"Mr. Hickelstone said I could start on Monday. He said he gave me the position because he knew what my secret ambition was. 'Mum, Mr. Hickelstone said it was my H. & R. training which, backed by my school education, told him I'd do well. Gee, Mum! And a lot of others were after it. Aren't you glad you let me start training BEFORE I found a position?—and it was only a few weeks' loss— And what do you think? Bruce—Bruce was after it also, Mum, but he didn't get it because he told Mr. Hickelstone his mother said he could leave his training until after he found a position—and Mr. Hickelstone said that he couldn't take risks with a boy who hadn't learnt the first principles of business. Mr. Hickelstone said Business was like a sea, and Bruce was being thrown into the middle of it without even being able to swim a stroke—he couldn't even float, Mr. Hickelstone said. Gee, Mum, don't you think Bruce's mother hasn't given him a chance in life? I've got the job—Hooray—I start on Monday."

Just another boy whose mother realized that to give him an early start—to enable him to be a success in life—he must be trained for business in the Hemingway & Robertson way.

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H. & R. training in Accountancy—Secretaryship—Cost Accountancy ensures success for you. An early start, quick progress—generous remuneration—leaping ahead to success are some of the rewards which you're trained by H. & R. Since 1897 H. & R. have trained men and women, boys and girls in Business Careers. Business men throughout Australia know the thoroughness of H. & R. tuition. Call in and see us. Let us help you to choose the vocation for which you are most suited. Make up your mind to-day to be a leader and start training NOW! Post the coupon below for your copy of our FREE Handbook—"The Guide to Business Careers."

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ADDRESS
SUBJECT INTERESTED IN 19/379

Polished Rhymes by "NUGGET"

OLD KING COLE
WAS A MERRY OLD SOUL,
AND A MERRY OLD SOUL WAS HE;
HE GOT HIS GRIN
FROM A "NUGGET" TIN
AND FRIGHTENED HIS
FIDDLERS THREE!



NUGGET Shoe Polish



You can almost see your face in your shoes if you "Nugget" them every day. "Nugget" comes in ALL the colours. There's Black—and all the Browns—and Dark Tan Stain. And White too. "Nugget" your shoes every day and see the difference!

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Beware the doubtful hygiene of
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WOMEN HAVE PROVED IT!

Actual tests—by a Board of six hundred women—prove that Kotex absorbs 48% to 60% more moisture. Therefore, Kotex can be worn longer... a feature which makes it just as economical as other kinds, as well as giving you complete security, freedom from embarrassment, and greater, more lasting comfort.

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Please send me without obligation FREE sample of Kotex.

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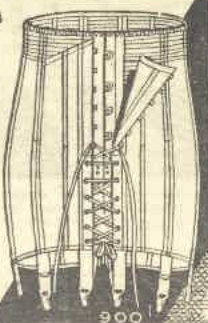
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12 PADS

ONLY KOTEX IS LIKE KOTEX — THE SCIENTIFIC SANITARY PAD

a new flat busk that won't show through your frocks

Fit one of these "flat busk" Lady Ruths soon, at your dresser's. After the corset is laced up, run your hand over the busk-fastening; note how flat it is, how inconspicuous. Lady Ruth 900, shown here, has this new flat busk. It is a firmly-boned corset for medium average figure control. 24-36.



Lady Ruth
PRACTICAL FRONT

IT was Blood, who answered him. In a dozen inclusive sentences he sketched the tale of the robbery under cloak of legal confiscation. The Cardinal's gentle voice was warm with indignation.

"The tale is, of course, false. Impossible. No Castilian man of honor, placed by His Catholic Majesty in authority could so act. You hear, Sir Alcalde, how this misguided pirate imperils his dark soul by bearing false witness."

The perspiring Alcalde broke into stumbling speech.

"It is that... Dios mio! The tale is grossly exaggerated."

"Exaggerated!" The gentle voice was suddenly and sharply raised. "Exaggerated! Not wholly false then?"

There was no answer beyond a cringing hunch of shoulders and a glance of sudden fear. The Cardinal's lips were momentarily compressed. Then, "Sir," he said coldly, "you will require your Captain-General to wait upon me here in person."

Obedient to the peremptory dismissal waved him by that scarlet hand, the Alcalde bowed and stumbled out backwards.

The report he bore to the Captain-General, together with that message, was evidently of exceptional stimulus; for it resulted, some four hours later, at a little after noon, that a white, broad-beamed, square-rigged brigantine was warped alongside of the Arabella, whilst, from his barge, Don Ruiz Perera, Count of Marcos, boarded the buccaneer, attended by the Alcalde and followed by two men, each of whom shouldered a coffer.

Precautions had been taken against treachery. The Arabella's gun ports had been opened on the larboard side, and twenty threatening muzzles had been run out. As His Excellency stepped down into the waist, he saw the bulwarks lined by men with muskets poised and matches glowing.

A tall, sallow, narrow-faced gentleman, he came dressed as was demanded by an occasion of such ceremony. He was magnificent in gold-laced black, with the cross of St. James on his breast, and a gold-hilted sword at his side, and he carried a cane. Under his little black moustachios his thin lips curled in disdain as he acknowledged the bow with which Captain Blood received him.

"Your impudent conditions are fulfilled, sir pirate. Here is the gold, and there the ship you have demanded, so as to determine this sacrilegious infamy."

WITHOUT answering him Captain Blood beckoned Captain Walker from the background. "You hear? Verify the gold, then take the coffer, put your men aboard the brig, and be off whilst the Arabella can cover your retreat."

When the little slaver had subdued amazement and emotion, speech bubbled from him in a maudlin gush that Blood made haste to stem.

In the ward-room at sight of that calm figure glittering in cardinalial splendor against its monkish background, His Excellency cast himself upon his knees. "Benedictus sis," the Cardinal greeted him.

"My lord! Eminence! That these incarnate devils should have put this infamy upon you!"

"That is less important, my son, then the reason urged for this outrage. It is pretexted, Lord Count, that in the King's name delivery was refused of merchandise that had been sold to an English gentleman, that the price he had already paid for it was confiscated, that he was driven empty away with threats of prosecution by the Holy Office, and that even this his ship was pursued and sunk by one of your guarda-costas. These are not accusations I can credit of a Spanish gentleman representing His Catholic Majesty."

Don Ruiz got to his feet. Sallow than ever was his narrow face; yet he contrived a certain loftiness of manner by which he hoped to sweep the matter away.

"All that is overpast, Eminence. If error there was, it is now cor-

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SACRILEGE

Continued from Page 14

rected, and with generous interest as this buccaneer will witness. I offer myself the honor of escorting your Eminence ashore, to the joyous reception which expectant Havana has prepared for you."

The lofty countenance remained sombre.

"But since you admit the error, you should, I think, explain it."

Choleric by nature and imperious from long habit of command Don Ruiz was momentarily in danger of forgetting that he stood in the presence of one who was virtually the Pope of the New World. Even when he remembered it, a hint of tartness invested his reply.

"By your lordship's leave I will not weary you with matters concerning my legal office. Your Eminence's great and renowned enlightenment scarcely embraces jurisprudence."

"Ah! You do not know then

that I have held the exalted office of Grand Inquisitor of Castile? My son, I am a doctor both of canon and of civil law. Your explanations will neither weary nor elude me."

To that cold, calm insistence the Captain-General must submit.

"In brief, Eminence, the error was my Alcalde's in sanctioning these transactions. When they came to my knowledge, duty compelled me to enforce the law, which forbids all foreigners to trade in the dominions of His Catholic Majesty."

"With that there can be no quarrel. But it appears that for the merchandise acquired this Englishman had traded slaves. Were they restored to him when the transaction was cancelled?"

"The laws which he defied when he traded them decreed their confiscation likewise."

"But the trade had been sanctioned by your Alcalde?"

Please turn to Page 18



a cup of tea... and

PEEK FREAN

Vita-Weat CRISPBREAD

can't make you fat!

If you think of your figure—and what woman doesn't?—you will welcome Peek Frean Vita-Weat Crispbread. It's a food that keeps you fit, but cannot make you fat.

There's another good reason for choosing Vita-Weat, too. It's delicious, as well as healthful and slenderizing.

Each crisp, wafer-thin slice of 100% whole wheat is baked to a delicate golden-brown—full of flavour and nourishment, but with the starch content completely modified. Vita-Weat Crispbread is served as a matter of course on English tables—and is also the universal choice all over Australia.



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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.
Pen names are not used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



HELP OTHERS

AMID all the rush and bustle of our own little world, do any of us stop to think how few people in it really matter to us—individually—and that we make a great mistake in thinking that everyone matters, and that we matter to everyone?

If we paused to consider how we could give a little more help, love, and consideration to those few, would we not ourselves be much happier and give greater happiness? We are so apt to consider the opinion of the world at large in all our doings.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. K. Robb, Cambooya, Qld.

FRIENDLY CONTACTS

IN a letter which I received recently a friend wrote: "I think a lot of acquaintances are more bother than they are worth, they only clutter up your life. A few friends, yes."

But I hold the view that the more such contacts one has, the better. The proper study of mankind is man, and how can one study any subject but by acquaintance, or how form good, lasting friendships but by the same means?

I wonder what are women's views in general?
Mrs. A. Walhen, Redland, P.O. Box 29, Casterton, Vic.

BEST TIME IN LIFE

IAM tired of hearing people speak of childhood as being the best time in a person's life.

So much is spoken and written of the desirability of childhood that I would like to write a little of the desirability of manhood and womanhood. The confident feeling in possession of a well-developed and cultivated mind is not to be thought lightly of.

I am reminded of R. L. Stevenson, who said that he gladly exchanged his tin soldiers for Shakespeare.

Don't you agree?
Margot Manners, Payche, 815 Anzac Parade, Maroubra, N.S.W.

Sex Equality Not Preferred!

IN spite of their boast of sex equality, it seems to me that women like their husbands and men friends to have a better general knowledge than they—and show it. A girl is always happiest when she can treat her boy friend as a sort of encyclopaedia. If he fails on the job in front of others, he definitely slips in her estimation.

No one will deny that woman is man's equal—yet is she not happier in the company of a man who is better educated than she is? And is not a man's affection for a woman stronger when he thinks her a bit of a fool?

Miss B. Lindsay, 104 Curwood St., Wazza Wazza, N.S.W.

COURAGE IN LIFE

ITHINK it is Walpole who says, "It's not life that matters; it's the courage we bring to it." That came to my mind the other day when I read a paragraph which said that our greatest enemy in life was fear, and I thought how true that was. We are afraid of so many things—growing old, losing "one's figure," disease, storms, and so on.

We can learn to overcome those fears by facing them with courage, and when we do face up to them they simply fade away, and leave us free to live joyously, happily, and fearlessly.

Constance Ackerly, 83 Graeme St., Kalgoolie, W.A.

Have Girls of Wealth Right to Work? Engaged, and Do Happy Outings Cease?

IN reply to Mrs. Hamilton (20/3/37), who says that poorer girls are jealous of richer girls working, and that every girl, whatever her parents' income, has a right to work: If a girl is amply provided for at home, she should not deprive another, who has to support herself, of a position. It is because of such girls that many who need the money are out of work. The richer girl frequently obtains a good job through influence, without the necessity of working up from the very beginning, and never gives a thought to the poor girl she is depriving of a living.

Miss Constance C. Dixon, 8 Maud St., Unley, S.A.

But Why Work?

EVERY individual has a right to choose his or her mode of living, and, I think, therefore, that rich girls have just as much right to work as anybody else. The only objection I have is that they usually "pull strings" and secure the best jobs without using their ability.

Anyway, if I had money I could think of a hundred more pleasant ways of spending my time than doing humdrum office routine.

Belinda Merryweather, Hay St., Perth, W.A.

Work For Charity

WORK for both rich and poor girls by all means, Mrs. Hamilton, but surely there are numerous charity organisations which would be glad of the help of richer girls in their offices—for small or no wages. While I was at business college it was very noticeable that the wealthier girls who did not need to work for their living, would not take any position under about £2 a week.

Mrs. G. Wells, 4 Mirradong Flats, Waruda St., Kirribilli, N.S.W.

Because They're Bored

INVENTURE to disagree with Mrs. Hamilton's contention that the poorer and middle classes are jealous of daughters of the rich going into business.

Providing these girls work conscientiously and without flaunting their wealthy parentage, there is no jealousy. Alas, too often it is proved that their entry into the business girls' arena is inspired more by boredom and perhaps a desire for extra "pin money" than with the object of cultivating and broadening their minds.

Miss Beatrice Hassen, 43 Denham St., Bondi, N.S.W.

Why Pick on Girls?

OF course, all girls have the right to work, rich or poor.

I have known several deserted wives and widows who could not earn money at a skilled occupation because in their youth they were supported by wealthy parents who never thought to train them.

Anyhow, nobody ever says a wealthy man should leave off work and hand his job to a poor one.
Mrs. E. Gay, 30 Gelling Avenue, South Strathfield, N.S.W.

Try Other Avenues

ICAN'T quite agree with Mrs. R. Hamilton.

You can't blame what she describes as the poorer and middle classes for being not jealous, but perhaps "sore" at a wealthy person's daughter taking up office work. She is probably keeping out someone else who needs a position.

I have worked with both types of girls, and I don't deny the "rich" girls' capabilities, but why can't they develop and make themselves useful through another source?

M. Richards, Beauty Point, West Tamar, Tas.

RE J. Watson's contention that engaged couples should have a great time when they are young (20/3/37) I certainly agree. By all means they should save, but not to the extent of depriving themselves of all amusement. After all, youth thrives on sunshine and laughter. There is plenty of time to save on outings when they are intent on plans to make their home perfect.

Mrs. T. M. Caulfield, 9 Albion Terrace, East Brunswick, Vic.

Youth Soon Fades

SURELY no couple would marry if the man's income were not sufficient for their needs! So why go to extravagant lengths to cut out enjoyable outings when there is no real necessity for it? Enjoy yourself while you're young say I, for youth once gone will never return.

Mrs. Burroughs, Marybo, Ruthven St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Make Most of Life

IT is better to make the most of the freedom of courtship days, for marriage brings many new responsibilities. After the first baby arrives a couple is likely to be more or less housebound for several years.

M. Taylor, 18 Swete St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Enjoy Saving

WHAT is an engagement for if not to prepare one for marriage ahead? If you have not enough money for the marriage,



There's joy in "saving up."

then you must save on outings and collect every penny you can.

Anyway, it's a pleasure when you're engaged to be "saving up" together.

Bertha Forrester, Lerton St., Devonport, Tas.

Have Happy Memories

THERE are extremes in everything. I certainly do not believe in young people giving up all pleasure when they become engaged. Let them enjoy themselves while they can, but not extravagantly; then, when children arrive, they will feel quite content to give up outside pleasures for a while, basking in memories of a happy engagement.

Mrs. E. Seys, 14 Lewis St., Brighton, S.A.

For a Good Beginning

MARRIAGE is such a serious matter that engaged couples should save as much as possible to start a home.

A good start is a great advantage. There will be less possibility of saving after marriage than before. No doubt the couple have already spent countless enjoyable times together.

Miss A. A. Switzer, 760 Ann St., Valley, Brisbane.

Waste of Time

GIRLS to-day do lose a lot of enjoyment saving up for their "box," spending hours embroidering lavishly pieces of lingerie and linen. And they are, without doubt, chiefly moved by the desire to go one better than their friends, and have a bigger and better "box."

Consequently, they go without a lot of fun during their engagement, only to find themselves laden with a lot of useless articles.

Katherine Dansey, Dudley St., West Croydon, S.A.

I AGREE with Mrs. Hamilton (20/3/37) who says that poorer girls are jealous of richer girls working, and that every girl, whatever her parents' income, has a right to work: If a girl is amply provided for at home, she should not deprive another, who has to support herself, of a position. It is because of such girls that many who need the money are out of work. The richer girl frequently obtains a good job through influence, without the necessity of working up from the very beginning, and never gives a thought to the poor girl she is depriving of a living.

For the knowledge she has gained gives her poise and confidence, and better judgment, building her up to make a better wife and future mother.

Mrs. G. Helm, 168 McKean St., North Fitzroy N7, Vic.

Why Bother?

THIS highfalutin talk of girls needing as much education as boys is all very well, but we must face facts.

Girls have not the interest in, nor ability for, acquiring knowledge and learning that boys have. Anyway, most of them end by marrying, in which case all education is quickly forgotten. And the few extra years spent at school don't make a great deal of difference to the actual "culture" of anybody.

Miss Woods, Braeside Rd., Mount Lawley, W.A.

Vital to All Women

YES, it is impossible for anyone to be over-educated. The more knowledge one has, the more tolerant one becomes.

The well-educated woman stands more chance of making a success of her career, be it marriage or anything else.

Miss Anne Campbell, 23 Jurang Rd., Balwyn E8, Vic.

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Miss N. C. Armstrong, 3000 Crescent, Newstead, Launceston, Tas.

FOLLOW GERMANY?

MANY people to-day seem concerned over the problem of populating Australia adequately. But why does not the Federal Government adopt Germany's policy of loaning money for young men and women to marry, and where births have resulted from the union remitting 25 per cent. of the loan?

Herr Reinhardt (Under-Secretary for Finance) says that the birth-rate under these conditions is twice as high as that of births where couples married on their own resources.

What greater opportunities the plan would give in Australia to those waiting to marry.

F. E. Millard, Jabuk, S.A.

FLU & COLDS

Fight them with "D" DOUBLE D Eucalyptus Extract



YOU must fight 'Flu-Colds' both internally and externally if you would smash them in record time. Your best weapon is Double "D" Eucalyptus, and this is how to use it:

- 1 TAKE 3 drops of Double "D" on a lump of sugar.
- 2 RUB chest and back thoroughly with Double "D."
- 3 INHALE 15 drops of Double "D" in hot water before retiring.

In this treatment the powerful germicidal vapors of Double "D" are brought right in contact with the Flu-Cold germs in your nose, mouth, throat, and bronchial tubes, and will quickly destroy these germs.

You will find Double "D" the purest and strongest Eucalyptus you have ever used. It is particularly high in medicinal values.

For your own safety, demand Double "D," and take no other.

Sprinkle a few drops of Double "D" on your handkerchief—it quickly kills 'Flu-Cold' germs.

9d. — ENORMOUS SALES — 1/3

THE PURE STRONG EUCALYPTUS WITH THE SWEET FRESH SMELL

SACRILEGE

Continued from Page 16

"YOUR Eminence cannot account me bound by the illegality of a subordinate. If a man commit a murder, it will not exculpate him to say that it had the sanction of another."

The Cardinal frowned.

"That is to be subtle, is it not?" He sighed. "I will consider, and we will talk of it again, Don Ruiz."

He rose, imposingly tall in his robes, and drew his mantle about him. The cowed friars who had stood like statues stirred into life.

Don Ruiz bowed, his lip in his teeth.

"My barge waits, Eminence."

But Blood stood forward.

"Patience yet awhile," he begged with deference. "So far we have had restitution. Come we now to the question of ransom."

"Ransom?" said Don Ruiz. Then he roared in fury: "Do you break faith, you villain?"

Blood laughed at him. "Oh, sir! What I told the Alcalde was that restitution must be made before we could discuss the release of His Eminence. I could not, without disrespect to the Cardinal-Archbishop of New Spain, set his price at less than a hundred thousand pieces."

Don Ruiz sucked in his breath. He was livid. His jaw had fallen loose.

"A hundred thousand!"

"That is to-day. By to-morrow it may not be so modest."

"Your Eminence hears what this thief demands?"

The Cardinal was wrapped in an unworried calm.

"Patience, my son. The mortal sin of anger will scarcely hasten my release for the Apostolic labors that await me. And they are more important than all the ducats in Havana."

It would have needed a great deal more than this to bring Don Ruiz to yield had not his own fury supplied the strongest of persuasions, craving an orgy of vengeance. Let him but get the Cardinal ashore and his forts should give a swift and terrible account of this pirate ship. In this furious eagerness, he wasted so little time in raiding the Royal treasury that his barge was once more alongside before the first dogwatch, and out of her four chests were hoisted containing the Royal ransom exacted.

HIS assurance of the vengeance to come was strengthened up beholding now the Primate on the poop-deck, mantled and red-batted, his crozier borne by the bareheaded Frey Domingo, the other Dominicans modestly cowed and ranged behind him, waiting to go ashore.

To Blood, who received him at the head of the entrance ladder Don Ruiz did not mince his venom.

"Maldito ladrón—accursed robber, there is your gold, the price of a sacrilege for which you will burn in hell. Count it, and let us begone. And if ever I meet you upon the seas..."

"I shall hope," Captain Blood concluded for him, "to have the satisfaction of hanging a forsworn thief from my yard-arm." He turned his back upon him, to receive a reproof from the Cardinal who was standing at the poop-rail.

"Captain Blood, that threat is as ungenerous as I hope the charge is untrue."

"Your Eminence hopes!" exclaimed Don Ruiz.

"Wait!" Slowly that scarlet personage came down the companion, a very incarnation of the illimitable power of the church. "If I wrong you by a doubt, Don Ruiz, I shall ask your pardon humbly. But since last you were here something has been troubling me. It must be resolved before I consent to land in a province that you govern."

Don Ruiz, at whose nod a population trembled, felt himself turning cold. The deep-set eyes of the Cardinal passed on to the gaging Alcalde.

"Don Hieronimo, weigh well your answer to this question: What became of the merchandise you were ordered by the Captain-General to confiscate?"

In awe the Alcalde answered promptly.

"It was sold, Eminence."

"And the gold received for it? What became of that?"

The Alcalde swallowed before answering.

"I delivered it to His Excellency."

THERE was a moment's silence, during which the Captain-General, his head high, bore the grave scrutiny of the Primate. But the next question wiped the arrogance from his face.

"And is, then, the Captain-General of Cuba also the King's Treasurer?"

"Not so, Eminence," faltered perforce Don Ruiz.

"Then, sir, I conclude that you, in your turn, paid this gold into the Royal Treasury, as the accounts will show."

"Not... not yet, Eminence. But I..."

"Not yet!" There was an undertone of thunder in the melodious voice that interrupted him. "Not yet, you say. And it is a full three months since these events. I am answered. His face was overcast with sorrow. "The thought with which I feared I wronged you was that an officer of the Crown who interprets the law with the subtlety you displayed to-day cannot possibly be honest."

"My lord!" He held out trembling hands in supplication. "My lord, I did not see..."

The Primate interrupted him. "That I can well believe. No man who was not blind of soul would incur such peril."

Then his normal calm descended upon him again. He took the stricken Count of Marcos by the arm, and drew him out of earshot of the others. "Alas, my son! Sinners are we all. We must practice mercy against our own need of it. If I land on Cuba whilst you govern it, it may be impossible for me not to take action against you. But this is clear: the King's trust must not continue to be abused. You must resign your office this very day, on any pretext that you choose, and take the first ship for Spain. Then, so long as you do not return to the New World, or assume any public office, so long shall I avoid official knowledge of your offence. More I cannot do."

In silence the Captain-General fell on his knees. Over his bowed head the red-gloved hand, two fingers and the thumb extended, made the sign of the Cross.

"Benedictus sis, filius meus. May the light of grace show you better ways in future. Depart in peace."

He departed; but not in peace. And that is how it came to pass that when, a fortnight later, the great galleon the Santa Veronica, in a bravery of flags and pennants and with thunder of saluting guns, sailed into the Bay of Havana, there was no Captain-General to welcome the arriving Primate, nor to the deeper annoyance of that obese and choleric little prelate, any preparation for His Eminence's reception.

Aboard the Arabella in those days, Yberville, divested of his scarlet splendors, which, like the monkish gowns, had been hurriedly procured at Sainte Croix, was giving himself up to a great loss of weight. Captain Blood, however, when he became a buccaner, conceded no more than that the loss was of a great comedian.

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Modern living conditions are multiplying constipation in young and old alike. Constipation undermines your health, saps energy, blemishes your complexion, and takes away your vitality. There is no need to resort to harsh aperients or laxatives to be free from it. A regular daily dose of SCHUMANN'S SALTS will ensure complete, yet gentle elimination of poisonous waste matters from your system. SCHUMANN'S SALTS are pleasant to take and do not form a habit. They supersede all other salines and aperients because they are specially adapted to modern living conditions, modern diet and the common disorders of current times.

START RIGHT AND STAY RIGHT - WITH

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MINERAL SPRING

You can buy SCHUMANN'S SALTS from any chemist or Store for 1/6d. The double size bottle costs only 2/9d.



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS FROM HISTORY

"Daniel in the Lion's Den" by Syd Miller



THE GIRLS LIKE TO SEE YOUR MUSCLES BOYS SHOW EM OFF IN A BOND'S ATHLETIC VEST. YOU GET TWICE AS MUCH WEAR OUT OF THEM TOO BECAUSE THEY'RE MADE WITH LONG STAPLE SUPER-CARDED COTTON. ONLY 2/6 EVERYWHERE

Daniel

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(Copyright)

Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Worthy magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, rescue **SEGRID:** Prince dwelling in Gizeh, in Egypt, from **EMIR KRIM:** An evil potentate of Egypt, who has also trapped **PRINCESS NARDA:** Segrid's sister, in a dark tomb in the pyramid of Gizeh. Mandrake rescues her, single-handed, and together they hide on the

gigantic head of the pyramid from Krim and his men. Krim, however, coming up behind, fires at Mandrake and deals him a flesh wound. Mandrake, blindfolded and helpless, sends forth his figure-image to Lothar, waiting in Gizeh, bidding him to hasten to the pyramid. Lothar arrives, climbs to the top, and just as Krim is about to deal the death blow, dives headlong on top of him. NOW READ ON—





THE COMMITTEE MEETING

ONE OF OUR MOST ENTHUSIASTIC MEMBERS—MRS JACKSON—WISHES TO RESIGN FROM THE BAZAAR COMMITTEE. WE ALL HOPE THAT SHE WILL RECONSIDER HER DECISION.



I KNOW, MRS. JACKSON. YOU WANT TO ASK ABOUT MY FORTUNE-TELLING BOOTH FOR THE BAZAAR THIS YEAR.

NO—YOU'RE WRONG! I'M NOT GOING TO BE ON THE COMMITTEE ANY MORE.



WELL, I REALLY THINK YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DOCTOR.

YES, PERHAPS I SHOULD, I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST ANNO DOMINI, BUT I FEEL AS SOLELY WORN OUT. EVEN WAKE UP FAGED.

AT THE DOCTORS

THAT TIREDNESS WHEN YOU WAKE UP IS ALWAYS A SIGN OF 'NIGHT STARVATION'. YOUR BODY BURNS UP ENERGY EVEN WHILE YOU SLEEP. YOU MUST TAKE SOMETHING TO REPLACE THIS. OTHERWISE OF COURSE YOU WAKE UP TIRED. I ADVISE HORLICK'S AT BEDTIME.



A MONTH LATER

WE'LL HAVE THE FLOWER STALL HERE, AND THE FORTUNE TELLER NEXT DOOR. BY THE WAY, HAS THE BUNTING ARRIVED FROM THE RECTORY YET?



THE BAZAAR

I DON'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF FATIGUE NOW.

NO, YOU SEE, I TOOK YOUR ADVICE, AND SAW MY DOCTOR.

Have YOU 'dropped out' of things?

If you wake up limp and tired, if you feel that you're 'getting on', and can't do your share of entertaining and social activity, that's nearly always a sign of 'Night-Starvation'. As the doctor said, your body burns up energy even during sleep. You must give your body the proper nourishment to replace this energy as it is burnt up—otherwise you wake up unrefreshed, and feel tired all day.

Horlick's taken regularly at bedtime guards against 'Night-Starvation'. It stores your body with new reserves of strength, which last all day long. Horlick's is light and easy to digest, and tastes delicious. It is economical, too—the milk is in it, add water only. Prices from 1/6. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 1/-.



HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Fine Novel of a Modern Woman and Her Outlook

Ethel Mannin at Her Best

Ethel Mannin has for some time now been recognised as a novelist with ideas and a fluent pen with which to express them.

Even her earliest novels, although a trifle immature as to outlook and philosophy, were competently written, and constructed in such a workmanlike manner that the reader, when the last page was turned, was left with a rounded-off mental image on which to reflect.

IN her new book, "Women Also Dream," Miss Mannin's theme is "that though it is true that men are for the most part unwise and curiously planned, that they have their dreams which rule their women out, it is no less true that women also dream."

To illustrate, she tells the story of Janet Forrest.

At a time when Janet is going through something of an emotional crisis, adventurer Addison Maitland enters her life by crashing his plane into the oaks of the Forrest ancestral home.

An explorer and aviator of independent means, Maitland fires Janet with a desire to rid herself of the shackles of her conventional world and to remake her life. Shortly after meeting him, she sets off on an expedition to the West Indies.

Brilliant Speech

RETURNING, she is booked to address the members of the Odysseus Club. Shy and sensitive by nature, like all women of this make-up, once in the grip of an enthusiasm, she loses all constraint. Under the spell of her memories, she speaks brilliantly—those of her audience who are not shocked are hypnotised.

Among the latter is Richard Dain. At the end of the evening the two meet. There is an immediate mutual attraction, Dain's intelligence and essentially male personality supplying Janet with the feminine side of her nature craves. It is not long before she becomes Mrs. Dain. Up to this point, Miss Mannin



ETHEL MANNIN, whose latest book, "Women Also Dream," is reviewed on this page.

has a fairly straightforward set of circumstances to deal with. The marriage complicates matters. In spite of her independent spirit, in spite, too, of her frequent urge towards adventure, Janet believes that love and marriage are the true realities of a woman's life. This being so, and being deeply in love with Dain, her object now is to sink her personality in his.

That the failure of her heroine's marriage is inevitable under these conditions now becomes the burden of the author's tale. Richard Dain has fallen in love with a romantic figure; Janet's conception of her new role is too domestic to coincide with his image of her.

The inevitable happens: when realisation of her failure confronts her, Janet ceases to struggle, and accepts the smash-up of the new life she had hoped to build for herself.

In style, this novel follows the straightforward method of writing always adopted by Ethel Mannin. Never one to flaunt literary affectations, her chief preoccupations are her characters and the ideas she is anxious to express. Wholly, she re-

Books To Read

- "THE DOOR BETWEEN." Ellery Queen. (Thriller.)
- "Something of Myself." Rudyard Kipling. (Autobiography.)
- "Women Also Dream." Ethel Mannin. (Character Studies.)
- "There is No Love." Philippa Preston. (Light romance.)

alises that any introduction of the ornate in style must distract attention from more important things, and so is content to cling to plain narrative prose.

Miss Mannin, in this book, has gone far beyond the accepted and shallow conceptions of "the emancipation of woman." She deals with the essential nature of women in relation to men, in relation to other women, and in relation to this 20th century world.

Her story will be read and enjoyed by women of all persuasions; those who consider themselves already "emancipated" will realise that they still have much to learn. Those who have preferred to remain "conditioned" will be startled into a reconsideration of their position.

"Women Also Dream." By Ethel Mannin. Jarrolds.

Lips expressive of

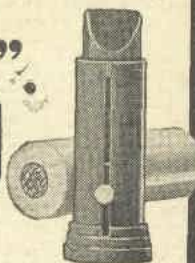
CHARACTER, PERSONALITY

Feminine Appeal

● Lip Culture plays a most important part in Beauty Culture. Best results will be obtained with Domino Lipstick, in which Roger & Gallet have cleverly devised a gamut of rich, fascinating colours, stirring and compelling. Domino Lipstick is indelible and harmless; it protects the lips, and keeps them young. Large size in smart Ivory-like container, at only 2/6. See the full range of colours at your Chemist.

"Domino"

The Lipstick that keeps lips young
ROGER & GALLET
Paris



What Women Are Doing

Conference Delegate

WHEN in Sydney last week on her way to attend the Pan-Pacific Conference, Mrs. Carlisle MacDonnell, of Adelaide, was entertained by Sydney women's organisations, including the United Associations and the Australian Federation of Women Voters.

Mrs. MacDonnell is vice-president of the Women's Non-Party Association of South Australia and was an alternate delegate for Australia at the League of Nations Assembly a few years ago.

Hockey Player Now President of Cricket Assn.

INTERESTED in sporting all her life, it is most appropriate that Mrs. H. I. Feige, of Brisbane, should occupy the position of president of the Queensland Women's Cricket Association, which office she has held since 1932. She is a very active president, too, and seldom misses attending any match of the slightest importance, and is always present at official functions.



Mrs. Feige.
—Sidney Riley.

Mrs. Feige, who has been an outstanding hockey player, was for many years vice-president of the Queensland Women's Hockey Association.

Ardent Worker For Overseas Missions

MRS. N. J. JENKIN is president of the Victorian Methodist Women's Auxiliary Overseas Mission, an organisation with a membership of over four thousand. She has worked with the society for forty years, rather a wonderful record, but even before that she was connected with the Methodist Missionary Society in England.

Studied Social Conditions in Russia

AS a member of the Children's Hospital Board and the Council of the Lady Victoria Buxton Girls' Club, Miss Ada Dryer, of Adelaide, is very interested in social service work, and took the opportunity during her recent trip abroad to study social conditions in Russia.

Miss Dryer, who was also in Russia in 1910, before the collapse of the monarchy, was amazed at the progress and happiness of the people since that time, especially the women, who work under the same conditions as the men, for seven hours a day. The Russians, she says, all feel that they are working solely for the advancement of their country, and spend their spare time helping in construction work.

President of University Women's Union

TO Miss Helen Wighton has fallen the honor of being the first undergraduate president of the Adelaide University Women's Students' Union.



Miss Wighton.
—Burnside.

Last year Miss Wighton, who is studying for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, acted as secretary of the Women's Union and was also an active member of the International Relations Club and a committee member of the Arts Association. This year she has been appointed joint editor of the students' weekly publication, "On Dit," but is resigning from other committee positions as the presidency will occupy most of her available time.

Problems of Country Women

MEMBERS of Australian organisations affiliated with the Associated Country Women of the World, who will be in England for the Coronation, may also attend the triennial congress of the International Commission of Agriculture, which is to be held at The Hague, Holland, from June 16 to 23.

One of the eight sections of the congress will be devoted to the country woman and her problems. In this section, Mrs. Henry Haldane, of the National Federation of Women's Institutes (England), will make the principal report and open the discussion.

The Associated Country Women of the World have prepared a special report on the subject of midwifery.

Devotes Her Life to Service in the Islands

AT the recent women's auxiliary Methodist Conference, held in Melbourne, Miss N. J. Pearce was presented with a book as a memento of her twenty-one years of service in Papua.

Miss Pearce's main work is teaching the natives reading, writing, and arithmetic, and for the past six years English has been included in addition to the Scripture subjects.

She also has charge of thirty-five single girls for training in the above subjects, and a great deal of medical work falls to her lot, both on the Mission fields and among the outside villages.

Group of Women Work for the Community

THE Baptist Women's Association of Victoria not only works in co-operation with the Australian Association, but is now associated with the Baptist Women's League of Great Britain.

With Mrs. H. D. Downing as president, this group of women have set out on their thirteenth year of service to the community. They stand for temperance, clean films and literature, and do what they can for the moral uplift of the people.

They have their own kindergarten and holiday home, and do a great deal of work for the Travellers' Aid Society, the City Mission, and among women prisoners at Pentridge.

Well-known Actress of Character Parts

MISS ETHEL GABRIEL, the English actress, who returned to Australia after a successful season in London a few months ago, is to play in Barrie's "Mary Rose" at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, on May 6.

While in England Miss Gabriel toured in "Fresh Fields," Ivo Novello's play, and also played a part in the film of Mozart's life, produced by Basil Dean.

Miss Gabriel is well known as a repertory actress, and has appeared as the charlady in Leslie Haylen's "Two Minutes' Silence," and has played character parts in several of Doris Pitton's productions in Sydney.

In London she saw Margot Neville's play, "Heroes Don't Care," which was the comedy hit of the season.

American Undergraduate at Australian University

MISS HILDA LEBENSON, a young student from Texas, recently arrived in Melbourne and will continue her academic career at the Melbourne University.

She specialises in languages and has already done two years of an Arts course at the Texas and Washington Universities.

Before entering college she attended a finishing school at Lausanne, where there were girls from almost every country in the world. In her spare time she has broadcast on fashions, book reviews, talks, and other subjects of interest to women, with one of the Columbia affiliated stations.

Is on the Council in Her Home Town

WOMEN town councillors are not rare in England according to Miss M. D. Smart, niece of Sir John Lamb, former Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, who has let his London home for the Coronation festivities, and has brought his niece for a six months' tour of Australia and New Zealand.

Miss Smart is on the town council of her home town, Brechin, in Scotland, and there is another woman member of the same body. Miss Smart has a high opinion of the members of her own sex as town councillors, and her own main interests are housing problems, which are acute in Scottish towns, child welfare and education.

In child welfare her town is behind Australian towns of any size. It was only recently that Miss Smart organised an infant health centre there to relieve the district nursing sister from the constant visiting of homes.

Enthusiast in the Cause of Golf

MEMBERS and associates of the Bundaberg Golf Club, Queensland, have a splendid worker for the club in Mrs. Lionel Johnston. As a tribute to the work she performed while captain of the club for a period of four years, a presentation was made to her recently. She now holds the position of president of the associates' committee.

She and her husband are noted for their early-morning games of golf, and almost all the year round it is their practice to motor to the links one or two mornings a week just after the crack of dawn.

Her energy is a byword in Bundaberg where her family, the John Blacks, were among the pioneers of the town. Throughout their lifetime spent in that town, they have been staunch supporters of the Presbyterian Church, and Mrs. Johnston has been secretary to the Presbyterian Women's Guild for a great many years.

To Retire From Office In August

TO Mrs. Richard Lumb and her committee fell the honor of entertaining Lady Haig when she passed through Adelaide.

Mrs. Lumb is president of the Sailors, Soldiers, and Nurses Relatives' Association — a body which works with little publicity but a great deal of efficacy, providing clothes for relatives of those who helped in the war.

When there is an appeal day for the R.S.S.I.A., Mrs. Lumb's Association makes the poppies and accounts for probably more than half of the sales. When Anzac Day comes round, her association makes the wreaths for memorials. The organisation is the outcome of the former Women's Battalion Club which was formed during the war.

Mrs. Lumb will retire at the annual meeting in August, as she will have completed the three years' term of office the association allows its presidents.



Mrs. Lumb.
—Burnside.

Is Acting-Commissioner of Lone Guides

AFTER several years' absence from active guiding, Miss Frances Rymill, of Adelaide, has taken over the responsible position of Acting Commissioner of Lone Guides in South Australia, while the Commissioner, Miss Mary Cave, attends the Coronation camp in England.

As her district includes Central Australia and extends as far as Tennant's Creek, Miss Rymill will have one of the largest Australian areas under her charge.

At present the Girl Guides' Association in South Australia is actively interested in the formation of a Lone Guide Committee.

Seeing Things First Hand

MRS. I. J. WARNES, of Burra, in her capacity of president of the Country Women's Association in S.A., tries to make a point of visiting every branch of the C.W.A. every year.

She is an expert in handicrafts, and is a well-known figure in Adelaide society when she is in town.

Successes Came in Quick Succession

SHIRLEY PATON, of Mitcham, Victoria, is to reap the reward of the 1936 overseas scholarship of the Trinity College of Music, London, which carries with it three years' free tuition at the college, a maintenance grant for that period, and the return fare to London.



Miss Shirley Paton.
—Brothorn.

Miss Dorothy Gleadall, a teacher since she was eleven years old, and since that time she has passed with honors in all grades at the University examinations, gained the associate diploma and gold medal of Trinity College (with the highest marks ever awarded by the examiner), become a licentiate of the Royal Schools of Music, London, won the Frances Osborne scholarship, and gained numerous competitive awards.

Now she hopes to go to Germany and Vienna after leaving Trinity College.

Bobby's Night Cough kept everybody awake
... now, thanks to Heenzo, they all sleep soundly and free from colds!



IT'S TERRIBLE / NONE OF US CAN GET A MINUTE'S SLEEP WITH BOBBY COUGHING LIKE THAT.



GIVE HIM HEENZO AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COUGH, YOU AND BILL SHOULD TAKE IT TOO.



HERE BOBBY, HEENZO WILL STOP THAT HORRID COUGH QUICKLY.



YOU SOUND HUSKY, BILL, YOU'D BETTER TAKE SOME TOO. IT COSTS SO LITTLE.



EVERYBODY SOUND ASLEEP THANKS TO HEENZO

You can save £'s on family cough medicine this winter by using "Heenzo". You can make up a family supply equal to eight ordinary six bottles (about £1 worth of the best ready made up remedies) by getting a 2/- bottle of concentrated "Heenzo", and simply adding sweetened water. "Heenzo" has stood the test of time, as the most effective remedy for

COUGHS, COLDS
CROUP ... BRONCHITIS ...
and INFLUENZA.

"Heenzo" soothes, heals, brings rapid relief, and is safe for people of all ages. Keep a bottle handy, always.

HEENZO
Costs 2/- — Saves £'s
"Should be used in every home and office"

His hasn't
shrunk!Or
stretched!

His mother uses THE NEW NURSERY Viyella KNITTING YARN

■ Here's a brand new knitting yarn that doesn't shrink or stretch! That extra elasticity makes it dry to shape. Soft as swans-down, colours absolutely fast. Produced in England

at Viyella House under guidance of experts on children's wear.

■ Six beautiful lingerie shades, 1/1 an ounce.

A VIYELLA
HOUSE PRODUCT



V45/2

HAPPY Ever AFTER

Continued from
Page 8

HE was a big, tough-looking fellow, but though I don't think I have mentioned it, I weigh two hundred and ten pounds myself and was all-city tackle my last two years in high school.

Anyway, I ducked his punch and hit him once in the stomach and he sat down on the running board of the car and didn't seem to want to fight any more. And then I heard a siren and the police patrol pulled up, with a big coupe right behind it. A couple of policemen got out of the patrol and a very angry-looking grey-haired man got out of the coupe, and several people in the crowd started to explain what had happened, all talking at once. I kind of thought the girl with the suitcase might want to thank me for coming to her rescue, and I looked around for her, but she had disappeared. And when I looked back, the policeman had grabbed the big, tough-looking fellow and was loading him into the patrol.

"He works for you, doesn't he, Kelly?" one of them asked the grey-haired man, whom they seemed to know.

"Not any more he doesn't!" Mr. Kelly snapped. "Take him away! And if you want my opinion," he went on, in a kind of oratorical voice, and more to the crowd than to the policeman, "the drunken set was planted on us by the nefarious interests so anxious to do all in their power to discredit the candidature of Thomas Moore, the People's Friend!"

Then one of the policemen told the crowd to move on, and I started to go, too; but Mr. Kelly stopped me. "Listen, boy; can you drive this car?" he asked me,

pointing to the one with the speakers on the roof. When I told him I could, he asked me to get in it and follow him back to the garage where it was kept. And when we got there he explained that he was Mr. Moore's campaign manager, and that he was highly grateful to me for stopping the fellow who had been driving the car, before he had said or done something they couldn't keep out of the papers. Then he asked me some questions about myself, and when I had assured him that I didn't drink and could furnish good character references and had always voted a straight ticket, he offered me the job of driving the little car until after the election, and I accepted it.

GETTING a job like that was pretty much of a coincidence all right, but when I got home I ran into just about as big a one. Because Aunt Martha told me she had a new boarder that a friend of hers who lives on Whidby Island had sent her, and when I met this new boarder it was the little country girl I had rescued from the fellow whose job I now had. And she thanked me for it now, and said that I had been awfully brave to tackle a thug like that with just my bare hands; but, of course, I said it wasn't anything. Her name is Sue Thorpe, and she has come to town to go to business college. Maybe I'll take her to a movie some time when I haven't anything else to do.

I started in on the new job next morning, and the work is so easy that I am very sorry it won't last more than about six weeks. There are five little cars like the one I drive, and we are out all day and most of the evening. We all have regular schedules as to where to go and how long to stay there. Sometimes I have to go out into the country for an evening rally, but most of the time I am moving around town, parking where the schedule says to, and playing two or three snappy, popular records to attract the attention of anybody that's on the street. Then, when I can see that people are listening, I fade out the music and pick up the microphone and say, "You will now hear the voice of the Honorable Thomas Moore, the People's Candidate for United States Senator," while I am changing the record on the turntable. And then I switch back to the phonograph pick-up and give them the two-minute record of Mr. Moore telling why he should be elected, which the schedule says is right for that district. I'll do that two or three times at each stand, and then move on to the next place on my schedule. The longest stand I have is when I park in front of the Third National Bank from 11.30 to 1.30, to catch the people in the financial district as they come out to go to lunch.

I seem to be having quite a lot of trouble in forgetting about Stella, although I haven't tried to phone her for nearly two weeks now. After all, it gets pretty tiresome being told she isn't at home when you are just about certain that she is. But I have had what I think is a very fine idea for a story, and am going to start on it at once. It is to be laid in the interior of Alaska, hundreds of miles from any other settlement, and is to be about two fellows and a girl who are spending the winter in a lonely cabin, for reasons I haven't quite figured out yet. But I have recently read a book on Alaska which ought to help in creating an illusion of reality. Anyway, one of these two fellows is a weakling who just stays in the cabin with the girl all the time. The other one, who is, of course, the hero, goes out and hunts deer and moose and caribou in order to keep the three of them alive. And, of course, he is very much in love with the girl, who is blonde and very beautiful. But one evening he comes home with a caribou over his shoulder and finds the girl and the weakling kissing each other. And the weakling cringes and blanches, because he is fully aware that the hero loves the girl and could break him in two with his bare hands if he wanted to.

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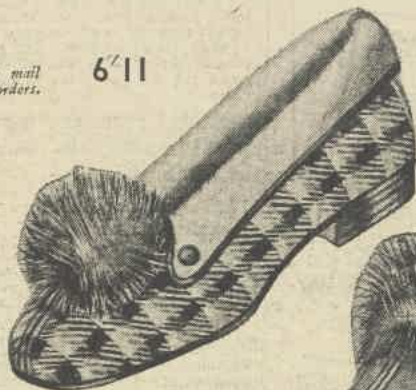
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6/11



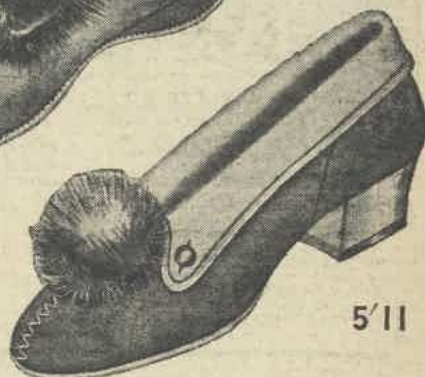
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Check felt. Wonder welt leather sole. Turn-up collar. Cellophane pom. Blue, fawn, red. 2 to 7. Three designs at 6/11.

Seam-to-toe felt. Fur collar. In blue, black, fawn, rose. 3-7. At 4/6. Or in red, blue, brown, black, navy, now at 7/11.

Felt slipper. Turn-up collar. Cellophane pom. Rose, blue, brown, green, black. 2 to 7. At 5/11.

Slippers 3rd Floor. Lay-by!



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Slipper enchantment in THE "COSY CORNER"

Gay opening for winter—colourful felts, smooth velvets, gleaming leathers, bright plaids—some enriched with luxurious "Bunny" collars. A host of pretty designs to capture your imagination. And every slipper so warm and inexpensive, you'll thank Farmer's for ingenious forethought.

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She has had years of experience and will select the correct model for your figure, free of charge. Miss Hamilton is at Farmer's only till next Saturday. MB495 for appointment.

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Cyclax seven essentials for beauty

The seven Home Treatment Preparations are presented in an attractive case. Tonics, creams, lotions, soap and powder restore your skin to radiant youth.

Interview Thelma Besant from Cyclax, London. Her final beauty talk at 3 p.m. Wednesday, 7th April. No charge.

M2405 to book. Or "Cosmetics"—Ground Floor.

Monogrammed travel rugs

Delightfully soft pure wool rug. Fawn, grey, brown and blue with neat contrasting stripes. A special lightweight quality that's easy to carry whilst travelling. Size is 72 x 60. **25/-**

3 initials monogrammed for 1/6. Lower Ground Floor.



Saturday Morning Children's Party. Children enjoy themselves with Jill, Eileen, the Gollies, and morning tea. 1/- per person.



New American SWEET DISH

Latest idea to arrive from America. Beautiful white glass sweet dishes. Fine qualities at 6/11 dozen. Individually each costs you only **7½d.**

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3/11 Playing cards only 2/6

Goodall's English cards. Double packs, linen-faced, gold and silver edges. Colour combinations are orange-black, red-blue, green-red. Initialed without extra charge. Stationery on the ground floor.



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Lengths 33, 36, 39 inches, 31/6. Girls' Wear—2nd Floor.

We recognise a girl's desire for a pulse-stirring coat—gaily checked and featuring a slim waist and new flared skirt. In that new tweedy wool that is fashion itself. 28, 30 ins. **29/6**

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Beharfaids constructed 24 of these Models for exhibition at the recent Royal Show. They are all beautifully finished from specially selected timber and contain many improvements not found in ordinary machines. Although worth considerably more, they will be sold for the low price of £21/10/-.

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Under this Guarantee, any part of the machine wearing out or breaking during the purchaser's lifetime is replaced absolutely free. Exclusive to the Beharfaid BlueBird.



Complete fully illustrated course supplied with each machine. Equal to a £10/10/- correspondence college course.



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The balance can be paid in convenient instalments. Your old machine accepted as part payment. Post coupon now for particulars and entry form in free Sewing Machine competition.

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Please send me full particulars of the Exhibition Model Beharfaid BlueBird Sewing Machine you are selling for £21/10/-. I would also like a free entry form in the Sewing Machine Competition.

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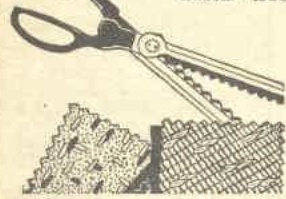
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GOLDMINE DRAMA ... Wins "Moments" PRIZE

Winners in Our Fascinating Real-Life Stories Contest

On a small, lonely gold-digging in Queensland was enacted years ago the real-life drama that to-day wins £10 prize in our "Memorable Moments" competition.

The competition has proved so popular that it will continue as a regular feature of *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

A cash prize of £1/1/- will be paid to the reader submitting the best real-life story each week.

FIRST prize of £10 in the "Moments" competition, inspired by Bernard O'Reilly's dramatic discovery of the lost Stinson plane in Queensland recently—his worst moment—was won by Mrs. R. E. Robson, of Railway St., Booval, Qld. The winning entry is published on this page.

Ten Prizes of £1

TEN consolation prizes of £1 each have been awarded to the following:—

Mrs. Daisy Green, 33 Prince's Wharf, Battery Pt., Hobart.

Mrs. Ruby Oeckinzi, 99 Government Rd., Croydon, S.A.

Mrs. Rita Bennett, 183 Hargrave St., Paddington, N.S.W.

Miss Nell Franklin, Almoomba, North Qld.

Mr. M. G. Fleming, Stanwell Park, N.S.W.

Mrs. R. Johnston, Kaniva, Vic.

Mr. N. P. Gill, 9 Harold St., Matraville, N.S.W.

Cleo Marsden, 7 Royal Arcade, Melbourne Ct.

Mrs. H. Wilson, Bonnie Doon, Pittwater Rd., Dee Why, N.S.W.

Mrs. E. Kilday, Rose Terrace, Toowoong SW1, Brisbane.

All prizes will be posted to winners in a few days.

A remarkable feature of the competition was that among entries submitted were scores that fitted into well-defined divisions. For instance, many recorded their experiences in storms, shipwrecks, and earthquakes.

To mothers, the birth of their first child was a memorable moment. War incidents figured largely in the stories submitted, particularly from Diggers.

Bolting horses, infuriated bulls, car accidents and near-drownings were subjects of other memorable moments.

Some readers whose "Moments" had a certain dramatic value, lost points because the manner of their telling omitted facts essential to make a lucid, concise, interesting story.

Some of the £1 prize-winning stories are given below. Others will be published next week.

Mother's Ordeal

On a lonely lighthouse on the South-West Cape of Tasmania, where I lived 18 years ago with my husband, the most memorable moment in my life occurred.

We only heard from the mainland once every three months. I was expecting to go into a nursing home that December, and the boat was to have taken me away in November. Owing to bad weather, however, it did not arrive, and we were short of food.

On December 13 I knew my baby would be born that night. My husband had to go on duty from 10 p.m. till 2 a.m. While he was resting I got my things ready. I saw him go, leaving me alone in the big house. At twelve my baby was born.

When the relief boat came a lady on board sent me some fruit and cake. A nurse came down, but

we did not need her. Courage and prayer had brought me through that night.

Mrs. Daisy Green, 33 Prince's Wharf, Battery Point, Hobart.

Girl Stabbed

A MEMORABLE moment in my life was when I was stabbed at Croydon, about three miles from Adelaide.

A young girl was stabbed crossing the road in front of our home the previous night, but whereas it happened to her in the main street at the comparatively late hour of 11 o'clock, it happened to me at the early hour of 7.30.

I had turned the corner and was walking past the ticket box of the Croydon railway station, when a man, all muffled up, stepped from behind a post and without a word made a thrust at my face with something which gleamed.

I threw up my hand as a protection, and screamed, and as the man ran away I saw blood trickling from a wound he had inflicted there. I was sent by the chemist who examined it to a doctor who inserted a stitch therein.

Mrs. Ruby Oeckinzi, 99 Government Rd., Croydon, S.A.

Saved By a Match

"I WAS prospecting out from Beltingwe, Rhodesia. One late afternoon I had just loaded six holes in a newly-started shaft. I counted only five reports. Sending the native boys on to camp about half a mile distant, I decided to wait a reasonable length of time and then return to see if one hole had missed fire.

Everything was all right. Two holes had gone together. I started back to camp. It was growing dark. I lost my way. When it was quite dark I was floundering in the jungle.

Spirit Messages At A Sydney Seance

Continued from Page 4

NOW all this is evidential, that is, evidential of survival of consciousness. It is evidential to me and should be evidential to all reflective and sympathetic minds. Unfortunately, such minds are exceptional.

When Barnum, the great American showman, said the success of his show depended on the fact that "One is born every minute," he was referring to minds of a different order and which are much more numerous.

Some will say: "It is trivial." That is not the point. The question of importance to reflective minds is not whether it is trivial, but whether it is evidential.

Men have gone to the gallows condemned by trivialities which were evidential. But to me it was not trivial.

Here am I, an old and lonely man, ecclesiastically a pelican in the wilderness, socially a sparrow on the housetop.

Here am I in Australia without kith or kin, and then these three nearest and dearest of women, my wife and two sisters come and make themselves known to me, assure me of their continued interest and love, assure me that they love me enough to come from their "golden day" into the spiritually murky atmosphere of Sydney to make themselves known to me.

What are the implications of such phenomena? Personally, I do not regard spiritualism as a religion, or these phenomena as religious.

This Won £10 Prize

I WAS five. My father was working a shaft for gold in a lonely Queensland gold-diggings.

"The billy is boiled!" mother called down the shaft. Came no answer. Mother, crying, tied me to a tree, and descended the shaft hand over hand by the windlass rope.

As she disappeared my childish reactions were terrible. The ground had swallowed up my mother and father and I was alone. The horror was intensified as I remembered only a week previous my father had helped to bury an old digger who had died.

Then mother appeared again. She had climbed up the rope, and was winding the windlass ever so slow, and pausing to say, "My God, help me!"

Then the bucket appeared, and in it was my father, his clothes torn to shreds, his body bleeding; there had been a fall of earth.

But I had experienced the burial of my "Mum and Dad" and its attendant horrors, and the joy of resurrection and reunion. A memorable moment of tragedy and joy the years cannot erase.

R. E. Robson, Railway St., Booval, Qld., £10.

I decided to light a cigarette and think things out.

I struck a match. It snapped out into flame with a startling suddenness against the blackness of night. A full-grown lion not six feet distant, scared by the suddenness of my action, turned a complete somersault backward and disappeared into the bush. I did likewise, and to this day I don't know who was scared the worst, the lion or Gordon Fleming.

M. G. Fleming, Stanwell Park, N.S.W.

Now Tell Yours

NOW, what is YOUR real-life story? What incident stands out in your life as the most vivid, most memorable? It should be something which concerned or affected you personally, for preference.

For the best story submitted and published each week *The Australian Women's Weekly* will pay £1/1/-.

Envelopes should be addressed to "Real-Life" Stories, *The Australian Women's Weekly*. Full postal address appears at the top of page 3.

I regard spiritualism as a department of science just as physics and chemistry are departments of science, and these phenomena I regard as scientific phenomena, but as affording data which may assist towards the formation of a religious philosophy of the universe.

Herein they are on the one hand destructive of crude materialism, which regards mind or spirit as an epiphenomenon of the grey matter of the brain.

On the other hand, these phenomena compel a revision of the accepted religious views.

According to accepted religious views these three spirits, my wife and two sisters should, like law-abiding Christians, be sleeping in their three graves one in New York, one in San Francisco, and one in Wiltshire; until the resurrection morning when they would be resurrected with their bodies, or they should be either in Heaven with the angels, or in hell with the devils.

As a matter of fact, they made themselves known as intelligences with characters and memories here in Sydney, and not as angels or as devils, but as just folk, plain folk, living in the etheric world which surrounds and interpenetrates ours.

So I conclude by thanking Mr. Ford for the message which came through him, and express the hope that he may long be spared to help destroy man's greatest enemy, fear, and to dry humanity's tears.

HAPPY Ever AFTER

Continued from
Page 22

BUT the hero just looks at them for a minute, with a kind of a sad smile on his lips. Then he simply says, "I hope you will always be happy," and goes out into the night on his snowshoes, in spite of the fact that he knows there is no shelter for hundreds of miles and it is seventy below zero and a blizzard is coming up.

Well, I hope you like "Their Last Good-bye" better than you did "Renunciation," though I haven't given up hope on "Renunciation" yet, and am mailing it out to another magazine to-day. And I am going right to work on the new story, which I think I will call just "Seventy Below," and ought to have it ready to send to you in a couple of weeks, if I don't have to spend too many evenings working rallies in the country. Sincerely yours, Edward Carpenter.

The People's Correspondence School,
English Department,
September 24, 1936.

Mr. Edward Carpenter,
1453 20th Avenue,
Dear Mr. Carpenter: Herewith I am returning your short story, "Their Last Good-bye," which has been carefully read, corrected, and graded. I am sorry to say that this story suffers from much the same defects as your first one. Your South Seas atmosphere is hardly convincing, and I think that, upon investigation, you will find that small trading schooners do not have either pilot-houses or bridge-decks. And while the characters are much more human than those of "Renunciation," they are not made entirely real or sympathetic. Can't you find anything interesting in your daily life to write about? And can't you see your way clear to equip your next story with an untragic ending?—Very truly yours, H. H. Peters, Short-Story Instructor.

1453 20th Avenue,
September 30, 1936.
Mr. H. H. Peters,
C/o The People's Correspondence School.

Dear Mr. Peters: I was pretty

How to remove "make-up," dust, etc., from your skin and massage away wrinkles, crowsfeet and sagging flesh.

Every night give your face its "Good-night" massage with Charmosan Cold Cream. Rub it well into your face all over. It is a good idea, too, to give your neck, throat, and the exposed portions of your chest a good massage with the cream to cleanse away dirt and other beauty-destroying things that lodge in the pores and on the skin.

After rubbing in the cream wipe it off with your face towel or tissue. You will find that it cleanses beautifully, for it dissolves the dirt and "make-up," dust, etc., from the pores and skin in a way soap and water can never, never do. Notice how smooth and supple your skin is after doing this.

This nightly massaging has a most beneficial effect upon the skin and muscles and assists in preventing wrinkles, crowsfeet, and sagging flesh. In the morning wash your face, and, if necessary, your neck, throat, and chest with nice warm water and a good soap, dry well, and then use your Charmosan and Charmosan face powder.

Charmosan cold cream

Bondair Jars, 3.6. Tubes, 1/-.
Sold Everywhere, including New Zealand.

REDUCE SAFELY

with
FORD'S CORPOREAL CAPSULES

A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 9 stone 12lb." This is a scientifically correct treatment, endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment, 3/6, six weeks, 10/-; at all chemists, or post free from NOEL F. FORD, M.F.S. (Eng.) Unit., Chemist, 247, King Street, Newmarket, Tel. LITTLE.

disappointed that you didn't like "Their Last Good-bye" better than you seem to have. But I am sorry to say that I still don't feel much like writing any stories with happy endings, and I certainly don't see anything at all interesting in my daily life to write about. So I shall hope that you will like "Seventy Below," which I am enclosing herewith, a little better.

I think that the big climactic scene, where the hero finds out that the girl has just been playing with him, but still he can't hate her, even if life holds no further meaning for him, is pretty good.

I am still working for Mr. Kelly, and except for the time when some supporters of Mr. Pritchard—who is the man running against Mr. Moore—threw eggs into my loud-speaker horns, I have had no trouble. Some of the other boys have been less fortunate, though.

The other morning when I got down to the garage to get my car, Mr. Kelly was pacing up and down the floor and saying a lot of things I don't think he ever learned from his Sunday-school teacher, and when I asked him what was wrong, I learned that Joe Mason, who drives a car like mine, had had his outfit wrecked the night before.

It seems he was coming back to town after a late rally in Puyallup, and another car forced him off the road and the fellows in it beat him up and smashed his records and the public-address system.

"IT'S that bunch of yeggs that Pritchard has out working for him that did it," Mr. Kelly told me in a very angry voice. "He knows he hasn't a chance unless he can keep Tommy Moore from getting his message to the great masses of the plain people. There'll likely be more of this rough stuff from now on too. But I'll show him he can't push me around!"

And that night when I checked in, Mr. Kelly called me over into a corner of the garage. "Look here, Eddie," he asked me. "Do you know one end of a gun from the other?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Kelly," I told him. "I am a sergeant in the National Guard and I have marksman's badges for both rifle and pistol shooting."

"Fine!" said Mr. Kelly. "Take this, then. Don't use it unless you have to. But don't let anybody wreck your car!" And he gave me a big revolver and went on to explain that he had arranged for pistol permits for all of us drivers. He said that he was going to see that word of what he'd done got back to the other side, and I guess he did so; because that was over a week ago, and there has been no more trouble.

I have taken Sue to the movies or to a dance two or three times lately, mainly because I feel kind of sorry for her, because she's a stranger in town and too shy to make friends very quickly. She has got some new clothes since coming here, and while she isn't really pretty, she looks sort of cute in them; and now that we have begun to get acquainted a little, she seems to be a very sensible girl.

For one thing, she is greatly interested in my writing, which Stella always kind of regarded as a joke. Sue has read all the stories that I have written for my course with you, and she thinks they are very good, and can't understand why "Renunciation" has just come back from another magazine. And I want to say that I can't understand, either, how a story can go all the way to New York and back here again in less than two weeks, if they really read them!

But while Sue and I have got to be quite good friends, I have always treated her more like a sister than anything else. I am still trying to forget Stella, but I can understand why men in books quite often find it necessary to go hunting in Africa when they are trying to forget a girl.

Please turn to Page 24

GO down to your chemist or store and buy a bottle of Bidomak if your husband is showing signs of irritability. Nine times out of ten "nerves" are the cause of bad-temper, and nerves are caused by "mineral starvation." Perhaps that may seem strange to you—but people who have tried everything else have been amazed at the immediate, quick happy results which come from the use of a mineral food supplement such as Bidomak. Bidomak contains the vital food minerals, without which, leading dieticians tell us, life would be impossible. Its use as directed changes grumpy, tired men into fit, well, vigorous personalities again.

BIDOMAK

"The Tonic of the Century"

How Mineral Starvation Can Be Recognised

The loss of mineral elements in the body is due to the strain and stress of modern life and the fact that these losses are not replaced by our daily food supply. To begin with, they show themselves in an insidious loss of energy and vitality. The power to concentrate is lost. Then other symptoms crowd upon the sufferer. He loses his spirit, the desire to exert himself fails—his appetite weakens—he gets oversensitive and quick tempered. Sometimes he becomes the victim of indigestion, neuritis, headaches, and subject to fits of depression. Altogether the mineral-starved man becomes a less efficient member of society. The more youthful jump over his head in business. Socially, he becomes a back number. Thus, through lack of vital mineral food he loses his ability to enjoy life and to win success. No wonder he "snaps," even at those most dear to him.

What a tragedy this is! But it need be a tragedy no longer. Bidomak can now replace the vital minerals and bring the sufferer back to vigour and vitality. Energy returns—life looks brighter—daily tasks become easy—the power of concentration returns—temper improves and irritability vanishes—confidence grows quickly as vigour and nerve strength return. It is like a miracle how the ferum, calcium, sodium, potash, phosphates, glycerophosphates and sucrose in Bidomak combine to provide a new savour to life, even in the worst cases.

No Dangerous Drugs

Remember, too, that Bidomak is a food. It contains no bitter, dangerous narcotic drugs nor opiates. On the other hand, Bidomak is safe for the youngest children, who take it readily because of its very pleasant flavour. Get a bottle from your chemist or store TO-DAY.

For Women and Children too!

No other tonic is so good for all as Bidomak. Not only men, but women and children too, find new life and vigour in the big Bidomak bottle. Benefit is guaranteed or you may have your money back.

THESE ARE THE BENEFITS YOU ARE GIVEN BY BIDOMAK

1. Ends Mineral Starvation by providing ferum, calcium, potassium, sodium, phosphates, glycerophosphates and sucrose.
2. Gives you a good appetite.
3. Brings sweet sleep.
4. Strengthens nerves.
5. Relieves stomach upsets.
6. Builds energy, "pep" and endurance.
7. Clears out body wastes from every cell of the body by increasing the amount of oxygen in the blood stream.
8. Creates rich red blood, new healthy nerve cells, and nerve fluid.
9. Makes you feel well all over!



Read this remarkable letter —

34 Herbert Street, Dalwich Hill, N.S.W.
9th February, 1936.

Douglas Drug Co.,

Dear Sir—I would like to explain to you the amazing result that I gained mentally and physically, from "Bidomak."

I work as a Terasse hand, which is very hard work.

Somehow, I became very run down and nervous, and found by ten o'clock in the morning that I had exhausted the whole of my energy and could not go on. Approaching Xmas, as usual in the building trade, there is a general falling off of trade and a general retrenchment takes place in all industries directly connected with the building trade. I knew for certain I was marked down to be put off work.

In desperation I visited a Chemist. He impressed me to try "Bidomak." Fortunately for me I did. With the first bottle I knew that it was doing me a lot of good, so I just kept it up. My nervous feelings disappeared, I regained my energy, 100% sleep is a pleasure, eating also, and the amount of work I am able to do has placed in my job, therefore you will understand that I really have given "Bidomak" a good fair trial and can with every conviction give a reliable testimonial.

I can safely say that "Bidomak" really did this for me, gave me a new lease of life, kept me in employment and is keeping me as fit as the proverbial fiddle. "Bidomak" does really give lost energy back.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) STEPHEN BARRY.

BENEFIT GUARANTEED OR YOU PAY NOTHING

So many nerve sufferers have obtained immediate relief from BIDOMAK that if you do not benefit from the first bottle we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on its return, nearly empty, to the Douglas Drug Co. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or you pay nothing.

GET A BOTTLE OF BIDOMAK TO-DAY

HAPPY Ever AFTER

Continued from
Page 25

IN fact, I am thinking some of going back East to Montana or Colorado or something like that myself, because I guess it's just about absolutely certain that Stella will never forgive me and make up after what I did the other night; though at the time it seemed like a kind of a nice thing to do for a girl.

You see, when I'm driving around in the University district, where Stella lives, and where I always use Record A5, which tells how Mr. Moore played left guard on the champion football team in 1916, I always go by her house kind of automatically. And the other night I had been clear up to Bellingham on a rally and was coming home after midnight, and I drove down the street Stella lives on just in time to see the light in her room go out. I coasted to a stop in front of the house and just sat there looking up at her window for a couple of minutes. And then all at once I remembered her having said that she'd always wished that somebody would serenade her. And I thought that maybe if I did it, she would realise how much I still cared.

I hadn't been using the loud-speakers since leaving Bellingham, but I reached back and snapped on the generator. And then, while the audio tubes were warming up, I backed the car around until one of the speaker horns was pointing right at Stella's window. Then I put on the record of "You're the Top," playing it pretty loud. And I hadn't played more than half a dozen bars when I saw Stella's window go up and knew that she was listening.

Then I worked in what I thought was a very romantic touch, because every time I came to the end of the refrain, I faded the music down a little bit and sang into the microphone myself, changing the words so they went: "But if, Stella, I'm the bottom, you're the top!"

There's a sort of a throbbing note in my voice that's quite a little like Bing Crosby's, and it sounded very fine against the background of the music. And when the record was over I waited for a minute, and then I sort of crooned: "It's Eddie, Stella. Why can't we be sweethearts again?"

I honestly didn't realise now how high I had the volume-control knob turned until I heard windows rattling all around the neighborhood. But then Stella's window closed with a bang, and I could hear other windows going up and see lights going on all over the neighborhood, and somebody across the street laughing and somebody else calling to know what it was all about.

And then I saw a light go on in Stella's father's room, and I thought maybe I'd better get out of there, which I did.

But Stella's father came around to Aunt Martha's early the next morning and called me out on the front porch and talked to me very angrily. "Young man, if you ever try to make the night hideous and my daughter ridiculous with your mechanical calf bawling again I'll notify the police and take the matter up with your employer," he said in part. "Though probably not until I've used a club on you myself!"

He wound up by saying that Stella never wanted to see me or hear of me or even think of me again. So I guess the best thing for me to do is to keep on trying to forget her.

I have been thinking it over and have been wondering if it wouldn't be easier to create an illusion of reality if you used a background that very few people can remember.

ANYWAY, I think I will use the Civil War as a background for my next story. I haven't a title for it yet, but it's to be about a young man who is killed in some battle, but who dies gladly because he has

just learned that the girl he left behind him doesn't care for him any more, and very likely never did.—Sincerely yours, Edward Carpenter.

The People's Correspondence School

October 10, 1936.

Mr. Edward Carpenter,
1453 20th Avenue.

Dear Mr. Carpenter: I am returning herewith your story, "Seventy Below," which has been carefully read, corrected and graded. I am sorry to say, however, that this story, too, falls somewhat short of creating the illusion of reality, either in characters or in locale. I still recommend that you try to find story material in your daily life, among characters whom you know inti-

mately. And I once more suggest that you endeavor to overcome your fondness for unhappy endings!—Very truly yours, H. H. Peters, Short-story Instructor.

1453 20th Avenue.

October 21, 1936.

Mr. H. H. Peters,
c/o The People's Correspondence School.

Dear Mr. Peters: I am very sorry out I still can't see anything interesting to write about in my daily life, which has always been pretty commonplace. And I hope you will find that the story I am enclosing herewith has more of the illusion of reality. It is the one with the Civil War background, which I decided to call simply, "Death in Battle." And it really doesn't have what I would consider an unhappy ending, because, as I explain in the story, the hero is glad to die.

Please turn to Page 32

Be Glorified by GOSSARD

SMART clothes can give a woman glamour only when her figure has been moulded to lovely, graceful lines by a proper foundation. Gossards are designed to correct figure faults and to emphasise and retain the lines of youth. Gossard hip-garments and all-in-one foundations are available in lustrous brocades and figured batistes combined with Power elastics, and in the new exquisitely sheer but ever-so-firm Goss-Amour—a silk elastic net that wears well and launders beautifully.

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You should always take Chamberlain's Tablets—they cleanse and liver, strengthen the stomach and bowels, produce a thorough natural bowel action and restore sweet breath. Take a Chamberlain's Tablet to-night.



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Pelaco-weld
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Collars.
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Thousands of picture goers have been thrilled by the sterling characterisations of this versatile actor. Thousands, too, have remarked on his immaculate appearance, a reputation which owes not a little to his careful selection of good shirts and collars. The shirts worn by famous British and Hollywood stars are no better in any way than Australia's popular Pelaco.

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Pelaco Shirts are now available with the smart Pelaco-weld Starchless Collars

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SHIRTS
COLLARS
AND PYJAMAS

"The Quins" Again—But Which is Which?



HERE are five new pictures of the famous Dionne Quintuplets, all dressed up to dare the snow and ice. Excelsior! Can you tell one from another? Which is Yvonne, Marie, Emilie, Annette and Cecile? Check your opinion with answers on inside back cover.

—Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE TENTH Was D

A great writer presents her greatest thriller. It's baffling, romantic and intriguing to the last line.

Part 1

IT was the sheerest blind chance that took Susan to the Symphony Concert the afternoon of the manly murder. Not that either the Symphony or the manly murder had much to do with the murder. But if she had not gone to the Symphony she wouldn't have lunched in town—she wouldn't have lunched, either, at the Surfledge, which is so leisurely and pleasant a distance from Orchestra Hall. And if she hadn't lunched at the Surfledge she wouldn't have known that small thing which helped so much later on.

It was like a preface. An introduction. A prologue to murder.

For at the table next her sat old Mrs. Farish.

Sat straight and handsome in one of the stately old blue plush chairs. She was very old. The soft white skin of her face was finely wrinkled, and the little bags of white flesh below her chin were held up by an inch-wide black ribbon. Her hat was a high turban; her eyeglasses rimmed in gold. Her clothes were ultra conservative in cut and very fine in material.

She had as usual when visiting town a suite on the first floor, and the head waiter had all but strewn roses in her path when she had entered the dining-room. But Susan did not know that, for she arrived after Mrs. Farish was seated and while she and the waiter were holding conference over the menu.

"VERY old," thought Susan, accomplishing her own order. "Very old. Very dictatorial. Heart's not quite right—lips wrong color. Likely to be cantankerous." Susan wondered vaguely what the afternoon's programme was to be, and who the old lady at the adjoining table was, and why they had given her so large a table.

Oh, of course; she was having a little party and ordering for her guests. Wise old lady; she had chosen for herself the chair directly facing the window—was it because of the view or was it because there were thus no distressing crosslights on her face.

Music from a balcony and properly subdued orchestra and Susan's extremely modest glass of sherry arrived simultaneously and Susan forgot the old lady. The dining-room became quietly and decorously murmurous.

It was during a lull in the music that the old lady's party arrived—arrived, however, by piecemeal. Susan, because she was alone and because she faced Mrs. Farish's table and could not help seeing, watched idly as a slender, well-talored young man approached, bowed extravagantly, and then, his dark hair shining like wet ribbon, bent over the old lady's white cheek.

"Grandmother, darling," he said. "Am I late? Where's John Todd? And Charmian?" I say, grandmother, how well you're looking."

"Thank you, my dear Leslie," said grandmother rather dryly. "Sit down. Do you want a cocktail?"

"I've had one," said young Leslie. "Where's Charmian?"

Pretty name, thought Susan idly. Who was Charmian? There was a look of something disap-

proving but completely assured upon the old lady's face.

"Charmian was detained shopping," she said crisply. "She'll be along later. I expect. No cocktails, then? I've ordered. A bit of pate first."

Leslie took out a cigarette case, extended it perfunctorily to his grandmother who did not trouble even to refuse, and selected a slim, long cigarette. A hovering waiter bent with a light and Leslie exhaled smoke and said:

"How about Todd? I haven't seen him since breakfast."

"Nor I," said his grandmother. "I said one o'clock lunch and it's now one o'clock. She nodded shortly to the waiter. "Anyway, it's as well they are late. I've a few words to say to you."

LESLIE, very elegantly but very perceptibly wriggled, and his grandmother noted the wriggle. She looked, however, rather annoyed. Her eyes were not altogether pleasant, and there was a thinness about her mouth—her mouth that was the wrong color.

"Now, grandmother—"

"It's no use, Leslie. I'll be brief. But I've made up my mind. No more money, my dear. And no more of my red-headed secretary, Charmian."

The words were very clear and crisp in Susan's ears. The back of Leslie's neck became a dark dull crimson and the muscles were

Susan had heard them quarrelling—Old Mrs. Farish and Leslie. The old lady had said: "No more money, my dear, no more Charmian."

suddenly very rigid. And Susan, realising that she was overhearing what ought, from the look of the two, to be an extremely private conversation, strove to fasten her attention upon a faultless entree which then arrived upon her plate.

Music began again. It wove together the murmurous voices in the room and pleasantly absorbed all clear and distinct sounds.

But when Susan lifted her eyes again the two at the next table were still talking—or rather the old lady was talking and the grandson was attempting to do so.

And they were very definitely and not too politely quarrelling. To Susan having heard the beginning of it that much was evident. As it was evident that the old lady was getting the best of it, and was being thoroughly unpleasant into the bargain. Yet Leslie somehow did not look any too pleasant. Well—the old lady held the purse strings. But who was Charmian?

And, said Susan sternly to Susan, it's no business of yours.

But she was fated to see more of her temporary neighbors. For quite suddenly the old lady said rather sharply:

"Hush—here she is now. And your precious John Todd." And

Leslie turned, showing a lean, hollow cheek and got quickly to his feet.

Charmian. That would be the young woman, red-headed and very smart, whom he was eagerly greeting. Young—but not awfully young, revised Susan hastily—her skin was like an apricot, her eyes were vivacious if set a bit too close together, her mouth was crimson. But she was smart, and she was being very charming indeed.

BEHIND her ambled a young man, John Todd; was that the name the old lady called him? He was not tall, loose-jointed, with a thin, long face and a good-natured, loose-lipped mouth. His large eyes were pale blue, his manner very pleasant, and he was, like Leslie, almost too well tailored.

Confused words of greeting came to Susan's ears against the background of music. John Todd was seated beside the handsome old lady and the Charmian person was seated opposite her, and all was ease and pleasure except that Leslie wasn't doing any of the talking, and the Charmian woman kept looking at him covertly under thick eyelashes and one of her

white hands lay on the table and its lacquered fingernails glistened in a quick little tattoo against the tablecloth.

Susan glanced at her watch. Just time for coffee and a tranquil stroll to the concert. One or two people were already leaving—concert-bound, probably—furs, loose white gloves, a faint smell of perfume, here and there violets or freesias. A mink-coated lady on her way to the door stopped at the table near Susan, with a small cry of surprise.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Farish!" John Todd and Leslie were immediately on their feet, and she repeated shrilly: "My dear Mrs. Farish! I had no idea you were in town."

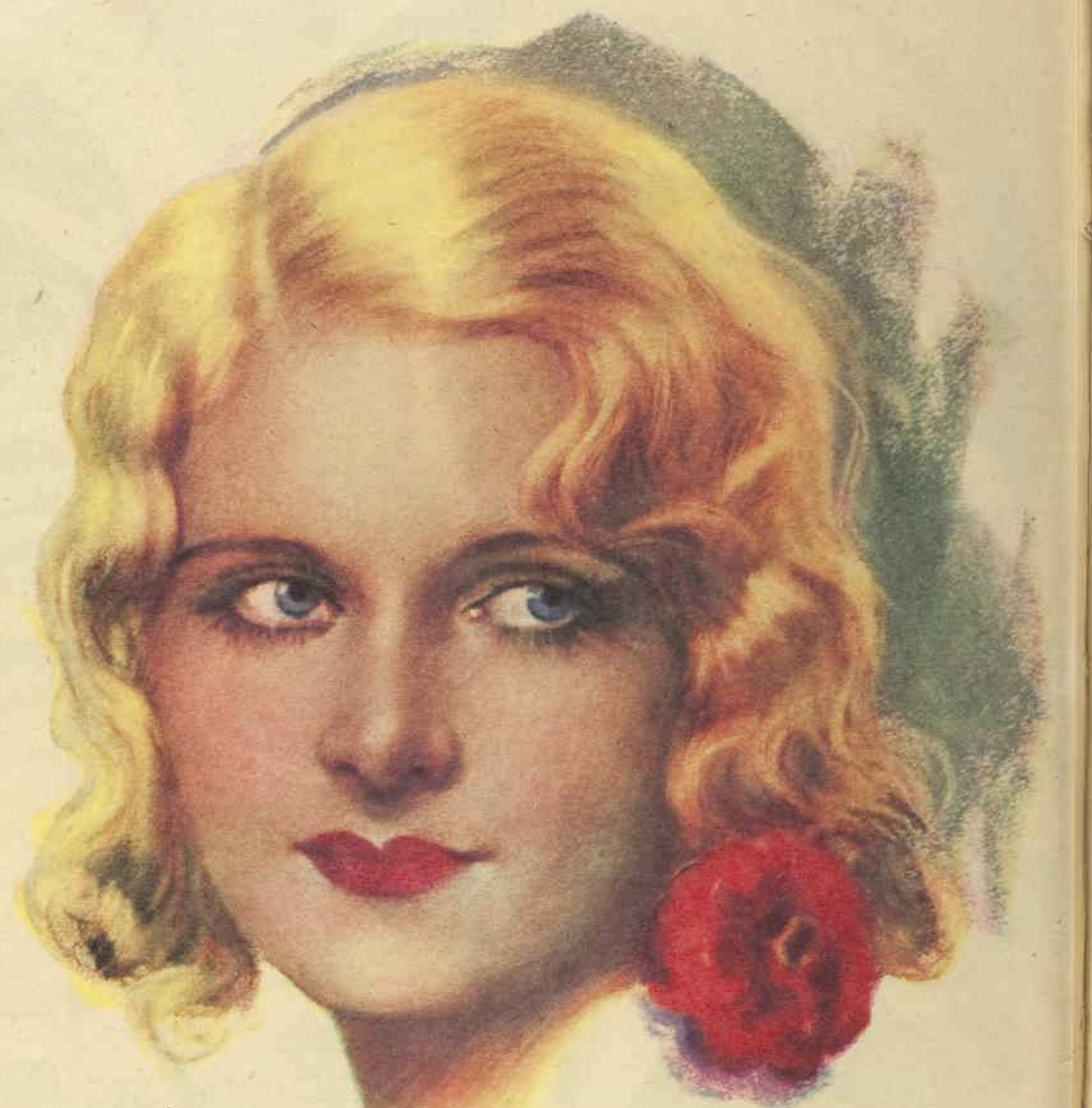
Farish. So that was her name. Not that it mattered.

Mrs. Farish was greeting the mink lady and introducing.

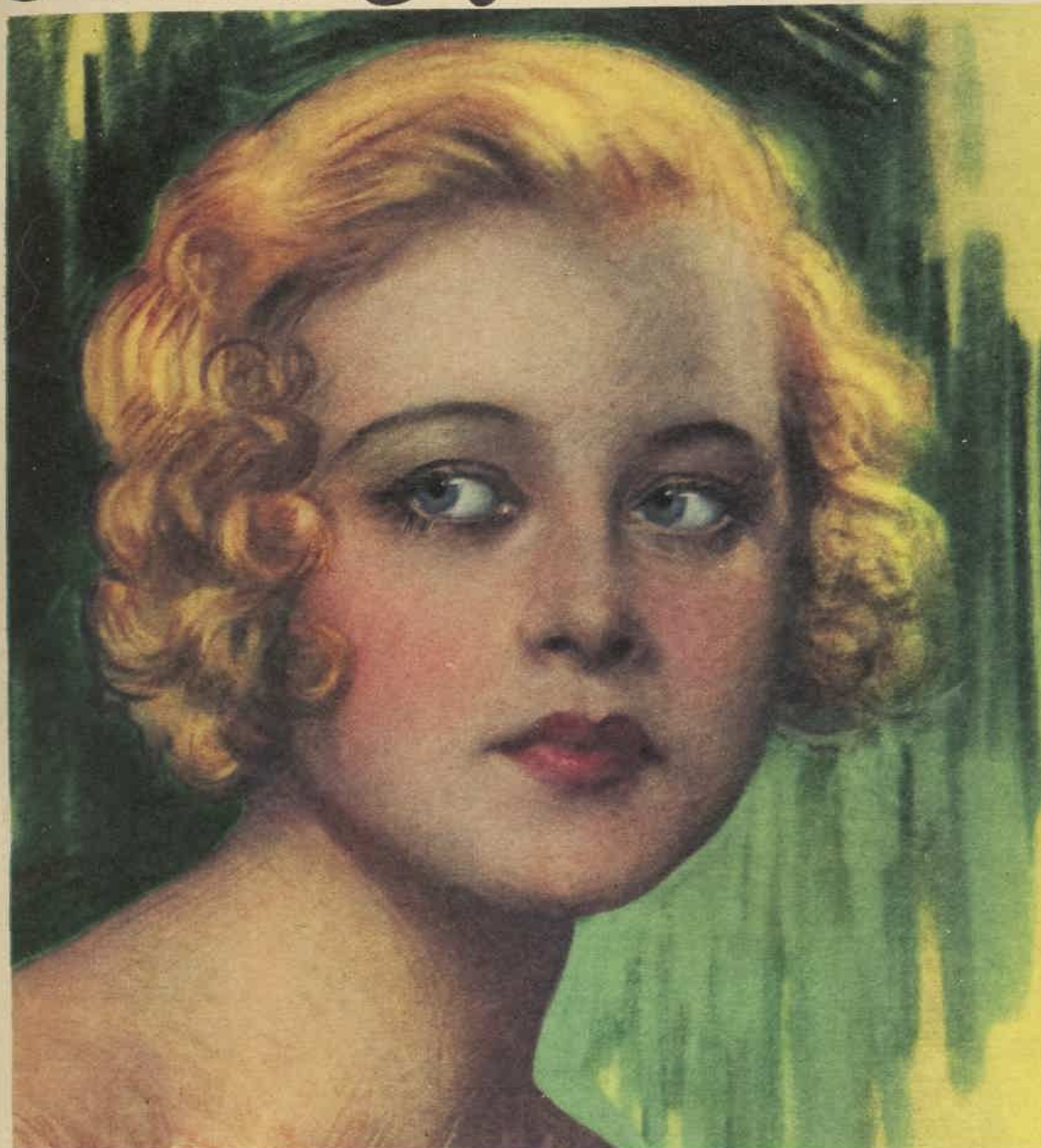
"—you'll remember Leslie Farish, of course. And Charmian Dale, my secretary. And Mr. Todd—a friend of Leslie's. We are in town for only a few days. Charmian and I met Leslie here. He returns to Oxford to-morrow. We go on to the south."

"Oxford! But, Leslie, darling—" The mink lady looked puzzled. "Surely you got some sort of degree from somewhere ages ago."

Leslie laughed. "That was an ordinary degree. Mrs. Ellam. I'm specialising in chemistry now—"



DOCTOR ANDERSON



*A
Mystery
Story
in 2 Parts
by
M. G.
Eberhart*

"Who was the tenth?"

"The tenth," said Jim rather grimly, "was Dr. Anderson. And he was called because the woman in the manicure shop called a police ambulance and the police were smart and called him. Must have given the murderer a bit of a shock; he'd probably not expected a doctor so versed in murder as a science to be called in. Come on, Susan, don't stand here chatting."

"I'm not chatting," said Susan with only faint indignation. In the lift there had been no immediacy, little reality. Now they were walking purposefully along the corridor, with calm grey walls and grey doors, and silent, muffling grey carpets. Away down at the end of it, outlined dimly against a shining black window pane which reflected light were figures moving confusedly about. And somewhere behind one of those impersonal grey doors was a woman who had been murdered.

A woman who had lunched opposite Susan that day—who had lunched and chatted and smiled.

AND who had quarrelled with her grandson. Quarrelled, if Susan's own hearing could be trusted, over money. And over Charmian. But both topics were those about which in all probability grandmothers and grandsons frequently failed to see eye to eye, and still that obliquity of vision did not of necessity induce murders.

Susan considered and decided against telling Jim of it just then. She was the possessor of a troublesome sense of justice; she was also fully conscious of Jim's weaknesses in the way of pure reason. He was unalterably convinced that two and two under any circumstances make four. This annoyed Susan, who had little if any respect for the rules of addition.

"I think," Jim was murmuring mysteriously, "that I can get us in all right. There's somebody here I know—"

Jim always knew somebody. There were men and a blue uniform or two and brief, low-voiced words. Then a grey door opened and Susan entered the drawing-room of the suite Mrs. Farish had taken.

Susan quietly sought a corner behind a great, wing-backed chair and owing to a certain tenseness of concentration among those in the room which centred upon a man standing just beside a door and saying something, thought their entrance was all but unobserved.

And someone was replying and it was Leslie.

Leslie—who had kissed and quarrelled with his grandmother. And who had flushed that dark, dull crimson under the cool lash of her words.

He was standing now very alert and shapely beside a table; his sallow face a kind of grey, his black hair still smooth and shining, his voice painfully tense and controlled.

"—and she actually died," he said as if forcing the words out. "In the manicure shop. It was her heart, of course. I mean, we all knew her heart was bad. It had been bad for years. It might have come at any time."

Please turn to Next Page

"Why—what sort of chemist do you intend to be?"

"Research," said Leslie briefly, and his grandmother said:

"Going to the concert, my dear? I wish I could go. But these young things insist on a party to-night and I can't quite manage too much festivity. Anyway, I've an appointment for a manicure."

"Where's Plummer? You don't mean to say you are here without her?"

"O H, no, she's here. But practically crippled with rheumatism. Poor old Plummer, I'm going to a manicurist this afternoon for the first time for years. So I can't go to the concert. And you'd better run along. Begins at two, doesn't it?"

"Two, sharp—Heavens—"

Susan glanced at her own watch and hurriedly gathered up bag and gloves and fumbled for tips.

And departing in some haste would have completely forgotten the Farishes. Did in fact forget them until later that afternoon when she emerged from the concert bemused and thrilled by the music she had heard. Emerged into smoky brown fog and early winter twilight and raw, damp air. Cars swishing along wet streets, lights gleaming high through the brown and purple fog masks, shop windows aglow. Taxis at a premium.

Dorothy Green, the manicure girl, who was the last to see old Mrs. Farish alive. "She wasn't ill," said Dorothy, "she just died, right at my table."

She would telephone for her car. She turned and walked slowly back towards the Surfledge to telephone and to wait for the car. Pedestrians hurrying along, the rhythmic swish of traffic along the road beside her; she liked the murmur and pulse and loudness, liked fog and the lights, liked the echo of music in her senses. Liked it all and would never have thought of the Farishes again. But on the steps of the Surfledge she ran smack upon Jim Byrne. He was looking busy and preoccupied and was walking very rapidly.

"Susan," he said and stopped. And then repeated with a look of delight which was not quite warranted by simple joy in her presence: "Susan, my child, the very girl I'm after. Come along with me."

"Why this eagerness?" said Susan, resisting a propelling hand at her elbow. "Why this joy and gladness? Can this be dawning appreciation of my charm?"

"Don't be funny," said Jim. "I want you to look at a woman's flat."

"A woman's flat—what woman—"

"Shush, shush," said Jim shortly. "A dead woman. And by the pricking of my thumbs,

to say nothing of ominous signs on the part of the police, a murdered woman."

Susan looked at Jim and loosened her furs and said:

"Who?"

"An old lady," said Jim, barely audible. "Staying here. Maid, secretary with her. Also grandson—"

"Leslie," observed Susan, visited with an unexpected flash of clairvoyance.

Jim started violently and said, "Oh," and reaching the lift told the boy:

"First floor."

Jim looked at Susan.

"What did you say?"

Susan is not without her little taste for effect.

"Leslie," she said gently, "is the grandson. Charmian the secretary. Maid is Plummer."

She was pleased to observe that Jim was looking very queer.

"The maid," added Susan casually, "has rheumatism."

Jim stopped looking queer and became grim.

"You're right, Susan," he said. "There's Plummer the maid. A sour-faced old war horse. And a too handsome secretary. And Leslie the grandson. And one of the lot murdered the old lady."

Here we are. And I want you to—oh, look at things, Susan. The little things—bags and flowers and clothing and engagement pads and that kind of thing. If you have a chance. This ought to make a good story." The lift stopped gently and the door rolled back and the lift boy glanced down the corridor to where a very subdued kind of commotion seemed to be going on, and then, sharply, at Jim and Susan.

NEARER, a man with a black bag was waiting for the lift. Jim uttered some words under his breath and stepped quickly forward, and Susan walked along the corridor for a few feet before she heard the decorous closing of the lift door again, and Jim rejoined her.

He was excited.

"That," he said in a tight, low voice, "was Dr. Anderson. And I was right, Susan. She died of poison!"

"Poison!"

"Yes," Jim looked thoughtful. "Some derivative of cinchoninic acid."

"Cinchon—" said Susan and stopped.

"A derivative of an alkaloid. Death occurred in this case instantly," said Jim rapidly. "The point is, Susan, she was murdered. And murdered so efficiently that nine doctors out of ten would have called it heart failure."

THE TENTH Was Doctor ANDERSON

Continued from Previous

Page

THE man—Inspector, was it?—looked at Leslie consideringly. Inspector Bedges was stocky, square and firmly set; his hair was thick and black and his eyes were black and very keen, and his moustache was thick and black, too; he looked powerful and had a driving air of business. He said now:

"When and how did you hear of it, Mr. Farish?"

"They phoned the hotel. They had already called a police ambulance. I don't know why. The manicure shop was not far from here. The desk clerk got me on the telephone. I was here—in this room."

"Wasn't someone with her? Had she gone alone?"

Leslie's perfectly tailored shoulders made the ghost of a shrug.

"Why not?" he said. "She always did as she pleased. It worried us—knowing how bad her heart was. But there was nothing we could do about it. Nothing openly to thwart her, that is. Of course, we tried to take care of her in a hundred—unobtrusive ways."

"We?"

"Myself. Her personal maid, Mrs. Plummer. Miss Dale—her secretary."

There was a little pause. Susan glanced about the room. Miss Dale—that would be Charmian and there she was, seated composedly in an armchair but looking very pale—so pale that her thin nose was pinched. Her hands were gripping the arms of the chair and her smart black dress fitted smoothly; she looked larger without her coat, well and maturely developed.

Another woman was seated near her, solid, well along in years, dressed in black with a white apron but no cap on her head, iron-grey hair. That would be Plummer, the maid. Her hands were knotted and her strong face looked grim and set. She watched Leslie, the policeman, a sprinkling of reporters, the hotel officials, everyone with sharp, shining glances from under her wrinkled eyelids. Watched everyone but Charmian, and somehow the exception was so marked that Susan knew the woman did not need to watch Charmian because she was acutely aware of every move Charmian made—of every breath she drew and every glance that shot from under the younger woman's thick black eyelashes. Knew and was aware by a sixth sense which an extremity of feeling alone provides.

AN extremity of feeling. Well, then, what was that feeling? Susan looked at the woman thoughtfully. Plummer. Charmian Dale. Young Leslie. And Mrs. Farish murdered by poison. What had happened among them that grew so pressing, so urgent, so terribly important that the murder of an old woman was its only solution?

Bit by bit Susan was remembering the casual scraps of conversation from that luncheon table. There had been at lunch someone else—the pale, shambling youth they'd called John Todd. Susan looked round the room again and found him. He sat uneasily on the edge of a chair, his elbows on the table before him, and his hands kneading his chin while his light blue eyes stared at Leslie distressfully.

The authoritative man in the doorway was talking again.

"So you were not at all surprised to find that Mrs. Farish had died?"

"Shocked," said Leslie. "Naturally. But as I say, she'd had this heart trouble for years. Are you by any chance a—er—the coroner? Or his representative? I don't understand these questions. All these policemen. You've only to ask the doctor—her own doctor at home or any doctor—to get a certificate, if it's that you want. I don't understand any of this. I only know that for years we had expected my—my grandmother to go like this."

The expression of the man in

the doorway did not change at all and Leslie turned to the elderly maid as if for corroboration. "Isn't it true, Plummer?"

She looked directly at him but did not reply and the Inspector said calmly:

"Now don't mind these questions, Mr. Farish. If everything's all right I don't see why you should mind."

Leslie Farish flushed again as Susan had seen him flush at the luncheon table; his thin, sallow face became a slow, dull crimson and his dark eyes looked angry.

"What do you mean 'if everything's all right'?" I think it's bad enough to have an unexpected death—in one's family without being subjected to this inquiry. You behave as if— He stopped suddenly. So suddenly that there was a queer, hushed, little stillness in which those unspoken, halted words were as significant as any spoken words could have been. In the silence Charmian Dale rose with one graceful movement and crossed to Leslie and put a square white hand on his shoulder.

"Don't mind, Leslie," she said. "I expect it's only because there was no one with her when she died. None of her own family. I mean. None of us. After all, it is for our own protection—this inquiry. I mean. It is what we demand of the police."

Her voice was very low and thick with sweetness. Leslie looked at her and the dark crimson wave subsided slowly and Plummer stared narrowly at an invisible object above Charmian's suave black arm, and the grim long lines at the corners of her old mouth became deeper. John Todd arose awkwardly and said:

"CHARMIAN'S right, Leslie, old man. Just answer what they want to know and get it over. Can't be helped, you know. Too bad, but can't be helped. Keep your shirt on, old chap."

"Thank you, Mr.—ah—Todd. Very good advice. By the way, were you here with Mr. Leslie Farish when they telephoned that Mrs. Farish was dead?"

The pale youth swivelled round loosely and looked alarmed.

"Yes, sir. That's right. Sitting just there in that chair, you know. Gave me rather a turn, chap's grandmother lively as a cricket at lunch. Stone dead two hours later. Too bad. Nice old lady."

"You did not accompany him when he went to the manicure place?"

"No. He was out of the room like a shot. Terrible thing."

"And you, Miss Dale?"

"I was here also, of course. Doing Mrs. Farish's accounts. It was—a dreadful shock."

"Yes, certainly. But not unexpected?"

"N-no." She hesitated, unfathomable dark eyes upon the face of the man questioning her. "Not altogether. Still, she had seemed rather well lately. And had gone to the manicurist's in the best of spirits. If she had only let one of us accompany her! But it was so short a distance."

Mrs. Plummer stirred and spoke hoarsely:

"Ought've let me do it."

"The manicure, you mean?"

Mrs. Plummer appeared to nod and Charmian Dale said swiftly to her:

"Nonsense. You know what happened last time."

She turned again to the man in the doorway. "And, anyway, the exertion was no more than she'd been accustomed to. She was not an invalid."

"Did Mrs. Farish suffer a good deal from heart attacks? Frequently, I mean?"

Leslie said: "Yes."

Charmian said: "Very frequently."

"Then what exactly did she do? What medicine—restorative did she use?"

Leslie looked baffled and Charmian Dale replied again:

"Digitals. She usually carried some with her. In her hand-



WHERE IS THIS? A street in New York or some American city? No; it is London's famous thoroughfare, Bond Street, streamlined for the Coronation, as suggested by the prize-winning design for its beautification.

"Where's the manicure girl?" asked the Inspector abruptly.

She was there. A slender little thing, struggling through the groups of men and looking as white as her crisp white dress. Her carefully-waved hair had become a little dishevelled, but was groomed comically to the nth degree, and looked sulky.

"What's your name, again?" asked the Inspector.

"D—Dorothy. Dorothy Green."

"All right, Miss Green. Now there's no need to be frightened. How did you happen to see that the lady was ill. What happened?"

The girl twisted her hands.

"But she wasn't ill. She just—just died. Right there. At my table. I couldn't do anything. There wasn't time."

"You mean she was dead before you realised anything was wrong?"

The girl's fright lost itself in nervous exasperation.

"I've told the story a hundred times," she said. "Listen now. I was doing the lady's finger-nails, and perhaps I was talking. And just as I was talking, and then she pulled her hand away, and then I looked up and her hands sort of—"

—the girl gulped—"sort of claved at my fingers a minute. And I jumped up, thinking she was ill because she looked just awful, and then—then she just sort of dropped back against the chair. And then madame—the proprietor, you know—came, and we carried her to a couch and telephoned for the ambulance. But we knew she was dead. We telephoned the hotel, too."

"How did you know that she was staying here?"

"Oh, it was in the appointment book. Mrs. Farish. Surfledge Hotel, three o'clock."

"Who had made the appointment, by the way?" inquired the Inspector, looking at Leslie.

"Why, I don't know exactly," replied Leslie vaguely, and Charmian Dale said definitely:

"I did."

"I see," said the Inspector, and turned to the manicure girl again. "Then she didn't ask for a drink?"

"No." She shook her very blonde head positively. "And she didn't make any movement at all. Didn't reach for her handbag or anything."

"When she first arrived at the shop, did she—oh, ask for a drink of water, or anything like that?"

"No; I was waiting for her, and she came straight to my table." The girl paused, and her eyes looked suddenly shrewd and knowing. She said: "If you mean did she take anything, she didn't. I'm sure of that."

There was a queer kind of gasp somewhere in the room, and then utter stillness; and in the stillness Leslie Farish suddenly leaped to his feet.

"Take anything!" he shouted. "What are you getting at? My grandmother died a perfectly natural death. You have no right to suggest—"

"Your grandmother was murdered, Mr. Farish," said the Inspector heavily.

The policemen had expected it—had known it and waited for it. The manicure girl had shrewdly perceived it and made it audible.

Only to the family and household of the murdered woman could it have come as a shock, and to one of them, almost certainly, it was no shock. Yet Susan, with all her senses attuned to observation and feeling, could detect nothing that was in the slightest degree indicative of that one.

Plummer did not move or speak; her eyes went directly to the Inspector and remained there. Charmian Dale, already pale and terribly composed, became if anything more fixed in that poise, except that she cried, "Oh!" on a sharp, painful breath, and pressed her hands somewhat theatrically over her heart.

And Leslie cried incoherently and shrilly, as if he were about to sob:

"Murdered! It can't be. You don't understand. It was her heart. It was—"

"Stop that, Leslie." John Todd was shaking his arm. "Steady; don't let yourself go to pieces. Of course, it's a mistake. Nobody would murder your grandmother. Now pull yourself together."

It was then that Mrs. Plummer took the centre of the stage for one brief, unforgettable moment. Her long scrutiny of the Inspector's immovable face apparently satisfied her as to the truth of his statement. That or she did not need confirmation, for she stood now, a black, stolid tower of accusation—stood and looked at Charmian Dale and stretched out a long, knotted hand towards her.

Please turn to Inside Back Cover

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

Did You Know—

That Mrs. Max Hinder moved last week into a capacious flat in Roslyn-dale Avenue, Edgecliff? Her two little girls, April and Jennifer, are within walking distance of their school, Ascham.

Reason for Party

BEATRICE FAWSITT, who was to have been farewelled at a party being given this Friday by Margaret Adams ere she tripped off to Fiji for a holiday, will still be the guest of honor at the party, but for quite another reason. With Jim Cosh, her fiancé, she will receive congratulations on her Easter time engagement.

This popular young couple will be married in July at St. Stephen's Church, and Joyce Glem and Lesley Eales will be bridesmaids.

Beatrice's aunt, Mrs. Robert Miller, is on her way from England, and hopes to be present at the ceremony before returning via the Panama Canal.

Red-earth was the chosen shade for the pretty dance frock worn by Betty Winn at the dance at Cranbrook given by General and Mrs. Iven Mackay last week. The material was shiny satin on one side and dull on the other.

Teapot Parade

A POLICE parade with each man bearing two outsize enamel teapots, passed up and down the stairway at the new Police Rotary Boys' Club, Woolloomooloo, while the guests at the opening were entertained at a tea party. The capacious gymnasium, with its very thick mattresses laid beneath the trapeze and such-like contrivances, was the setting for the entertainment.

The turning of the key in the door was one of the Lieutenant-Governor's last official acts while in office.

Mr. J. McKay (Commissioner of Police), and Mrs. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chaffey, Dr. and Mrs. Garnet Halloran, Sir Henry Brad-don, and Mr. Jack Dunningham (Minister for Labor and Industry), who made the wittiest speech of the afternoon, were among those present.

For Three Months

ONLY once during the last three months did Mrs. A. C. Davidson come to town. She has spent the entire summer at her lovely home, Montgreenan, Leura.

The house, which is set in one of the most picturesque gardens in the district, was full of guests, who played tennis and golf in between rainy days. Mrs. Davidson is once more back at her town flat at Kings-clere, Potts Point.

Across the Bridge

A NUMBER of cars made off across the bridge to Manly on Friday for the cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Johnson in their flat at Borambill. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, who live in Singapore, intended to visit New Zealand before going East again, but are now staying in town until the end of their furlough.

Their guests at the party included Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ferguson, Mrs. F. C. Thompson, Mrs. Airlie Keep, Beryl Stanton and brother John, Mr. and Mrs. Kirchener, Esme Johnson, Dr. Greg Roberts, and Howard Thornthwaite.

Unsung Centenary

GOVERNMENT House is celebrating its unsung centenary by being made spick and span for the coming of yet another State Governor and his lady in the persons of Lord and Lady Wakehurst. The gardens are looking their best, and should prove a delight to the new arrivals, who make their official entrance to Sydney this Thursday.

Lady Wakehurst's suite, which is decorated in pastel shades, will be full of choice blooms of roses, dahlias, and gladioli from the G.H. gardens.

After the Races

GUESTS appreciated the spaciousness of the Forum Club reception room, where they were entertained by members at an "after the races" cocktail party last week. The huge bowls of mixed flowers were arranged in the "Margaret Preston" manner, and much admired.

The president, Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, looked very smart in navy cloque with small white starched embroidery flowers on the corsage, and Mrs. Howard Bullock, one of the hostesses, demonstrated the charm of a severely tailored black angora frock with touches of white at the collar and in her tiny hat.

Leaving Sydney this Tuesday is Miss Clare Cummins, of Townsville. After spending some time here, she is off to stay with her sister, Mrs. Wilkinson, in Brisbane, and will then return to her home further north.

Mrs. Johnstone, who is staying at the Garden Club, has a great liking for our sunshine, and it is with regret that she is leaving our shores for the other side.

Frank Hutchens will play the piano part of a concerto of his own composing at the Celebrity Concert at the Sydney Town Hall this Thursday.

Homeward Bound

ROSEMARY SHEPHERD is on board the Ormonde bound for Australia. Her mother, Mrs. Cyril Shepherd, hopes that the renovations and alterations to her old home, Hulverstone, Double Bay, will be completed before her arrival in Sydney.

Rosemary has been enjoying the hunting season, but found this winter definitely trying. So much rain and fog has made her long for Sydney sunshine.



IN PENSIVE MOOD is Miss Elizabeth Sharp, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Ramsay Sharp, of Vaucluse. Miss Sharp was a debutante at the recent ball at Government House, and wore diaphanous organdie spotted with gold for the occasion.

—Daguer.



Attractive Coiffure

MRS. PHILIP WILSON, of Barraba, looking particularly smart, danced at Romano's at a week-end party in a frock of buttercup sheer with her hair dressed in tightly-moulded curls and cut very short. In the same party was Joyce Beazley, who chose a silver lame gown.

The Gavin Cobcrofts, Enid Hull, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Pratten, and the Alan McGregors were also among the dancers.

Important engagements of last week were those of Margaret Merewether to Frank Thompson and Mary Wentworth to Bill Walker, of Stanthorpe.

Never So Gay

NEVER have "debs" had a gayer time than during this Easter time. They were feted in all directions. Lunches, races, cocktail parties, and dances were their everyday fare, and most of them must feel inclined for a week's complete relaxation in the country in order to recover their schoolgirl complexions.

Following the Government House dance were the festive occasions at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, when Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern entertained no fewer than five hundred guests. Betty Anderson and Pat Curtis made their debut at Elizabeth Bay House the same night.

Saturday, officially the last night of the season, was made cheery by the Anthony Horderns' dance at Retford Hall, and the Golf Club dinner dance at Rose Bay.

Next Comes Riding

LOTTE LEHMANN, the famous singer, now on board the Monterey, Sydney-bound, is sad to hear that our surfing season is at an end. If there is one sport she likes better than another it is swimming. Riding comes next on the list.

She will be accompanied by her husband, who is a man of medicine. It is not known if the visitor is bringing any of her menagerie of pets with her.

Quaint Programmes

JAUNTY little soldiers, sailors, and smartly turned out Horse Guards gave a Coronation effect to the programmes at the concert at Manning House, in aid of the University Settlement, on Friday night. Marjorie Mason and Betty Winn had both been most diligent in making the little memento both gay and witty, and the audience quickly bought up the supply.

The concert was arranged by Mrs. C. E. Fawcitt, who sang a duet from "Aida" with Nora Mack. Mr. and Mrs. Faunce Allmann, Mary Charlton and Lobban Hodgins were assisting artists.

Have You Noticed—

The nonchalant air with which the Chinese amah in attendance on Blanche Laurie, young daughter of Captain and Mrs. Raymond Laurie, recent arrivals from Singapore, copes with the traffic problems round and about King's Cross?

Tom's mother
thought the sheets
were white



... till Jean came to stay in
a Persil-washed nightie!

Are you making the same mistake about *your* things? No amount of washing experience answers the question; it's a matter of comparison between ordinary washing and a Persil wash!

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KEEN'S
D.S.F. Mustard

HAPPY Ever AFTER

Continued from
Page 26

I AM on the job every day as usual, but though I still go out into the university district quite often I never drive by Stella's house any more. In fact, I am beginning to believe that I am starting to forget about Stella just a little bit. You see, I have kind of begun to get acquainted with a girl who is even blonder and svelter and better-dressed than Stella. And while I don't know much about her yet, she sort of keeps me from thinking about Stella all the time.

Her name is Mona Allen and she works in the Third National Bank in front of which I park during the noon hour every day. I had noticed her pretty often, because she is the kind of a girl who stands out even in a noon-hour crowd, and she frequently stopped to listen to one or two of the records I was playing. And then one day last week she walked up to the car and smiled at me and asked, "Would you mind telling me just what makes this thing work?" So I told her of course I wouldn't, and if she would get into the car I would show her all about it. And she got in and sat down beside me and we kind of introduced ourselves, which is how I learned her name and I explained the workings of the public address system very carefully, and she seemed greatly interested. I kind of wanted to ask her if she would go to a movie with me some night, but I didn't

Your Charm

THERE'S magic in your movements that has caught me in its snare. All the browns and golds of autumn are entangled in your hair. There's magic in your lilting laugh and lovely smiling eyes. That somehow melts to nothing all my petty cares and sighs. An elusive elfin magic that to me will always bring in the greyest depths of winter, lovely promise of the spring.

—S. Rae.

want her to think I was the sort of a man who tried to make a date with every girl he met, so I didn't that time.

But since then she has smiled and nodded every time she went past me on her way to lunch. And yesterday she stopped again and asked me, "Mr. Carpenter, I've been wondering if you would do me a little favor?" And when I said that I'd be delighted to, if it was anything in my power, she went on to explain that one of the girls she worked with was going to have a birthday next Monday, and she thought it would be nice if she could get me to play "Happy Birthday to You" for her that noon. It seems that Miss Allen and this other girl work up on the balcony which faces the front windows of the bank, and Miss Allen said that if I'd be on the look-out a little after noon she would come to the window and wave to me when she wanted me to put the record on.

Well, of course, I said I would do it. And then I took a chance and asked her if she would consider going to a movie or a dance with me some night. She didn't seem at all offended, but she said she'd have to let me know sometime next week, as she couldn't tell just when she would be able to make it. I am going to try to get her to go to some dance that I know Stella will be at, just to show her!

Of course, I have been taking Sue out evenings pretty often, but that hardly counts. Although Sue is very pleasant, sort of restful company, and quite understanding I have told her all about Stella, and she says she is sure that if Stella had ever really cared for me, she couldn't have treated me the way she has; in which I am pretty much inclined to agree with her. There's one thing I'll say for Sue, and that is that if she ever cared for a man, I'll bet she would be

true to him, even if he did have to break a date with her on account of some emergency!

I haven't quite made up my mind as to the story I will write for the next one in connection with my course, but will get started on something soon. Sincerely yours, Edward Carpenter.

The People's Correspondence
School,
English Department,
October 31, 1936.
Mr. Edward Carpenter,
1453 20th Avenue,

Dear Mr. Carpenter: I am returning herewith your story, "Death in Battle," which has been carefully read, corrected and graded. This story, too, falls a good deal short of the necessary degree of seeming reality and authenticity. In this connection I can only refer you, a little plaintively, to the many-times-repeated suggestions in my previous letters. Very truly yours, H. H. Peters, Short-Story Instructor.

1453 20th Avenue,
November 8, 1936.

Mr. H. H. Peters,
C/o The People's Correspondence
School,

Dear Mr. Peters: I was very much disappointed to learn that you didn't like "Death in Battle," as both Sue and I thought that it was the best story I had written yet. But what I am really writing you for is to let you know that it will probably be several weeks before I am able to finish my next story and get it off to you. This is on account of quite a lot of things which have happened, including the fact that the doctor says I must keep my arm in a sling for another couple of weeks, so I can't use my typewriter. And while I can manage to write letters by hand, a story would be too long and too hard for you to read.

THE things I am talking about all happened about two weeks ago, on the Monday I played "Happy Birthday to You" in front of the Third National Bank. I had, of course, been watching the balcony window, and as soon as Miss Allen appeared and waved to me, I stopped the record I was playing and put on the happy-birthday one and turned up the volume control pretty high. Then I leaned back and listened to the music and wondered if Miss Allen would stop to thank me when she came out for lunch, and if she would be able to tell me when she could go to a dance or a movie with me.

The record was nearly over when a big green sedan pulled up and double-parked just ahead of me. The three men in it all got out, though they left the motor running. One of them was small and dark, and the others were pretty big, and they were all very well dressed. The small dark man and one of the big ones were carrying suitcases, and they all went into the bank together.

As soon as the happy-birthday record was over, I put on another one and played it through. I had just switched over to the microphone and picked it up to say, "You will now hear the voice of the Honorable Thomas Moore," when I heard somebody shouting inside the bank, and when I looked around, I saw the men who had come in the green sedan running out the door. Two of them were still carrying suitcases, but both of them had 45 automatics in their other hands now, and the third man was holding what I knew, from seeing them in the movies, was a machine gun.

Just then another man came dashing out of the bank looking very excited and screaming, "Stop them! It's a hold-up! Stop them!" And while I sat there kind of gaping at it all, one of the men with the suitcases turned around and shot him twice, and he fell down right in the door of the bank. Then the three men ran back to their green sedan, threatening the crowd with their guns, and jumped in and started up Second Avenue as fast as they could go in the traffic.

Please turn to Page 35

Chemist tells



HOW TO BANISH HEADACHE

"I have yet to meet the man or woman who, at some time or another, does not suffer a severe headache. Yet it is surprising how many of them do not yet know the one sure and certain way of ending headaches without taking harmful sedatives. The one sure, quick and medically approved way of ending headaches (or any other nerve pains) is to take two NYAL ESTERIN tablets with a sip of water.

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Do you know why ointments do not give you quick and lasting relief? Why ointment does not remove the cause? Do you know the cause of piles is internal—a stagnation of blood in the lower bowel?

Do you know that there is an internal remedy discovered by Dr. Leonhardt, and known as Vauloid, now sold by chemists everywhere under a guarantee of complete relief? Vauloid tablets banish piles by removing the cause. They begin to restore healthy blood circulation in the lower bowel within 24 hours. Soothes burning and itching. Broken, bloodied veins start to shrink and heal often in 4 or 5 days! This pleasant home treatment has an almost unbelievable record for sure, safe and lasting relief to thousands in saving the needless pain and expense of an operation. Don't delay. Try Vauloid to-day.

MAN Behind the MIKE at 2GB ...Eric Colman

Despite the part played by star artists, the part played by the announcer in radio entertainment is still an important one, says that well-known figure in the broadcasting world, Eric Colman.

FIVE years ago Eric Colman joined the staff of 2GB, and to-day he is known both here and abroad as a typical and representative example of Australian radio announcing.

"Make no mistake about it," says Eric Colman, "the success of a radio programme still depends on the announcer."

As chief announcer of 2GB, it is Eric Colman's duty to see that everything runs smoothly and to time. He has to select the right announcers for certain types of programmes, and during the daytime he has to familiarise himself with dramatic shows and any special broadcasts that are going on at night.

He must know the mood and tempo of each show, together with

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, April 7:
11.45 a.m., London Calling;
3.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, April 8: 11.45 a.m., The Movie World; 2.45 p.m., Dance Rhythms.

FRIDAY, April 9: 11.45 a.m., So They Say; 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, April 10: 6.15 p.m., The Music Box; 9.30 p.m., presenting Miss Mabel Gibson, brilliant young Australian musical comedy star.

SUNDAY, April 11: 6.10 p.m., A Cavalcade of Variety.

MONDAY, April 12: 11.45 a.m., People in the Limelight; 2.45 p.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, April 13: 11.45 a.m., Overseas News; 2.45 p.m., Points of View.

the opening and closing lines, so that announcements can be in keeping with the dramatic tone of that show.

"The whole secret of successful announcing," he says, "is to keep your head when things go wrong, and it is ten to one that listeners will never be aware any mistake has been made."

Eric Colman brings to radio that same charm of voice and manner that his famous brother, Ronald Colman, brings to the talkies. His voice conveys no false impression of the man himself. Like his brother, he is 5ft. 11in. in height, and, if not his double, has at least the familiar Colman features.

Banking lost a promising young man to radio, when, like his brother, Eric Colman decided to travel and see what countries abroad had to offer. Ronald went to America and made radio history, and Eric came to Australia and made radio history.

Since coming to Australia Eric Colman has not revisited England, nor has he seen his brother except on the talkies, but one of these days, when his radio duties allow him to get away, Eric Colman hopes to make a flying visit to America.

Eric Colman played the part of the Flying Padre in that Australian picture, "Splendid Fellows," and more recently appeared in "The Flying Doctor," so that should he prove to be the first radio announcer to fly to America it will not be out of keeping with his previous career.

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SSW	34	36	W	39	42	OS	44	47	XXOS	52	56

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Please post illustrated folder, and reserve for me, without obligation, a course of postal lessons at special reduced fees.
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Address

BETTY'S Racey NARRATIVES!

A Joyous Prittle Prattle About A Lovely Double

By BETTY GEE

Silver fox cape and furs, cloque satin, the most expensive millinery, and back to the old diamond brooches. She shall have rich raiment wherever she goes.

Thanks, Cereza. Thanks, Prittle Prattle.

If I'd had the money to be a real big bettor I'd have left those bookies without a feather to fly with.

I didn't begin so well, though.

I took Ramdin on Mrs. Charlie Brown's tip. Her husband trains it, and I got £15 to £1 before the bookies woke up there was a commission in process.

But I also ventured 10/- on the tote, and that paid me £2 when Gay Chou put him into second place.

So while I had the money I paid an informal visit to the doubles bookies, and I struck Lionel Bloom betting on the Cropper Plate and Final.

Wasn't it obliging of him to set up just a double on just the two races I wanted, so I worked it out that if I might not have much money to

bet straight-out later, I'd better take the double Cereza and Prittle Prattle now, and be quit of it.

Mr. Bloom smilingly laid me £50 to £1/10/-.

All the Rosehill boys thought Royal Step couldn't lose the Woollahra Handicap, and to cap it all, I ran into Mr. C. H. J. Schmidt, and he gave me the tip.

He owns the animal, so I took £10 to £2, but believe me, it wasn't such a good thing as everybody thought. Anyhow, it only won by a short head.

People said there'd be a protest. But I came out of my dither all right. Jack King owns Turbine, the second horse, and



Betty thinks hard before taking her silver fox double, which duly came home.

he's a good sport. He didn't lodge the objection.

My betting system rules say you must back the first leg of any double you have taken. So I had £4 to £2 Cereza, and that put a sheer silk on that leg at least. Cereza led all the way.

I heard people say the favorite, Pamelus, was badly ridden. I thought he was delightfully ridden. Down in a far corner of the 30-acre paddock there was never much risk of his catching my Cereza.

Then I ran into Anne Harding from Nyngan, and she said she'd dreamed all night of blazing home-steads and hay-ricks afore. I said to her: "Go and back Fireman in the Dangar."

So we both did, and I laid out a £14 to £2 wager with handsome Barney Fay from Brisbane.

But this particular Fireman came too late. The blaze was extinguished and the insurance paid when he arrived. El Senorita streaked ahead of the field and was never caught. Fireman was second.

Stablemate Won

That goes into my rule-book. No more betting on dreams.

What do folk say in the best society when they back a horse for a race and up bobs the stablemate? That's what happened when I backed Bristol in the Fernhill (£6 to £2) on a tip that came straight from the owners who race under a pomme de terre or whatever they call it.

Anyhow, Silenus from the same stable won it at 25 to 1. Bristol was favorite, and you could hear the walls of woe from one end of the course to the other.

Rather selfishly, the books didn't want to lay Lough Neagh for the A.J.C. Plate, because he'd been winning too many races. They demanded the odds on him. So I simply turned round and backed Oro and Allunga at 4 to 1 for £4 each, and when Allunga beat Lough Neagh I thought it served the bookies right for their meanness forcing a poor unsophisticated girl on to a winner.

I had a busy time making a few wagers on this and that in the last race to cover my double with Prittle Prattle. Young Idea, Brazeno, and Autoland I staked on (£3/10/- in all), but I might just as well have kept it in my purse.

Glorious Ending

Prittle Prattle ran to the front just in time to win nice and handsome, and I got to the bookie too, ahead of the field, with my ticket.

What a glorious ending to a perfectly gorgeous Autumn carnival. My waiter tells me Mohican is the bet of the day for Warwick Farm on Saturday. The grocer's man says Fair Diana is past the post already in the April Handicap.

And Cooranga's the tip I've got for the last race from the plumber, but I don't know his rating at Lloyd's, because we don't often have him.

My own tip is Bertha B. for the Farm Novice, and I hope she brings in the eggs.

HEALING with FOOD

The discoveries of the past few years leave no doubt whatever that nutritional diseases are primarily caused by wrong food. It is obviously futile to try and treat these diseases with drugs without first removing the cause.

The Dietitians of the Good Health Club of Australia have brought to this country the very latest knowledge on this subject and their work over the past three years has restored health to many thousands of very sick people.

Sufferers from Indigestion, Constipation, Catarrh, Blood Pressure, Nerves, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Gastric Ulcers, Overweight, can regain normal health and strength.

under the Club's guidance, without the use of drugs, without the use of unusual meals, and with a minimum of trouble and expense. Learn how membership can restore YOUR Health.

You are invited to call, and, without obligation of any kind, discuss your case with our Dietitians. If unable to call send 2d. in stamps for our free booklet—"Healing with Food."

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16GT

HAPPY Ever AFTER

Continued from Page 32

I STILL had the microphone in my hand, and almost without knowing what I was doing I yelled, "Stop thief!" into it. I could hear my voice echoing for blocks up and down the street, and suddenly I knew what I could do to help catch the bandits. I stepped on the starter and jerked my little car away from the kerb and started up Second Avenue after the sedan, yelling, "Stop thief! Stop that green sedan! They've just robbed the Third National!" into the microphone. I could see people for blocks ahead turning to look, and a policeman running to a call box, and generally a lot of excitement.

The big sedan was almost a block ahead of me when I started in pursuit, but a little car like mine can snake through traffic faster than a big one, and I wasn't much more than half a block behind when the sedan turned up Madison Street. Madison is a long, steep hill, and we both roared up it in second gear without paying the slightest attention to the lights or the cross traffic. And all the time I was using the full power of the loud-speakers to broadcast "Stop that green sedan. They've just killed a man and robbed the bank!" in a voice that could easily have been heard a mile away. Clear up at the top of the hill I could see people running out to the kerb to see what was coming.

I was holding my own with the sedan on the hill, but I knew it could run away from me when we got to the top, and I wished very much that something would happen. And just then something did. There was a beer truck parked right at the top of the hill, with the driver standing on the tail-

board. And when he saw us coming and heard what I was shouting, he did something very smart. He picked up a case of empty bottles and just simply strewed them all over the street, right in front of the green sedan. The man driving it didn't have any time to dodge, and I heard two tires pop. By some kind of a miracle I managed to avoid the beer bottles myself, and then we were both over the crest of the hill and racing along on the level. The sedan was bumping on two flat tires, though, and not going nearly so fast. In fact, I had to slow down a little to keep from getting too close to that machine-gun.

We went about three blocks that way, and then the sedan stopped very suddenly and all three of the men in it jumped out.

I jammed on my brakes and stopped about a hundred feet behind it, and kind of wished I was somewhere else. Because the men were running towards me with the machine-gun and those .45 automatics, and I heard one of them yell, "Get that bird, but don't hurt the car! We'll need it!"

And then all at once I remembered the revolver Mr. Kelly had given me, and I grabbed it from behind the seat cushion and slid out the left-hand door and ducked around behind the car just as a couple of bullets went over my head. I crouched down behind the right rear fender and peeped over it just as the big fellow with the machine-gun swung it in my direction. But I shot first, and got him in the right shoulder, and he dropped the machine-gun and grabbed at his shoulder and gave

a kind of muffled groan. And the little dark man who had been beside him turned and started to run in the other direction, so I shot him in the left leg and he fell down and started screaming. And then I heard feet pounding around my car, and I turned just in time to meet the other big man with the .45. We fired right at the same instant, and it felt as though somebody had hit me on the shoulder with a crowbar, but he dropped his gun and sort of jammed both hands against his chest and slumped to the ground.

AND then there were a lot of sirens screaming and police squad cars all around and a big crowd, with me right in the centre of it, and feeling kind of sick and dizzy. But I still had hold of my revolver.

After a little bit somebody helped me into a police car and they took me down to the city hospital, where a doctor got the bullet out of my shoulder and said there were no bones broken and bandaged it up with my arm in a sling. And then a lot of reporters and cameramen showed up, wanting lots of pictures of me and my story of what had happened. And

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

after that the doctor made me lie down and rest for a while, because I was still feeling pretty weak and dizzy; so it was quite late in the afternoon when they finally sent me home in another police car.

When I opened the door at Aunt Martha's, Sue was in the hall; and when she saw me all bandaged up that way, she came kind of running towards me. "Eddie! Oh, Eddie! What happened? Tell me you aren't hurt!" she said in a very shaky choked-up kind of voice. Her face was a sort of pearly white and her lips were trembling and there were big tears in her eyes, and she grabbed at my good arm as if she would never let go.

I didn't know just what to say or do. Because I had always made a point of telling myself that my feelings towards Sue were pretty much as if she was a sister or some kind of a relative, and I had thought all along that she felt like that about me, too. But I could see now that she didn't; only I didn't quite know what to do about it.

I still didn't know that night after dinner, when Sue and I and Aunt Martha and the other boarders were sitting in the front parlor, looking at the evening papers with my picture on the front pages of all of them, while I told them that it really hadn't been much of anything; which, of course, they didn't believe. And then the telephone rang and Aunt Martha answered it, and it was for me, and I went out into the front hall where the phone is.

Please turn to Page 36

Sketching is the hobby that pays!



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DEPT. E, THE EUCRASY CO.,
107 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.



"MY LIFE'S A MISERY Can't I get Relief?"

Says this woman who has slipped into the habit of constantly taking medicine.

YES!

says this famous American scientist.

"But not if you are daily forcing your system to act by taking a harsh medicine. Experimental studies on a group of women in various stages of health showed that the continued use of bran was thoroughly satisfactory. Unlike cathartics it did not lose its effect and restored each woman's system to normal regularity. Laboratory analysis also vitamin B and iron as well as sufficient proved that Kellogg's All-Bran supplies 'bulk' to keep you regular."



YES!

says this 48 years old mother.

"I thought that the daily use of a medicine was the only way to keep regular. Three months ago my condition became so serious I had to go to the doctor. I was astonished when he told me that I was heading for the operating theatre if I didn't stop the dangerous habit of taking medicine every day. He recommended All-Bran as a means of getting 'bulk' into my diet. That was three months ago and I haven't had a 'nervy' day since. I'm convinced that the daily use of purges is a thing of the past."



YES!

says this 29 years old solicitor.

"Because I had so little exercise and was careless in my diet I tried to keep regular by taking medicine every morning. However, I soon woke up to the fact that I was completely dependent on the daily use of harsh medicines to keep me well. Then I read about All-Bran. The idea of getting 'bulk' into my diet seemed a good one, so I got the wife to have a packet sent over from the grocer. Now both of us are convinced that it's the only way to keep well and it's certainly more satisfactory to know that we're keeping well the way Nature intended that we should."



TAKING A HARSH MEDICINE DAILY IS DANGEROUS

Ask your Family Doctor. He will tell you that it is extremely dangerous to attempt to cure common constipation with a daily dose of harsh medicine. Common constipation is due mainly to lack of "bulk" in your diet. If you force your bowels to act every day with some kind of medicine you will gradually weaken your intestinal muscles. Soon your bowels will not act without larger and more frequent doses. The safe way is Nature's way. Add "bulk" to your diet and build up your intestinal



muscles so they function naturally. Unfortunately most of the food we eat, such as white bread, meat, fish, milk, eggs, cheese and butter contain little or no "bulk". "Bulk", the fibrous element found in rough grains, vegetables and fruits, is essential. In Kellogg's All-Bran you get "bulk" in a concentrated form, and since it does not break down within the system, it is actually more effective. Start eating All-Bran tomorrow—two tablespoonsful for breakfast every day for a week. If you do you won't need any more medicine. Play safe—cure your constipation Nature's way. All grocers sell Kellogg's All-Bran.

WEANING TROUBLES AVOIDED

Robinson's "Patent" Groats and milk is the ideal food for baby at the weaning stage. It should be gradually introduced into the diet after six months. Easily assimilated, Robinson's "Patent" Groats and milk contributes to the development of bone and muscle at a critical growing period.



A healthy youngster... weaned on Robinson's "Patent" Groats.

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GROATS

FREE

Recipe Book! containing a collection of appetizing, nutritive "Barley and Groats Recipes" will be sent post free if you write to Colman-Kean (A/ia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 7503 M.M. Sydney, N.S.W.

HAPPY Ever AFTER

Continued from Page 35

"HELLO, Eddie," the voice at the other end said, pretty excitedly. "This is Stella, Eddie."

"Hello, Stella," I said, and I guess my voice was kind of excited, too, just for a minute.

"Oh, Eddie," Stella went on, "I simply can't tell you how thrilled and proud and happy I was to read about your heroism. And I was wondering if you wouldn't like to come over to-night. It seems so long since I've seen you! But if you're too tired to make it to-night, how about to-morrow?"

My heart had done a kind of a flip-flop when I first heard Stella's voice, all right. But now I looked over the telephone and into the parlor, and I could see Sue looking at me pretty anxiously. Because, of course, she could hear what I said, and I had told her all about Stella and I. And then, all at once, I knew that I didn't care if I never saw Stella again, and that Miss Allen had just been a kind of passing fancy. And I said, "I'm sorry, Stella, but I have another engagement for to-night,

and for to-morrow night and for every other night!"

And then I hung up quite rudely and walked back into the parlor and took Sue firmly by the arm. "Come out into the kitchen for a while, Sue," I said to her. "There's something I want to tell you."

Sue and I made a lot of plans that night, but I won't bother you with them, as they have all been changed since. Because the next morning they sent another police car to take me down to the station, where they wanted me to dictate what they called a formal statement about what had happened the day before. And they had a lot of very interesting news for me, including the fact that the man I had shot in the chest was not going to die, which was kind of a relief to me, though I guess it isn't much of one to him, as he has a hanging coming to him in Missouri as soon as he gets well.

"And that little rat you shot in the leg has sung like a canary, kid," one of the policemen told me. "We've even got the girl. She was the real brains of the gang, too." Then he laughed. "I guess you didn't know that it was you who signalled them when to start the big touch, did you?"

I JUST stared at him blankly, and he laughed again and went on to explain. "You see, this blonde you knew as Mona Allen has been making a sort of a bad habit of going around from bank to bank, getting jobs on her looks and some swell forged references, and working two or three months while she cases the joint for her hubby and his pals. And getting you to play that happy-birthday song was just a smart way of letting them know that it was exactly the right minute for them to slide around the corner for a big take without much risk. But I guess she wishes that she'd never seen you, eh, kid?"

I guess you can imagine what a shock learning this was to me. Still, it made me feel kind of good to remember that I had already decided that Miss Allen had been no more than a passing fancy as far as I was concerned.

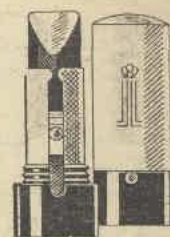
But the most interesting thing they told me was that all three of the men I had captured were professional bank robbers with rewards out for them.

And those rewards will come to pretty close to eighteen thousand dollars for the three of them, which I will get; though I sort of think I'll give the driver of that beer truck about five hundred of it. And, of course, the fact that I am now comparatively wealthy changes Sue's and my plans for our future.

What we are going to do is to buy a nice place somewhere across the Sound where I will be able to give more time to my writing. Not all of my time, though, I guess. Because Sue, who is very practical, says that I should get some outdoor exercise and that it's always a good thing to have more than one string to your bow. So we are going to raise chickens, which Sue knows all about, it being what her people up on Whidby Island do. We are also going to raise oysters. Sue says she understands there is good money in oysters. Sincerely yours, Edward Carpenter.

P.S.: In looking back over this letter I notice that I haven't said anything much about the story I am going to write in connection with my course as soon as my arm is better; which is, naturally, the thing that will interest you most. I still can't seem to find anything at all interesting to write about in my daily life. And it still seems to me that it ought to be easy to create an illusion of reality if you just get far enough away from things everybody knows about. Anyway, my next story is going to be about two young knights and a lovely girl, and is going to be laid in the time of the Crusades. But there is one thing I know will please you. It is going to have a happy ending, with the hero getting the girl!

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cocktail
proof
LIPSTICK

Lentheric gives you perfect shades to suit each type of colouring, a smooth texture which is easy to apply, and an indelibility that's cocktail-proof—even salt water won't affect it! Lentheric lipsticks are available in containers as illustrated at 3/9, refills 2/6 each. New Streamline container 10/6, refills 6/6 each.

Lentheric
Paris

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 26 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 1/4. Reconstituted substitute.

Don't Endure Slipping FALSE TEETH

Do your false teeth drop or slip when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed a minute longer. FASTEREETH-VASOLYN, a new powder to sprinkle on your plates, holds teeth firm. Gives the feeling of security and comfort. No gummy, sticky, nasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEREETH-VASOLYN to-day from any good chemist.

FAIR Women! BLONDES and "BROWNS" too!



Amazing

"Sun-action" Shampoo Treatment Washes Blond—Brown—Fair Hair 2 to 4 SHADES LIGHTER Safely in One Shampoo!

Without that Streaky Bleached look

All fair haired women—blondes, even "Browns," know how they go about without hair in summer just to have the sun lighten and beautify their hair. In winter the sun is so weak you can't do this. Your fair or brown hair gets darker and you don't feel as pretty. But now, thanks to this remarkable shampoo and rinse treatment, STA-BLOND, you can lighten your hair evenly, smoothly, in 15 minutes. It acts just like the midsummer sun without any streaky bleached appearance. Your hair will softly gleam with the true golden beauty of childhood. Your face gets prettier—you, more alluring. Your friends will love it. Try it yourself today or send for your hairdresser to use it. Used by millions of blondes throughout the world.

As its secret formula contains no injurious dyes or bleaches, your "perm" takes better, the waves last longer. It is absolutely safe. If you don't find it the most amazing thing you have ever used, your money will be refunded. Known in America as BLONDOLINE. Sole Distributors, Fawcett & Johnson, Ltd., P.O. Box 3079, A.A. Sydney.

STA-BLOND THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

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is Better...
so much softer

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GAUZE

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Use Modess always. Be assured of soft comfortable protection, at lowest price.

Quality at
LOWEST
PRICE



BOX OF 12

Price throughout West. Aust. 1/3

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M.L. 37

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

April 10, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

37

"A home of charm..." HIGH WYCOMBE"

Built and furnished for comfort and convenience...

CLEVER designing and decorating have combined to give the owners of High Wycombe, a young married couple, all they want in one small house in the way of luxurious comfort and attractive surroundings.

THERE is a book-lined den for the man of the house, a delightful sun-room and sun terrace for the mistress of the home and a delightful garden aglow with flowers for both.

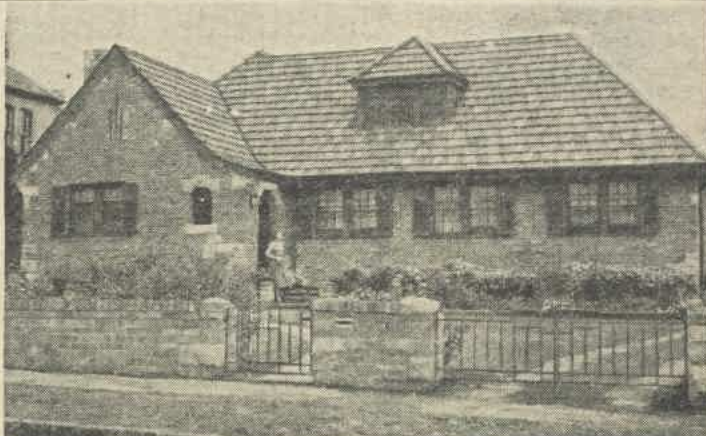
A low brick wall separates High Wycombe from the outside world and a little crazy-paving path leads to a small porch set beside a paved terrace bordered with flowering shrubs in tubs.

The exterior of the house is of red-textured brick with green-painted window shutters and trimmings of wrought iron. A lantern hanging on the porch wall gives a well-coming glow in the evening.

On the main entrance door, which is of dull finished walnut in one solid piece, is a quaint old-fashioned bronze knocker in verdigris finish which matches the green paint-work.

Inside the walls throughout have been finished in deep cream morene

By
Our
Home
Decorator



RED-TEXTURED bricks and green shutters give this charming home a colorful exterior.

The house is the property of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Erby, Harris Park.

A colorful Indian dhurrie in orange, brown, and beige covers the polished wood floor, while a workmanlike desk and a leather lounge chair bearing a school coat of arms indicate that this room is the special property of the master of the house.

Sun-room

ANOTHER delightful spot in the sun-room, which can be turned at a moment's notice into a verandah by means of windows all round which slide along and fold back. This room overlooks a paved sun terrace adorned with azaleas and hydrangeas in green tubs.

Beyond the sun terrace poplars are making good headway and roses and other plants promise future loveliness.

And, of course, the kitchen is just what you would expect in this delightful home. Finished in green and cream with walls tiled half-way, it is complete with built-in cupboards, drying rack, refrigerator, and little frilled green curtains at the window.



A DEN for the man of the house—an attic library lined with book-filled shelves and furnished with desk and writing equipment.

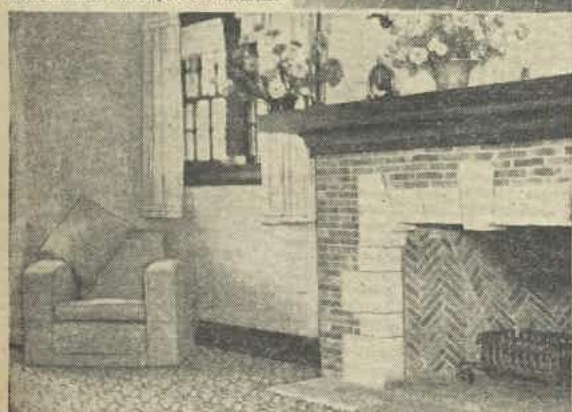
usual oblong table supplement the centre light fitting.

The dining-room is furnished with simplicity and perfect taste, the floor covering of plain rust making a colorful background for the suite of dull finished dark brown maple and the floor length curtains of off-white marquisette.

An ice-blue color-scheme is used in the main bedroom, where the floor covering is blue, the hall-spot marquisette curtains and the lace bedspread off-white and accessories ice-blue.

The second bedroom is done with sage-green floor covering and gay cretonne soft furnishings.

A little winding staircase leads to the most interesting room in the house—an attic library, with ceilings and walls panelled in brown wood and fitted with rows of book-lined shelves.



A CORNER of the lounge showing the all-over flower-patterned carpet, the ivory voile window curtains, modern lounge chair, and big open fireplace in brick.

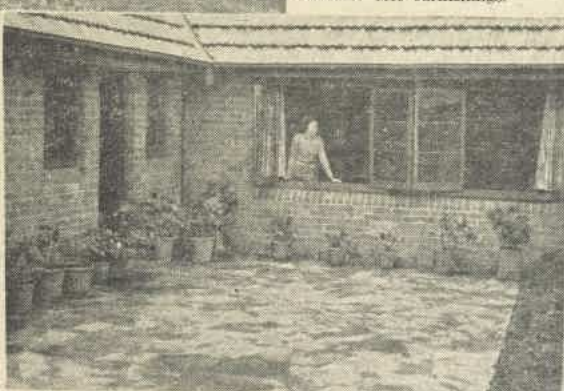
and ceilings in a lighter cream. Doors are of flush panelled walnut.

In the wide entrance hall and in the spacious lounge the same flush carpeting is used—an all-over leaf and flower pattern that looks as if a shower of primroses had fallen on a golden-bronze ground.

The lounge, with its big open brick fireplace, wide low mantel, wide windows at one end, and also at either side of the fireplace, is restful and cool.

Ivory Voile

THROUGH the front windows veiled with floor length curtains of deep ivory voile finished with a double ruching at the foot and at the head and gathered very full on brass rods the light filters softly, while similar sill-length curtains at the



smaller windows repeat the soft light effect.

An off-white linrad tapestry with a glint of primrose in the weave covers the lounge suite, while the cushions are in a shade of green and bronze sand-drift repp.

Two wall lights over the mantel shaded with circular frosted glass discs and a reading lamp on an un-

SHOWING THE sun-room, which overlooks a paved sun-terrace. This room becomes a verandah when the glass windows are folded back out of the way in the manner of folding doors. Azaleas and hydrangeas growing in pots add color and interest.

70 years young and no more kidney trouble thanks to Warner's Safe Cure



In 1881 two bottles of Warner's Safe Cure and one phial of Safe Pills cured Mr. Kempton (whose picture you see here) of kidney colic. In 1936, Mr. Kempton wrote to tell us that his old trouble had never returned, and that very occasional doses of Safe Cure have enabled him to preserve the vigorous health you see here right into his 70th year. Mr. Kempton's case is one of very many. And in 1936 Warner's Safe Cure is still bringing new health and happiness to people who have suffered, often for years, from disordered and therefore poisoning kidneys or liver. You take no risks with Warner's Safe Cure. Three generations have proven it!

WARNER'S
SAFE CURE
Concentrated, 2/9
Original Form, 5/-
To insure our free
movement of the
bowels daily, use
Warner's Safe
Pills, 1/- per phial



Are men to be trusted?

Not with Peck's! You can't leave sandwiches lying around of Peck's Anchovette or Salmon and Shrimp and expect to find them still there in five minutes. There's something altogether too tempting about Peck's flavours!

Peck's ANCHOVETTE FISH PASTE

Treasure YOUR Silver.. Polish it with

SILVO

The kindly care your Silver should have is provided by this safe, gentle polish. Silvo is so considerate of the lovely surface... keeping it radiant through the years.



Only the best is good enough for your Silver. That is why SILVO, which contains no mercury or acid should be entrusted with its care and keeping.

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Made in Australia by the Makers of Reckitt's Blue



DELICIOUS Recipes for You To TRY

Prizewinners in Our Weekly Best Recipe Competition

Here is this week's batch of prize-winning recipes sent in by readers. They are all interesting, different, and guaranteed to tempt the most fastidious palate.

Why not enter your best recipes in this competition? All you have to do is write out the best recipe, attaching full name and address, and send to our offices.

First prize is £1, while consolation prizes of 2/6 each are awarded for every other recipe published.

VEGETABLE LUNCHEONETTE

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons shortening, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cooked carrots (sliced thin), 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup cooked green beans, 1 cup melted butter, cooked chicken, ham or sausage.

Sift flour and salt into basin, work in shortening, add cooked vegetables, and stir lightly until evenly mixed. Add milk; mix only until all flour is dampened. Turn dough onto floured board, knead very lightly for a few seconds, divide into two equal parts, pat out into two rounds large enough to fit into an 8-inch sandwich pan, grease pan well and place in first layer, brush over with melted butter, cover with second layer and brush top with melted butter; bake in hot oven 20 minutes.

Pull layers apart and fill with chopped ham or chicken, join together again and top with chopped meat and savory sauce.

Savory Sauce: Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a saucepan, add 2 tablespoons flour, and stir till smooth, gradually add 2 cups milk, cook and stir until smooth and thick. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve shortcake while hot with sauce poured over.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Agnes Conway, Wilson's Lane, off Roderick St., Ipswich, Qld.

ECONOMICAL ROAST

On a well-floured board, roll 2lb. fine mince meat into a square about 4-inch thick. Cover entire square with seasoning which has been bound with the yolk of one egg. Moisten edges with the white of egg, then roll up (as you would a Swiss roll). Press edges firmly together to prevent undoing, flour, then bake in meat dish in moderate oven for one hour. Serve with rich gravy and baked potatoes. This dish is delicious hot, and it makes a lovely cold dish if cut in thin slices and served with salad.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. D. McLachlan, 9 Gillies St., Balarat, Vic.

WALNUT FRITTERS

Cream 1½oz. each sugar and butter, add yolk of two eggs, six tablespoons flour, and milk to moisten. Beat well, and add two tablespoons finely chopped walnuts. Whisk to a stiff froth the whites of two eggs and stir into the mixture. Shape into balls and fry in smoking fat. Serve hot, sprinkled with sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Delaney, Gormanston Rd., Moonah, Tas.

RATAFIA CAKE

Beat to a cream 1lb. each butter and sugar, whip well for 10 minutes, add 3 eggs beaten in one at a time, and 1 tablespoon milk to which add the flavoring—several drops essence of ratafia and essence of vanilla. Sift three times 1½ cups flour with 2 level teaspoons baking powder and a good pinch salt. Add by degrees to other ingredients and turn mixture into a prepared tin (this fits a square 10 inches by 3 inches deep). Sprinkle on top 2oz. blanched almonds and 30 chopped raisins. Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Howard, 345 King William St., Adelaide.

BELGIAN RICE BALLS

Place 2 cups cooked rice in a bowl, add 1 cup currants, 1 cup sugar, 1 well-beaten egg, and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Mix all well together, form into balls each about the size of a small orange, dip into beaten egg, and roll in fine bread-

crumbs. Fry until golden brown in hot fat, and serve with stewed fruit.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Road, Petersham, N.S.W.

BENGAL SAVORY

Two tablespoons chutney, 2oz. minced ham, 1 egg, 1oz. butter, 2 tablespoons milk, 1oz. grated cheese, salt and pepper, croutons of fried bread. Melt butter in a saucepan, add milk, seasoning, and minced ham. Stir in beaten egg and continue stirring until it thickens. Then spread it thickly on the croutons of bread, put a layer of chutney over, and sprinkle with grated



cheese. Brown in a quick oven and serve very hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Mitchell, McDonald Avenue, Paxton, N.S.W.

CHINESE CHEWS

Sift 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt. Beat 1 cup castor sugar, 2 eggs, chop finely 1 cup walnuts. Fold in flour to eggs and sugar. Stir in 1 cup dates (chopped), nuts and 1 cup preserved ginger, and, lastly, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence. Put mixture (which should be sticky) in well-greased flat tin, and bake in a hot oven for 30 minutes. Place a dish of cold water in oven while cooking. When cold cut into squares.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Coulter, 36 Merriwa St., Hollywood, W.A.

THIS WEEK

PORK DISHES

What could be more inviting on a cold day than a piping-hot pork dish?

Here are several different ways of serving pork, recipes for which have been sent in by our readers.

They are all worth keeping to try during the winter months.

EACH week in this section, Ruth Furst, our cookery expert, selects a popular subject from recipes submitted by readers.

Cash prizes of 2/6 each are awarded for every recipe published, so send in your favorites now!

STUFFED PORK CHOPS

Take required number of chops, have them cut 1½ inches thick, and cut each one half-way through the middle.

Make stuffing with equal quantities of chopped apples and breadcrumbs, a little salt and pepper, and a spoonful of gravy or warmed butter to moisten the mixture. Stuff the chops with the mixture, and secure each with a small wooden skewer. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dust well with flour. Put chops in a greased baking tin and bake, browning on both sides in a moderately hot oven. Serve with apple sauce.

2/6 to Mrs. Robert Grant, Wiluna, Meredith, Vic.

OLD ENGLISH PORK PIE

One pound flour, salt, 1½lb. pork, 6oz. lard, onion, hard-boiled egg, cayenne, 1 pint water.

To Prepare Pork: Select rather lean pork, cut into small dice and place in pot with onion. Simmer all with bones and seasoning for about two hours, using just enough water to cover.

Sift flour into basin with a little salt and cayenne. Melt lard in 1 pint water and boil for few minutes. Cool slightly, and then stir into flour. Turn out, knead till smooth, and stand on plate by the fire (covered) for half an hour. Roll out, line dish with paste, put on meat with a little gravy. Shape lid of the paste and put on top of meat. Bake steadily for 1½ hours. Then lift lid, add remainder of gravy, and sliced boiled egg, replace lid, brush with glaze, and put back in oven for few minutes.

2/6 to Mrs. R. Whalley, Woolzooka, N.S.W.

PORK CHOPS WITH PIQUANT SAUCE

Take some pork chops, dip in flour, and sprinkle with little sage and salt. Brown in a frying pan, then put into baking dish. On each

chop place thick slice of apple, pared and cored, with little sugar. Blend with the fat in the pan, a little flour and salt to taste, and when browned add a little water and bring to boil. Add one tablespoon of vinegar and a few raisins; pour sauce over chops in baking dish and bake until apples are tender and chops cooked.

2/6 to Mrs. M. Rain, Sharow, Jimbour, Qld.

MOCK PORK SAUSAGES

Two cups minced lean pork, 1 cup cooked rice, 2 tablespoons melted butter, herbs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoonful of chopped onion, little apple sauce over from a roast dish, 1 cupful breadcrumbs, 1 beaten egg.

Mix all together; then with the floured hands form into sausages. Dip into beaten egg, toss in fine crumbs, retaining the sausage shape. Fry quickly a golden brown, serve with a suitable sauce or gravy, and mashed potatoes and green vegetables.

2/6 to Mrs. W. J. Cooper, Hoyleton, S.A.

PORK AND PRUNE CROQUETTES

Soak 1lb. prunes in 1 quart of cold water, simmer till very tender, cool and drain. Remove stones and mash pulp through a coarse sieve, add orange or lemon juice to flavor and enough breadcrumbs to make quite stiff. Then form into balls as large as walnuts. Roll in a well-beaten egg, then in flour. Place round the pork chops and roast half an hour before removing from the oven. As an alternative place croquettes in fat in the frying-pan when the chops are finished, and cook a golden brown.

2/6 to Mrs. O. Thomson, George St., Moolta, S.A.

PORK CREAM

Two cups chopped roast pork, salt and cayenne to taste, 1 teaspoon made mustard, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup cream or tinned milk, 1 cup cold water. Soften gelatine in cold water, then dissolve in hot water, cool; stir in pork, then add mustard, salt, cayenne. Fold in whipped cream. Turn into a mould, rinsed with cold water. Leave to set. Serve turned out on dish with lettuce leaves. Garnish with diced beetroot and onion, salad or green peas, mayonnaise flavored with minced onion.

2/6 to Mrs. H. Wetzel, 20 Banks St., East Maitland, N.S.W.



Happy Mother and Child

A happy and contented baby means a happy mother—but a tearful, suffering little bit of humanity causes mother so much worry and anxiety that she looks forward to her baby's teething period with fears and forebodings.

Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders are wonderful in their results—they check stomach disorders—relieve pain—and afford easy teething and restful nights to the advantage of child and parent alike.

They can be used with the utmost confidence as they are perfectly harmless and have been administered to children of Royal Families throughout the world.

Ask for ASHTON & PARSONS' Infants' Powders—You cannot obtain better—they are perfectly harmless.

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

Catarrhal Deafness Ends Without Surgery

Sydney Woman Regains Hearing Without Ear 'Phones or Instruments

Everyone who is distressed by hardness of hearing from catarrhal deafness or head noises should read about Mrs. B. Loring, of Sydney.

"Two years ago I contracted catarrh. It caused such a longing in my ears that my husband and I feared I should become totally deaf. My physician ordered a surgical operation, which my husband strongly opposed, suggesting the use of Parmitin, of which he had read in the newspapers. I used it for only a few days—then the hearing stopped, my head felt worse, and I could hear no more distinctly as ever. Parmitin saved me from the operation, and the catarrhal deafness. I have not suffered since."

You can make up this treatment, yourself, right at home. From any chemist get one ounce of Parmitin (double strength), and mix it with 4 oz. of sugar in 1½ pints of hot water. Take a desensitizing four times a day.

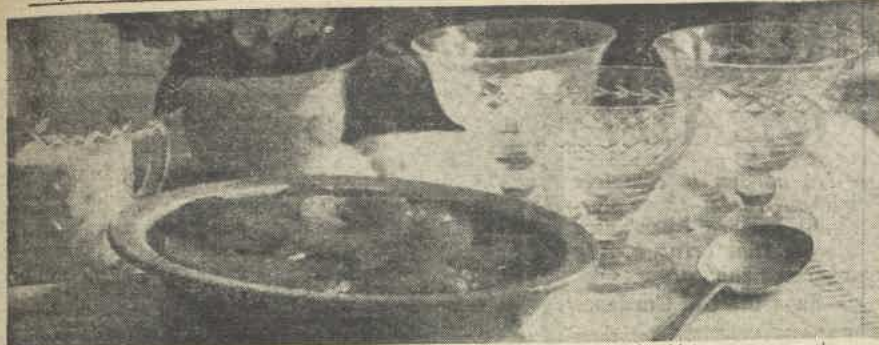
This treatment should, by tonic action, reduce the inflammation in the middle ear that a catarrhal condition would be likely to cause, and with the inflammation gone, the distressing head noises, headaches, cloudy thinking and that dull feeling in the ears should speedily disappear.

Anyone who suffers from catarrh in any form, should give Parmitin a thorough trial.



Let us start you in a permanent business that you own and control for yourself. Invest no capital. We finance you with complete stock. Only a certain number of these "No Investment" propositions are open. Each one offers a good living with a chance to get some money in the bank every week. Hundreds in all States make big pay every day. Pioneer Manufacturers—Oldest—Largest. Write for particulars.

W. T. RAWLIGH CO., LTD.
Dept. 10319
BRUNSWICK, N.S.W.



STEWED FRUIT should be included often in menus for family meals. Served cold in warmer months in individual glass dishes with cream or custard it looks and tastes delightful.

SIMPLE MENUS for the AVERAGE FAMILY

How to Plan and Prepare Nourishing, Inexpensive and Appertising Meals for Every Day

The menus given here have been specially compiled to assist the housewife in the average home with her meal planning, and at the same time enable her to put a little variety into every day food. Recipes for well-known plain dishes are also given.

PREPARING two or three meals every day in the week for the family is a problem indeed. Obtaining constant variety and at the same time making meals nourishing and not too expensive for the family purse can be most worrisome to the housewife.

Planning menus ahead is a great

help, especially if you keep in mind the amount you can afford to spend, the number of people in the household, their ages, occupations and the season.

You should, of course, distinguish between warm and cold weather dishes, as it is not good for the general well-being of the family to give them the same dishes in summer and winter. Remember, too, that out-of-season products have not the same nutriment as those which come to maturity naturally.

Here are menus to suit the average family:

MONDAY—

Curry & Rice
Mashed Potatoes, Brussels Sprouts
Banana Fritters

TUESDAY—

Boned Shoulder Mutton and Red Currant Jelly
Baked Potatoes Peas
Apricot Charlotte

WEDNESDAY—

Rissoles
New Potatoes, Cauliflower & Sauce
Apple Pie and Custard

THURSDAY—

Liver & Bacon
Potatoes, Swedes
Boiled Date Pudding and Sauce

FRIDAY—

Salmon Croquettes
Fried Tomatoes, Beans
Stewed Fruit and Baked Custard

SATURDAY—

Boiled Corn Breast Mutton and Parsley Sauce
Potatoes, Carrots, Parsnips
Steamed Pudding and Sauce

SUNDAY—

Roast Beef and Horseradish Sauce
Baked Potatoes and Parsnips
Cabbage

TRIFLE and Jelly

COTTAGE BROTH

One pound neck mutton, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 1 onion, 1 stick celery, 4ozs. rice, finely chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, cayenne, 5 pints water.

Remove fat from meat. Cut meat into small dice, also vegetables, wash rice in 3 waters, melt fat, fry meat and bones till brown. Add rice, vegetables, sugar, pepper, salt, and fry for one minute, add water, bring slowly to boil, simmer two hours. Remove bones and skim off dry fat with kitchen paper. Serve in hot soup tureen. Sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley.

ROAST MEAT

Weigh the meat and reckon the time for cooking. Place the joint on a trivet, add fat, place in a hot oven for 10 minutes; lessen the heat—basting every 10 minutes—and allow to cook slowly the time required. Serve on a hot dish accompanied by baked vegetables and brown gravy.

BAKED POTATOES

Potatoes, pepper, salt, fat. Scrub, wash and dry potatoes. Peel thinly. Cut into halves—lengthways—leave in cold water. Wipe dry, sprinkle with salt. Put into a baking dish of hot fat or

under the meat. Cook about 30 minutes. Drain on kitchen paper. Serve in hot vegetable dish.

BAKED PUMPKIN
One pound pumpkin, salt, pepper, fat.

Peel pumpkin thickly, removing any soft pulp and seeds. Cut into pieces 3 inches square. Stand in cold water. Drain, wipe very dry. Place in hot fat in baking dish. Cook about 30 minutes, basting well and turn once. Drain on kitchen paper. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve in hot vegetable dish.

BROWN GRAVY
Dessertspoon fat, dessertspoon plain flour, 1 pint water or stock, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper.

Remove fat from baking dish, leaving in the required quantity. Add flour, pepper and salt, brown on top of stove, stirring with the back of an iron spoon. Add liquid all at once—off the stove. Stir well, then return to the stove, stirring till it boils and thickens. Add caramel if necessary and strain into the hot gravy bowl.

FRENCH CUTLETS

Seven cutlets, chip potatoes, green butter, roll of bacon. Trim cutlets, leave 1 inch bare bone. Grease gridiron and grill 7 to 10 minutes. Turn frequently while cooking. Remove rind from bacon and cut into thin strips, roll up and thread on a skewer, and grill till the fat is clear. Place chip potatoes in the centre of a hot dish. Stand cutlets up round masked with a little green butter and place the rolls of bacon between the cutlets. Serve very hot.

STEWED TRIPE

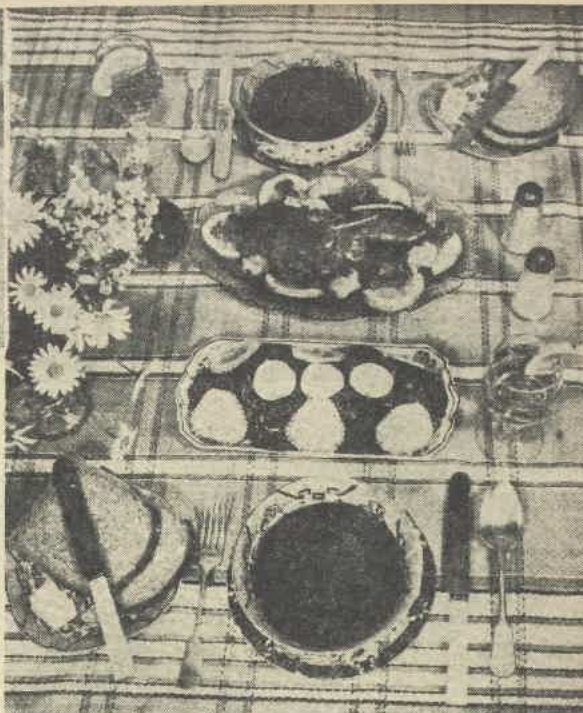
One pound tripe, 1 onion, cold water, 1 pint milk, salt, cayenne, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon butter, chopped parsley. Wash tripe well and cut into one inch squares. Blanch it by placing in enamel saucepan, cover with water and bring quickly to a boil, strain water off, add 1 pint water and the whole onion and cook slowly till tender. Remove tripe and onion from liquid, add milk and blended flour, cook for a few minutes after it boils. Add tripe and chopped onion and butter. Bring to boil, add chopped parsley and serve immediately on hot dish.

BRAINS AND BACON

Two sets brains, salt, pepper, flour, breadcrumbs, egg-glazing, rolls of bacon, sprigs of parsley, frying fat.

Soak brains in cold water half an hour. Remove skin. Place in cold water quickly to boil, pour water off and cover with fresh cold water and boil 6 minutes. Strain and leave on plate till cold. Cut into half. Dip in flour, pepper, and salt, then in egg-glazing, loss in breadcrumbs. Press on firmly.

Wet fry the brains till a golden brown. Drain on paper. Remove rind from bacon, cut into strips, roll up or thread on a skewer. Place under the grill or in the oven till



AN APPETISING and healthful luncheon for a cold day attractively served. It includes tomato soup, crumb cutlets, salad and brown bread.

fat is clear. Serve brains on a hot dish with rolls of bacon. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

VELVET PUDDING

One pint milk, 2oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, yolks 2 eggs, vanilla, whites 2 eggs, 2oz. sugar.

Blend cornflour with a little milk, put remainder on to boil. When almost boiling pour on the corn-

flour, stir well, return to saucepan and stir over the gas till thick, cook for 3 minutes after it comes to a boil, add the yolks and sugar, and cook for two minutes longer without boiling.

Pour into piedish. Beat whites stiffly, add sugar, heap roughly over pudding. Place in cool oven till meringue is a pale brown. Serve either hot or cold with serviette pinned round the piedish.



No need to choose between love and money

You needn't choose between love and money—in tea. You will love the flavor of Bushells Blue Label Tea. And it will save you money.

The flavor is full, rich and fragrant. That is why you will enjoy it. That is also why you can make more than 200 cups from a single pound of Bushells Blue Label Tea.

The richness is released in your teapot from bud-leaves that have been carefully cured and multi-refined.

Kill Kidney Trouble Quick

Thousands of sufferers from kidney trouble and bladder weakness have stopped getting up nights, leg pains, circles under eyes, swollen ankles, nervousness, dizziness, rheumatism, diabetes, lamboago, burning, itching, stinging, acidity and loss of vigor by a Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Glaxo). Quickly soothes, tones, cleans and heals raw, sore kidneys. In 10 minutes Cystex starts reinvigorating your blood. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to end your troubles in 5 days or money back. Get Cystex at all chemists.



"I'M WORRIED ABOUT WINNIE, NURSE. SHE FRETS FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT. WHAT DO YOU ADVISE?"

"Why, the poor little mite is constipated. No wonder she's fretful. That is the chief thing a mother has to guard against, Mrs. Grant.

Kiddies don't understand; they're so absorbed in their games, and neglect nature's call. Then they get bilious, lose their appetite and become irritable. Show me your tongue, Winnie. Yes, it is coated—a sure sign she's out of sorts. All she needs is 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Califig'—and she'll be as happy as a sandboy in the morning.

You'll find it keeps the bowels regular, purifies the system, saves stomach upsets and biliousness.

If children are to thrive and grow strong and keen witted, they must feed

well and digest what they eat. There's no better way than the regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.' All children love it.

If I were you, I would send for a bottle and give Winnie a dose at once.

Be sure you insist on 'California Syrup of Figs' Mrs. Grant. I am surprised that some mothers are ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. It's such a pity they don't realise that 'California Syrup of Figs' is a perfectly safe children's laxative. I know myself how carefully and scientifically it is prepared."

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/11 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Califig' on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"

'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

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APPROVED BY DOCTORS

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A cup of BOURNVILLE is a cup of FOOD



'O-o-o-ohl 'Bournville' is lovely! I do wish the other things that are good for me were all as nice as this. It's just dee-licious."

"Good thing we all love Bournville Cocoa, for its no strain on the family budget. I couldn't buy anything else at the price that provides so much food value and does us all so much good."



MAKE A BIG JUGFUL

it's good for every-body and so light and easy to digest!

Don't make the mistake of thinking that your comforting cup of "Bournville" is only pleasant refreshment. It is also a heartening little meal of the nourishing foods that those who lead active lives are most in need of. Carbohydrates—the energy-builders and restorers. Proteins—the body-builders and repairers. Fats—the providers of warmth and energy. And no drink of such high food value is so economical as Bournville Cocoa. A $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. tin provides 20 breakfast cupsful.

Cadbury's BOURNVILLE COCOA for extra nourishment

C2.247

GOOD NEWS FOR STOMACH SUFFERERS

Even if you consulted a specialist about your stomach trouble, he could hardly recommend a better remedy than "BISURATED" MAGNESIA. Professor Bidet, the eminent French Biologist, has himself tested this famous formula, and proved its ingredients to be the best and quickest-acting known to science. "Bisurated" Magnesia brings you instant relief from indigestion, Gastritis, Flatulence, Sick Headaches and all stomach disorders. Just one dose, and pain goes like magic—you can eat what you like without fear of after-meal misery.

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the "Bismag" Trade Mark

BISMAG

OF ALL
Chemists.



**'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach**

ROSES—the LOVELIEST Of All!

No garden is complete without roses—those glorious, sweetly-perfumed blooms that bring beauty wherever they grow

—Says the Old Gardener

PLANTING-TIME for roses is here again. If you have never grown roses before, decide to do so this year, for no garden should be without this queen of flowers, the greatest charmer of all.

When properly tended and cared for roses will flower at least nine months of the year.

Those who cut the blooms will obtain a profusion of flowers from time to time throughout the year. Roses should be cut on long stems to an eye facing outward. From this eye a new shoot appears and so forms the foundation for other blooms. The seed pods of any blooms which are growing old should be kept cut. And so the work continues right throughout the year, and the bush is kept in perfect flowering condition.

Before ordering your roses, secure the advice of the successful grower in your district. Consider well, too, the district where you live, the type of soil, and select your roses accordingly.

The rose bed must be well out in the open where the flowers will receive plenty of sunlight. No rose will be a success if planted in shady or semi-shaded positions. In making the rose bed, deep digging is essential, because then the drainage round the bushes will be good, and this is one of the most important factors in successful growing. If drainage is bad, all kinds of diseases and insects will attack the young bushes.

When Digging

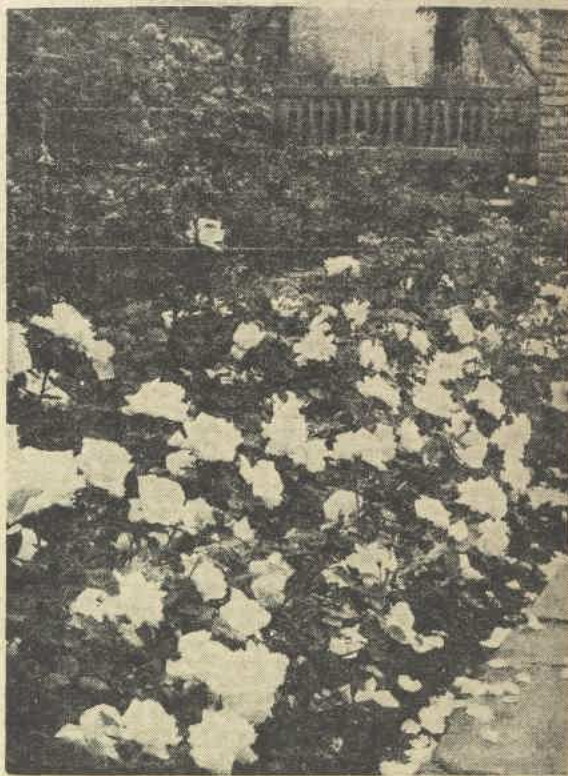
When digging the bed incorporate plenty of well-decayed manure into the soil, and make sure it is well decayed, as fresh manure is harmful to the plants. On no account use chemical fertilisers at planting time, but in the spring, before the flowers appear, a little blood and bone can be worked lightly into the soil—a handful dusted around the plant, and forked lightly in.

When digging the hole for the rose bush leave plenty of room. Have a mound of soil in the bottom of each hole. When planting the bush, stand it on this mound, so that the roots spread in natural fashion.

Fill in about one-quarter of the soil, and stamp well around the roots. Firm planting is necessary. Then bring in the rest of the soil, filling in loosely. Be sure to water well after planting.

Before the planting, examine the roots thoroughly, and cut away any bruised portion that may have been caused through lifting in the nursery.

When untying a bundle of rose plants received from the nursery, take precautions not to allow the roots to become exposed to the air too long before planting. Place a little soil or a wet bag over them. This will keep them in good condition while the work is going on.



THE IMMACULATE white rose, growing in a garden-path border in a profusion of blooms, lends exquisite beauty to this rose garden.

All roses planted during the autumn will give a fine display during the spring months.

Many home gardeners are often in a quandary about the exact depth in which to plant the rose bush. The most satisfactory depth is to have the union or bud from one to two inches before the surface. If you follow this method you will be fairly correct.

Here are some varieties of roses for sandy soil:

(Reds): Ettoile de Hollande, General MacArthur, Pink and Red Radiance, Laurent Carle, Warrior Cavalier

Pink Varieties

(PINKS): La Tosca, Second Weber, Columbia, Festout, J. Bell, Sunny South, Una Wallace, Maman Cochet, Lorraine Lee, Madame Butterfly, Irish Elegance, and Madame Abel Chateau.

(Yellow): Prima Donna, Dr. Grill, Lady Hillingdon, Madame Boule, Mrs. Dunlop's Best, Marie van Houte, Soprano.

(White Shades): Madame Jules Bouche, White Maman Cochet, Mrs. Herbert Stevens, Frau Karl Druschki, K. of K. Viktoria.

For other districts on the highlands Dame Edith Helen, Golden Dawn, Hoosier Beauty, Gipsy Lass, Jonkheer J. L. Mock, Ettoile de Hollande, Radiance, Mrs. Herbert Stevens, E. G. Hill, Shot Silk, Fascination, Hadley, Cloth of Gold, Earl Haig, Marmalade, Gaiety, Fontanelle, and many other varieties.

If you intend planting roses this season and are doubtful as to which

varieties to choose for the climate and soil in your district, write to the Old Gardener, The Australian Women's Weekly, for advice.

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with transparent South Sea red, as the tropic enchantress does!



Makes lips moistly soft... gives them new youthfulness

Pasteless, transparent, highly indelible colour for lips... instead of pasty coating. That's TATTOO! Put it on like lipstick... let it set a moment... then wipe

it off, leaving nothing on your lips but clear, lustrous South Sea red that only time can remove... and that will give your lips a touch-thrilling softness, smoothness and moistness they have never had before. Five tempting shades... each attuned to the spirit of reckless adventure! Make your choice at the Tattoo Colour Selector by testing all five on your own skin... at your favorite store.

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Send 1/- for introductory size, stating shade desired, to sole Australian Agents: Deward & Co., 326 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C. L.

TATTOO

South Sea Colour for Lips

CLEVER IDEAS

WHOLEMEAL FLOUR: Finely-ground wholemeal flour can be used for short crust pastry exactly the same way as white flour, but a little more water should be added in the mixing.

CLEANING

AMBER: Jewellery and ornaments made of amber can be cleaned and polished by washing in milk. Dry them with a soft silk cloth, and polish lightly.



RENOVATING WOOLLENS: If a woollen garment has become shiny, rub gently over the shiny parts with a piece of fine sandpaper against the grain of the material. This brings up the nap.

SUEDE SHOES: To remove shine from suede shoes, rub gently with fine emery paper. A little turpentine will remove dirty spots.

BOTTLING FRUIT: Always rub a little butter round the inside of the brass screw top when bottling fruit, and you will find the top much easier to unscrew later.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Skin Care At Home

How to cleanse, cream and massage the face correctly.

THE home beauty course in skin care and massage outlined here is based on scientific lines, and designed to properly cleanse, nourish and brace the skin and keep wrinkles at bay. Yet it is so simple that it need take no more than 10 minutes night and morning.

It is not every woman who can go to a beauty parlor every week for treatment. One may live so far out of town that a yearly visit to a beauty shop is as much as she can hope for. Others may have so many calls on their income that there's nothing left over for beauty courses.

But don't sigh with despair if

What My Patients

Ask Me

BY A
DOCTOR

PATIENT: Why are most people so unpleasant in the early morning? Is it a matter of health or disposition?

MANY people awaken each morning feeling ill at ease, irritable, sour, and sore at the world in general.

It is the familiar morning grouch. Men are undoubtedly the worst offenders in this respect. Wives are continually complaining that their husbands regularly "get out on the wrong side of the bed" in the morning.

There are two causes for the morning grouch. One is physical; the other is mental. There are cases where both are operative.

On the physical side one must consider first of all sluggish bowels. If the digestive organs are not functioning at their best, there is an accumulation of undigested food matter which decomposes, forms toxins, and poisons the nerve cells.

On the mental side, we find, in the morning grouch, a protest against having to face the realities of life. Observe; for instance, how you dislike waking up when you are in trouble or have some specially disagreeable problem to face during the day.

People often oversleep under such circumstances. The mind, you see, is protecting them or, rather, it is protecting itself. Few people relish the routine of life, the hard work of life.

The correction for the physical causes is self-evident; that for the mental requires only a realisation of fundamental truths.

By

EVELYN



MASSAGE EXERCISE No. 1, for wrinkles above and around the mouth.

Illustrations by courtesy Farmer & Co.

you are one of these—you are in the majority anyway, for few of us can afford expensive facial treatments—there is a special home beauty course available to you which will teach you to care for your skin scientifically and give you increasing loveliness.

You will need first to obtain the necessary cosmetics. For a complete and satisfactory course these should include: a perfectly pure facial soap, a special lotion for drawing acid and impurities out of the skin, a cleansing lotion for removing make-up, an astringent milk and a special skin food for massaging and nourishing.

The routine is simple and is actually spread over one week. One night a week you use the special lotion for drawing out the impurities in the skin. The face should be cleansed first with soap and water; then the lotion is painted on, left on all night and removed

next morning by a gentle massage with skin food, followed by cleansing with soap and water.

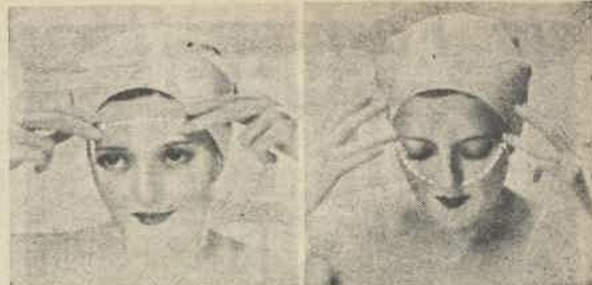
Then on alternate nights (except, of course, on the night you use the special lotion) you use skin food and astringent milk.

Cleanse the face first with cleansing lotion. Then on the skin food night massage with the food for ten minutes. This will brace, nourish and soften the skin. It will be almost absorbed and there will be little surplus to wipe off.

On the other night after cleansing, use astringent milk instead of skin food. Pat the milk into the skin and let it dry. It will refine the pores, clear and brace the skin.

Every morning massage with skin food first thing. Then wash the soiled cream away with soap and water and dry carefully. Your skin is then ready for the day's make-up.

One of the most important parts



MASSAGE EXERCISE No. 2, for forehead and frowning lines.

MASSAGE EXERCISE No. 3, for cheek and eye wrinkles.

of this home treatment are the massage movements when using the skin food.

These are really facial exercises which help to remove wrinkles and keep new ones away.

1. For wrinkles above the mouth: Place the tip of your left hand on the right side of the jawbone, midway between the point of the chin and ear. Then bring finger lightly up to the nostril. Do this several times, then with your right hand repeat the same exercise to the left of the face.

2. For forehead and frowning wrinkles: For this exercise more pressure is needed, so place the first and second fingers of each hand together in the centre of the forehead, and draw firmly and lightly together towards the temples. This smooths out the frowning lines.

3. For cheek and eye wrinkles: Place the tips of your third fingers behind the nostrils and draw gently backward and upward to the temples. This exercise lifts the whole face and provides an excellent movement for smoothing out all its lines.

4. For chin and general contour: Place the finger tips on the cheekbones near the temples, and the thumbs together under the chin. Pressing gently, pass the thumbs upwards under the line of the jawbone, bringing them up as far as the fingers and repeat several times.

Remember a firm and fast rule



MASSAGE EXERCISE No. 4, for chin and general facial contour.

in massage is upwards and outwards.

This whole beauty treatment outlined above should not take any more than ten minutes night and morning, and yet in that ten minutes you will give your skin all the care and help it needs to counteract the ravages of dust and dirt, wind and sun and of increasing years, and maintain a constant loveliness.

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

Important Facts And Hints

By a TRUBY KING EXPERT

The following facts and hints, which are given in a condensed form, have an important bearing upon the nutrition and care of infants.

BABY'S EYES.—These organs need special care. Wash them carefully. Dry them gently with a clean towel. Never allow baby to look into the glare of brilliant sunshine. Watch the pram hood carefully. See that it is a real protection.

Baby's Nose: Clear the nostrils with a tiny spill or twist of soft old linen dipped in olive oil. Make sure there are no rough edges, or loose threads of linen on the twist. Never use match sticks or cotton wool.

Baby's Ears: Can be treated in the same way. No hard substance should ever be used.

Baby's Skin: Examine baby twice a day. Look into all the little dimples and wrinkles and between the dainty fingers and toes. Be sure each is dry and clean. After drying dust lightly with powder and dust it off again.

Baby's Back: Baby should have some time each day, even when tiny, lying straight on a firm pad (such as a horsehair pillow), to stretch, kick, exercise, and give straightness to the back.

Baby's Head: Should be supported. Sudden movement or jerking is apt to injure the little neck. He should not be expected to hold up his head before the fifth month.

Baby's Teeth: Teeth are predisposed to decay according to the medium in which they grow. A clean blood supply, rich in building material, free from injurious and unwanted matter, is the best safeguard. As baby gets older teach correct chewing and wise selection of food. "There are no teeth in the stomach."

Baby's Woollies: Put cotton next the skin, wool on top. This is more soothing. Cotton can be washed and boiled. Woollies merely aired till they are really soiled. Turn booties inside out and air them, too.

Baby's Second Year: Is just as important as the first. Baby still needs correct care and attention.

What is the secret of Glamour

A LOVELY skin, A-bright eyes, slenderness and personal magnetism—this is glamour. And if you analyse it "glamour" is the outward sign of health, that perfect health which Bile Beans give you.

Start taking Bile Beans now—they are purely vegetable, they tone up the digestive organs, purify the blood and remove all waste from the system daily.

All women can make themselves doubly attractive if they take their nightly Bile Beans, and get for themselves that inner health which is reflected in outer beauty and glamour.



"I think Bile Beans are wonderful. Taking them nightly has made all the difference to my appearance. My skin is a healthy colour, my complexion is blemish-free, my eyes are bright and I get up on a morning feeling rejuvenated."—Mrs F. S. Britton.

"I owe my slim figure, clear complexion and youthful appearance to taking Bile Beans regularly. I now enjoy such splendid health that I am able to get full pleasure out of life."—Miss M. C. Windrim.

BILE BEANS

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



Aflame with the witchery of a million lights dancing on their taunting, jungleredness, sweetly tender and lusciously

soft in the glow of their caress . . . and never do they betray, with tell-tale marks, the caprices that enchanting colour so readily provokes. . . for SAVAGE is a truly "permanent" lipstick! It clings savagely. Five shades.

SAVAGE LIPSTICK
Clings savagely

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Showing Swing Skirts, Latest Necklines, and Other Fascinating Features Of Fashion

Please Note! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

NEW JUMPER SUIT

WW1560. — With high neckline and braid trimming on vest and belt. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 3/8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WEE ROMPERS

WW1561. — Warm and comfy for cold days. Sizes, infants to 2 years. Material required: 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 yards 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SMART!

WW1559. — Afternoon mode, high up to the neck, with swing skirt. Cut in sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

GRACEFUL MODE

WW1562. — Intriguing winter style with high waistline. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

TAILORED, TRIM

WW1563. — Youthful, appealing mode, useful particularly for business. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1/2 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WINTER COSTUME

WW1564. — Tailored costume in smart, double-breasted effect. Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 54 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

DINNER GOWN

WW1565. — Graceful, sophisticated dress for dinner and evening wear. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, 1 yard georgette, 6 yards 1 1/2-inch wide lace. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

UNIQUE BLOUSE

WW1566. — With shirred front on a new high neckline, very attractive for your costume. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of three-pence will be made for patterns over one month old. Use following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns:

ADLAIDE—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 4295Y, G.P.O.

If calling, 108 Castlereagh Street, TASMANIA—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Size Pattern Coupon, 10/4/37.

Our Special Concession Pattern

SLIP, NIGHTGOWN, PANTIES

Patterns for All Cost 3d

YOU may make the three-piece trousseau set shown at right from this week's special three-in-one concession pattern. It is cut in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust, and patterns for the complete set in each one size cost only 3d.

Material required for
panties: 1 1/2 yards; for
slip: 2 1/2 yards; for
nightgown: 3 1/2 yards.

To obtain, fill in coupon at left and, enclosing 3d. in stamps, send to our offices as directed.



FASCINATING to Knit—a NEW JACKET!

Made in a soft shade of cedar-rose wool in a smart fancy pattern.

THE design of this captivating little jacket knitted in a new lozenge stitch looks most intricate, but is actually quite simple to follow from the directions given here.

Materials Required: 11oz. 4-ply Ramada super fingering wool shade 7595 (cedar rose). 1 buckle. 1 yard strong ribbon (to back belt). 7 buttons. 2 press studs. 1 medium crochet hook. 1 pair No. 9 needles.

Measurements: Length, 21 inches. Bust, 34 inches. Sleeve seam, 18 inches.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 inch. 10 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; d.c., double crochet.

Note: Work into the back of all cast on stitches.

LOZENGE PATTERN

1st and 3rd Rows: * k. 3, p. 3, * repeat * to * to last 3 sts., k. 3.
2nd Row: * p. 3, k. 3, * repeat * to * to last 3 sts., p. 3.



"REXONA HEALS AS WELL AS CLEANSSES" SAYS NURSE

There's one sure protection against rashes, chafing and all the common ailments of a baby's sensitive skin—Rexona Medicated Soap. Rexona is pure, high-quality soap plus protecting and healing elements. The soothing, specially medicated lather keeps baby's skin smooth and healthy—keeps him comfy and happy.

WHEN CHAFING IS PERSISTENT
Cleanse the skin thoroughly with Rexona Soap, then smear on Rexona Ointment—the Rapid Healer cures affected tissues quickly and gives baby immediate relief from irritation.



Rexona
SOAP, 94 TABLET. OINTMENT, 1/4 TIN.
(City and Suburbs)

70 Year Old Herbal Remedy
Still stands supreme

Twelve distinct Herbs Banish Stomach and Liver Disorders.

For over 70 years Mother Seigel's Syrup has been a recognized remedy for faulty digestion, Acidity, Heartburn, Constipation, and other ills due to a Disordered Stomach and Liver.

A regular course of Mother Seigel's Syrup never fails to tone up your system and rid you quickly and safely of these distressing troubles.

Get a bottle of this world famous remedy to-day—its twelve distinct medicinal Herbs will quickly work a marvellous improvement in your health. Sold in Trial size, 1/9; Economy size, 3/.

It is the special combination of extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which gives them their supreme medicinal value.



THIS ATTRACTIVE JACKET is knitted in cedar-rose wool, and the interesting lozenge pattern is quite easy to follow from the directions given here.

4th Row: * p. 3, k. 1 (k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1) into next st., then make into one stitch by pulling 1st st. over remaining 4 sts., 2nd st. over remaining 3 sts., 3rd st. over remaining 2 sts., and 4th st. over last 3 sts., k. 1 * repeat * to * to last 3 sts., p. 3.

5th, 6th and 7th Rows: As 1st, 2nd, and 3rd rows.

8th Row: K.

9th and 11th Rows: As 2nd row.

10th Row: As 1st row.

12th Row: * k. 1, k. 5 into next st., then make into one st. as on 4th row, k. 1, p. 3, * repeat * to * to last 3 sts. Work lozenge pattern in last 3 sts.

13th, 14th and 15th Rows: As 9th, 10th, and 11th rows.

16th Row: K.

As there is not a complete row of the pattern on the cardigan body, it may be a help to cast on 21 sts. on an odd piece of wool and try out the 16 rows before commencing the cardigan.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 56 sts.

With wrong side of cardigan towards you, work 21 sts. in lozenge pattern, moss-st. for 16 sts., lozenge pattern for 21 sts., moss-st. for remaining 8 sts.

Continue in this way, the last 8 moss-sts. making the hem to which the buttonhole loops are sewn.

When 17 lozenges have been completed, i.e., 21 patterns or 40 rows, work 29 sts. (8 moss-st. edge) for 16 rows, break wool.

Work remaining 21 sts. in pattern for 16 rows. This is for belt slots.

Now work across all sts. in pattern. Increase 1 st. at armhole edge every 8th row.

When 17 lozenges have been worked, i.e., 81 patterns from commencement, cast off 8 sts. at armhole end, work to end of row, work back.

K. 2 tog. at the beginning of the next row, work to end of row, work back. Repeat the last 2 rows 3 times.

When 16 rows have been worked from armhole shaping, change to moss-st. and continue until moss-st. measures 31 inches.

Cast off 18 sts. at neck edge, work to end of row. Work back. Cast off 4 sts. at neck edge, work to end of row. Work back. Cast off 2 sts. at neck edge, work to end of row. Work back.

Take 2 tog. every row beginning at neck edge until 32 sts. remain. Continue in moss-st. until armhole measures 7 inches (measured

straight up, not round armhole). Cast off 8 sts. at armhole edge, work to end of row. Work back.

Repeat last 2 rows twice. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

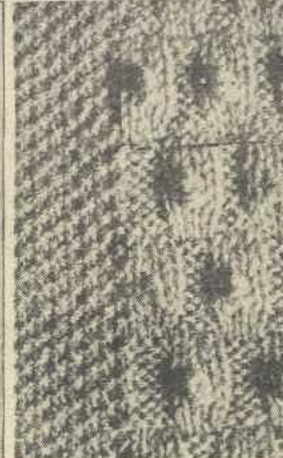
Work as right front, reversing the 8 moss-st. border. Thus 1st row will read: Moss-st. 8. Lozenge pattern 21 sts. Moss-st. 16. Lozenge pattern 21 sts.

BACK

Cast on 104 sts. Work 15 sts. in lozenge pattern, 16 moss-st., 42 sts. in lozenge pattern, 16 moss-st., 15 sts. lozenge pattern.

Continue until 40 rows are worked (5 lozenges).

Work 1st 15 sts. in pattern for 16 rows, break wool, then 16 moss-



A CLOSE-UP of the stitches used in knitting the jacket.

st. for 16 rows, break wool, then 42 sts. in pattern for 16 rows, break wool, then 16 moss-st. for 16 rows, break wool, and finally 15 sts. in pattern for 16 rows.

Now work right across in pattern, keeping panels as on fronts. Increase 1 st. each end of every 16th row.

When 17 lozenges have been completed from beginning, cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then k. 2 tog. at the beginning of the next 3 rows.

Continue until 19 lozenges have been completed from beginning.

Change to moss-st. and continue until armhole measures 6 1/2 inches (measuring straight up, not round armhole).

Cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Cast on 51 sts. Work 1 inch moss-st. Change to lozenge pattern for the whole of the sleeves.

When 3 lozenges are worked, increase 1 st. each end of every 8th row, until 18 inches are completed (35 sts. on needle). Cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

K. 2 tog. at the beginning of every row until 35 sts. remain. Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows. Cast off.

BELT

Cast on 12 sts., work in moss-st. for 33 inches. Take 2 tog. at each end of every row until all sts. are worked off.

COLLAR

Cast on 120 sts. Work in moss-st., taking 2 tog. at the beginning

of every row until work measures 3 inches. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up shoulder and side seams. Sew up sleeve seams and sew sleeves into armholes. Turn in moss-st. border on right front and hem down. Make 7 buttonhole loops on the edge of this hem, one at the neck, one at the beginning of moss-stitch yoke, one at the bottom of the cardigan and 4 others at equal distances between. Sew buttons on left front to match, sewing on line of lozenge pattern, the 8 moss-stitches forming the underlap.

Line belt with ribbon, mitreing one end, sew buckle to straight end of belt, and thread through cardigan with moss-stitch panels uppermost. Work 3 rows d.c. round outside edge of collar, working 1 d.c. into each stitch of knitting and keeping the same tension, working 3 d.c. into corner stitches of collar. Sew the collar to neck, starting at right front edge of hem, and finishing at left front border, before 8 sts. underlap.

Work 1 row d.c. round edge of sleeves. Sew a press stud at neck, and one at the extreme lower edge of cardigan to neaten. Do not press.



THE recovery from any illness is assured

and hastened by taking Wincarnis. This

medically recommended tonic is composed of strength-giving ingredients.

It will work wonders on your weary

body—sending new blood through

your veins and giving you new energy

and new found health and strength.

Your chemist sells Wincarnis in small

bottles at 4/3 and large bottles at 7/3.

WINCARNIS

20,000 recommendations from medical men.

SIMPLIFIES
HOUSEHOLD CLEANING

Polish the porcelain of your bathroom and kitchen, the brassware of dining-room or lounge; brighten silks and laces and restore silver to dazzling brilliancy—with Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia.

Your wash is snow-white when Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia is added to the water before soaking. Keep it handy always! And remember it is most economical, being three times the strength of other ammonias.

SCRUBB'S
CLOUDY
AMMONIA



Knitted Tennis Socks

Made in white 4-ply fingering wool to fit a No. 5 shoe.

Materials: Little more than 1 skein 4-ply fingering wool, set of 4 steel needles. For other sizes than No. 5 shoe, lengthen or shorten foot of sock as required.

Cast on 80 sts., 26 on each of two needles and 28 on the third. K. in rib (K. 1, p. 1) for 2 1/2 inches (to grip the ankle), then work four rounds plain.

Next round divide the sts. on to two needles, 40 on each, put one half sts. on to two needles (for the instep), the other half is for the heel flap, which is the only one worked. K. in alternate rows of p. and plain for 40 rows.

Now turn the heel: K. 26, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., turn * p. 13, p. 2 tog., turn, k. 13, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., turn, repeat from * until all the sts. have been worked, k. half of the heel sts. (put all of the instep sts. on to one needle), and with the spare needle k. the other half of the heel sts. and k. up 21 sts. from the side of the flap, k. across the instep sts., then k. 21 sts. from the other side of the flap, and the other half of the heel sts., k. 1 round plain.

Next round: K. to within the last 3 sts. of the 1st needle, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

2nd Needle: K. plain. 3rd

needle, K. 1, k. 2 tog., finish in plain. Repeat the last two rows until 20 sts. remain on the 1st and 3rd needles.

Continue in plain until the foot measures 6 inches (for a 9-inch foot, 6 1/2 for a 9 1/2-inch, measured from the flap, where the sts. were picked up).

Then shape toe.—1st round: * K. 8 sts., k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end. 2nd round: Plain. 3rd round: Plain. 4th round: * K. 7, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end. 5th and 6th rounds: Plain. 7th round: * K. 6, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end. 8th and 9th rounds: Plain. 10th round: * K. 5, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end. 11th and 12th rounds: Plain. 13th round: * K. 4, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end. 14th and 15th rounds: Plain.

16th round: * K. 3, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end. 17th and 18th rounds: Plain. 19th round: * K. 2, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end. 20th and 21st rounds: Plain. 22nd round: * K. 1, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end. 23rd round: Plain. Break off wool, run through sts. and fasten off securely.

Knit another sock to match.

Put stripes for club colors or for ornamentation in the cuff of the sock by knitting with colored wool for two or three rows and then returning to the white wool again.



Mrs. Green is worried about Jack and Polly—thinks she'll have to take them out of school. They won't eat breakfast and they're getting thin.



Decides to go to the District Nurse for advice. "Give them Kellogg's Rice Bubbles", she says. "They 'snap', 'crackle' and 'pop' when milk or cream is poured on—children love that funny little sound and will always eat them right up."



Rosy cheeks and happy smiles follow heaping bowls of Kellogg's appetising Rice Bubbles. No more coaxing and scolding. The whole family love that "SNAP," "CRACKLE" and "POP," and they feel better because Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are so wonderfully easy to digest. Order a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer to-day. They come in the famous inner sealed Waxtite packet all ready to serve.

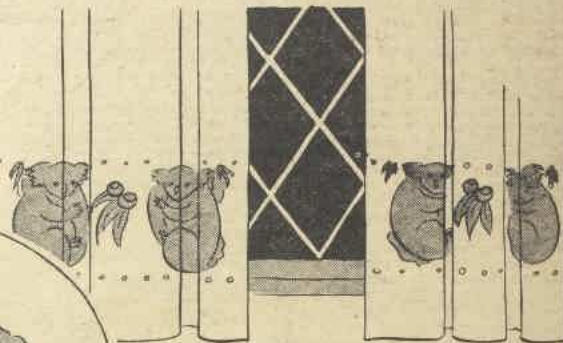


R.3.

Out
of the blue
comes
the whitest wash!
RECKITT'S BLUE

Needlework Notions QUAINT Koala DESIGN

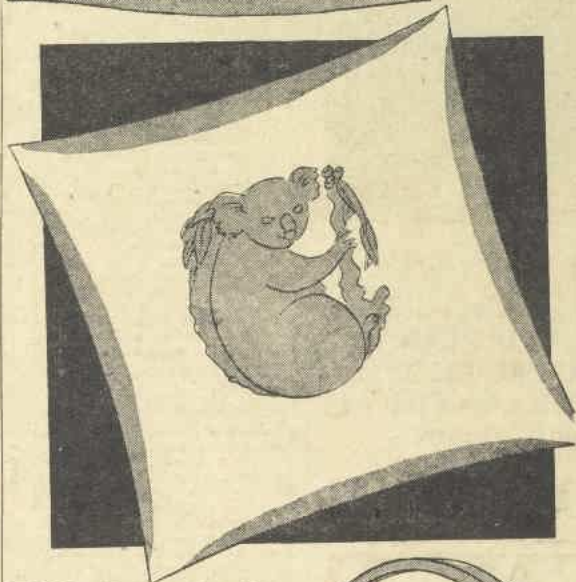
Adorable
for decorating all
kinds of soft furn-
ishings round the
home . . .



THE KOALA design is charming for decorating curtains, as shown above, for tea-cosies (left) and for cushions, shown below.

ESPECIALLY suitable for adorning curtains, cushions, and bedspreads in children's bedrooms, this fascinating koala design can also be used for tea-cosies, cushions, fire-screens, and hosts of other articles.

Some of the articles you can obtain stamped all ready for working from our Needlework Department. For decorating other linens and soft furnishings you can obtain the koala design in large transfer form.



YOU will simply love these adorable koala motifs depicting Australia's most popular little native clinging in life-like manner to a gum-tree branch. The motifs can be used in so many different ways, while children would be overwhelmed with delight to have the little koala rambling in their bedroom on curtains and spreads.

The cushion cover and tea-cosy shown in the illustrations on this page can be obtained ready stamped for working from our Needlework Department.

The prices are:
Cushion cover, traced with koala design, in cream, blue, pink, yellow or green linen, size 22 by 22 inches, with plain or spoke-stitched edges, price 2/6.

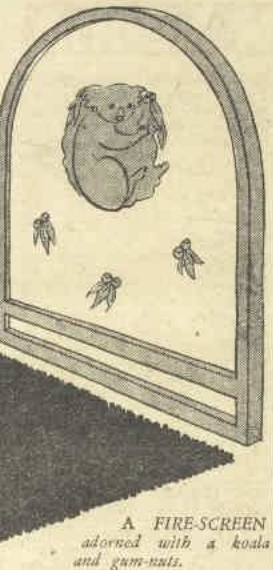
Cushion cover traced with koala design in Celine, in various colors, same size, price 2/-.
Tea-cosy, traced with koala design, in pure linen, in cream, white, pink, blue, yellow or green, size 11 by 13 inches, price 1/6.

Tea-cosy, in Celine, traced, same size and in various colors, price 1/3.

The transfer used for decorating the curtains and fire-screen shown in the other illustrations can be obtained from our Needlework Department for 1/6.

This transfer can be cut up and used also for other articles, such as bedspreads, tablecloths, table-runners, and so on.

Many attractive color schemes can be worked out. The bear should, of course, be worked in brown, grey, or beige; the leaves in green, and the gum-nuts brown. Brown for the bear would be delightful on green, yellow, or cream; a beige bear would look attractive on blue, while a grey koala would harmonise with pink.



A FIRE-SCREEN adorned with a koala and gum-nuts.

TRACED LINENS

READERS are advised that all traced linens published in previous issues of The Australian Women's Weekly are still obtainable. Order from our Needlework Department, Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Interstate postal addresses will be found on pattern page.

PREVENT COUGHS, COLDS, CHILLS WITH CONCENTRATED VITAMINS "A" & "D"

VITAPAN PEARLS

Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of sample and postage to nearest branch office, capital cities.

The regular assimilation of Vitamin "A" and "D" is essential to good health. Vitapan Pearls are a concentrate of these vitamins taken from the most potent source—fish liver oil. Each pearl is equivalent to 11 teaspoonful of cod liver oil, and is absolutely tasteless. Only 2/- for 40 pearls (Net. areas).

SEND 4d. FOR SAMPLE

STEELO

IS EASIEST FOR ALUMINIUM!

Light rubbing with Steelo gets everything off . . . cleans and polishes in one operation. Buy a packet . . . 5 pds and special soap . . . enough for 5 weeks.

Michel

The King of Lipsticks

"O H, of course, darling," said Nancy, "if you look at it that way."

She hung about a moment, as though anxious to prove her solicitude, fussing a little over Katharine, begging her to sit down, to have a cocktail, a cigarette, to order some dinner right away.

But it was plain her concern flowed only from the superficial structure of her mind and that beneath she was pressingly absorbed by her appointment at the theatre, by the progress of rehearsals and all the quick prospect of her own affairs. And she left presently, with a little gesture of compunction and affection.

Katharine had no wish for food. She rang for some hot milk and when it arrived she drank it with

LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 6

two tablets of medinal. Sleep was the remedy she required. And so, throwing off her clothes, she went immediately to bed.

She did sleep, under the powerful hypnotic, a drowsy, immediate slumber which closed down on her like wings. Yet through that fast embrace thoughts filtered and were transmuted to grotesque and terrorising dreams.

Her mind, crushed and numb, reverted to that wild illusion which had begun to haunt her and which seemed now to fit the double burden of her sorrow. Mile. de

Queray, the subject of the miniature, came to life, merged into, and became, her desolate, unhappy self. She, Katharine Lorimer, became the living portrait by Holbein, disappointed by life and love, her lips set in that pale perpetual smile, her hand clasping the spray of white carnations, tragic and futile.

All the processes of fate by which the miniature had come into her hands at this period of her life seemed predestined and inevitable. A reminder and a presage. It was not the history but the destiny of the unhappy Lucie which repeated itself in her. And that destiny, seen through the phantom shadows of her dream, was enough to make her cry aloud.

She woke with a start, her throat dry, perspiration streaming from her brow, and saw that it was morning. Immediately the realisation of her position renewed itself in her unrefreshed and throbbing brain. As if to escape it she jumped out of bed, took a shower, and dressed quickly. A

My Favorite Poem

A CURVED COOL SHELL

A curved cool shell
Your hand, to hold
Incense and myrrh
And spoils of gold.
To cup within
Its fluted shape
The silver fig
And golden grape.
To trap an echo
From the seas
Of rainbow-hinting
Fancies.
To catch the light
On lifting wings,
The beauty of
All beautiful things.
A curved cool shell
Your hand to me,
A harbor from
Tumultuous sea.

—Rachel E. Crowdy.

Sent in by I. Winger, Bellevue Hill.

glance into Nancy's room showed her to be still asleep.

Katharine went out. She had no idea of where she was going. Not, of course, to the office. She could not face Bruget, nor the scene of her disaster. Dimly she realised her actions to be pathetic, her mind still half drugged or wholly stunned. She was in 42nd Street now, bearing towards Times Square. At the corner she stepped into a cheap drug store and ordered herself a cup of coffee and a roll. Outside again, she continued through the square and then, unresistant to the stream of people flowing into the subway entrance, she was borne through the turnstiles and down the steps towards the trains.

Escape! Escape! She was in the train now, which, she knew not, sitting in the crowded compartment, pounding through the subterranean darkness, while the wheels whizzed and shrieked beneath her. She wished only to escape. Terminus.

Out again, a windswept platform, with the tang of the sea in her nostrils, the faint sound of breakers in her ears. From the station, into a drab main street full of shuttered shops, oyster bars, sea food restaurants, shooting galleries, all blistered paint and flaking whitewash, torn bill-boards and season-old notices.

Above and around gaunt mammoth structures, lifeless and grotesque, the wintry skeletons of an amusement park. A shaft of light struck through the haggard darkness of Katharine's mind and exposed the mad derivation of her situation. Her lips twitched with bitter, painful mirth. This place was Coney Island.

It made no difference, indeed, on the deserted front, with its immense arc of sky and sea, a vast plateau of space cleft by the great liners of the world, the air was cold and clean. Katharine walked miles along the empty boardwalk. She walked all day, head bent forward, eyes immobile, as though seeking. But though her head cleared, and the quivering balance of her mind took back its equipoise, she found nothing, nothing but lassitude and despair.

Please turn to Page 46



THOSE GREY STREAKS
THAT PREMATURELY
AGE YOU, CAN BE
SAFELY RESTORED TO
THEIR NATURAL
COLOUR WITH....

EVAN WILLIAMS
TUNISIAN henna

DON'T BLAME YOUR SHOES
IF FEET ACHE
Put Them Right With

Zam-Buk

FASHIONABLE shoes greatly improve your appearance, but how many women can wear them in comfort? High heels put extra weight on the toes, often causing corns, aching insteps and ankles.

But you can wear the smartest shoes in perfect comfort, even in hot weather, if you adopt this easy treatment. Every night bathe the feet in warm water and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation are allayed, and feet, toes, ankles, and joints are greatly strengthened by Zam-Buk. Should you have troublesome corns or hard growths, Zam-Buk will soften them and bring wonderful relief.

Start with Zam-Buk to-night, use it regularly during Summer and make sure of having happy feet.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



"Uncomfortable shoes chafed my toes and made my feet so sore I could hardly walk. But using Zam-Buk gave me healthy feet and enabled me to get about with perfect ease."—Mr. J.M.

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LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 45

THE early December darkness drove her back to the lights of the derelict town and thence to the flashing pattern of New York, which received her with crashing mockery, the Neon signs vomiting out their colors above the wild inferno of the teeming streets.

As she entered her apartment, plumb the lowest depths of her desolation, her eye was taken by a pile of white slips (not bearing the habitual printed phrase: "Message awaits you at the office.") And at the same moment her telephone rang. It was the house operator.

"Oh, Miss Lorimer," came the pleasant sing-song voice, "Mr. Breuget has been trying to locate you all afternoon. He's telephoned

you half a dozen times and called several times in person." Only Breuget, thought Katharine sadly, and aloud she said:

"That's all right, then. I'll ring him later."

Apologetically she made to replace the receiver, but before she could disconnect the operator's voice came back.

"Wait one moment, please, Miss Lorimer. Mr. Breuget's on the wire again right now."

A plug clicked in and Breuget was talking to her.

"Hello! Hello! Is that you, Miss Lorimer? Where in the name of heaven have you been?"

Her hand pressed against her brow from "eariness, Katharine

still constrained herself to answer patiently:

"I took the day off, Breuget, nothing to be alarmed about at all."

"But mon Dieu!" cried Breuget. "Don't you understand what's happened?"

Katharine moistened her lips, beset by the strange, hysterical quality of Breuget's tone.

"What's happened?"

"I've been trying to tell you all afternoon," screeched Breuget in a perfect paroxysm. "Even since two o'clock. Oh mon Dieu! I cannot hold it any longer or I'll go up like a balloon. Miss Lorimer, dear Miss Lorimer, we've sold the miniature."

"What?"

"Yes, yes, it's true. Ha! ha! True as the Heavens above, I want to sing. I want to dance for joy."

The room spun round Katharine. She could not believe it. She thought the old man had gone out of his mind. Hurriedly she steadied the receiver at her ear and said in a low, intense voice:

"Breuget! Are you mad?"

He interrupted her wildly.

"No, thank Heaven, Miss Lorimer, I'm gloriously sane. Listen! Listen! Please listen. Don't interrupt me please, or I'll have a stroke. Ascher came in this after-



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GIRLIGAGS



"THE LONG-STANDING argument between the beach inspector and our fair sex as to what is proper in bathing suits seems to be fading out along with the bathing suit."

noon, friendly as a brother. Regretted Brandt's death and all the rest of it. Talked for half an hour. Then came out with the real business. He'd been commissioned to offer us one hundred thousand dollars for the miniature."

Everything was going round again. She gripped the table edge tightly, holding herself erect by a supreme effort of her will. She had to believe Breuget, she had to; there was no avenue of doubt. "I hope," she gasped weakly, "I hope you accepted?"

"I rather think I did," cried Breuget.

There was a quivering silence, then in a small, still voice Katharine whispered:

"We've sold it after all . . . one hundred thousand dollars."

"Yes," shouted Breuget in a frenzy of jubilation. "And the draft's been honored by the bank. I placed it in at half-past three. The money's standing to our credit now. Wait where you are, Miss Lorimer, and I'll come round and tell you everything!"

Katharine dropped back the receiver nervously. A quick sobbing breath filled her breast. She away towards the couch. Then the spinning lights fused suddenly and everything went dark. For the first time in her life Katharine fainted.

Next morning was clear and frosty with a high blue sky and a sun which sparkled upon the city. Katharine, her inconceivable emotions of the previous day replaced by a deep and serious sense of thankfulness, sat at the bureau in her apartment writing home. She had already cabled the good news to Walters with instructions to inform the bank, and now, guardedly, she sketched out the turn of events in letters to her mother and to Mabel.

still constrained herself to answer patiently: "I took the day off, Breuget, nothing to be alarmed about at all."

Please turn to Page 54



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QUICK-SURE-SAFE

THE MOVIE WORLD

April 10, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood and London

Lands and Marries

SINCE last November, social, screen, and theatrical circles have been watching with the keenest of interest the efforts made by Tamara Desni, actress, who has appeared in two Jack Hulbert films, to re-enter England.

Mademoiselle Desni wanted to see Lieutenant Bruce Seton, of

Modern St. George Seeks Dragons

Recent threats against Ginger Rogers bring her the offer of a champion from the London police force. One James H. Barton, who says he is a "junior district and area station inspector," writes he is willing to give up his job if Ginger says the word, and come to Hollywood to be her chauffeur and body-guard.

He would pay his own way to California and even back to England if he didn't suit. He is 24 years old, six feet two inches tall, and an expert shot.

the Black Watch, but the authorities said No. Later, she was granted a temporary permit, and having thus gained access to her friend, promptly became a British citizen by marrying the gentleman.

A romantic touch was given the wedding by its performance in the very registry office in London where, two years ago, the same registrar joined Tamara in holy wedlock to Hans Wilhelm, Austrian dramatist. But this marriage, like the little lady's landing permit, was purely temporary, too.

Norma Offended

NORMA SHEARER'S holiday in New York was cut short suddenly when she discovered her name had been mentioned in a Broadway gossip column. The columnist had said that she had been seen in a night club "holding hands" with an orchestra leader. Norma, who is still in mourning, was incensed, and took the first train back to Hollywood.

She had been staying at the house of her friend, Helen Hayes, made no public appearances, and gave no interviews.

Norma is making an earnest effort to get back her strength for her next picture, "Marie Antoinette."



Merle Oberon & David Niven

See Story on Page 3 of Film Section

Romance?

NOT since the days of "The Painted Veil" has George Brent's name been linked with Greta Garbo's. But it is now discovered that they have been enjoying a holiday incognito at La Quinta, in the desert. Garbo is on a strict weight-gaining diet. She surprised the desert folk by her strange costume of plus fours, a plain grey sweater, and beret.

George has just turned down an offer to play opposite Claudette Colbert in "I Met Him in Paris." Can Garbo have anything to do with it?

Swiss En Route

HOLLYWOOD is just waiting for word that producer Sol Lesser is bringing back a Swiss Alp for use in "Boy Blue," singer Bobby Breen's next epic. He's brought practically everything else.

Sol went to Switzerland to collect atmosphere for the film. First he spotted a genuine Swiss chalet perched on an Alp, had it dismantled and sent to Hollywood, where it will be re-erected at the studio.

Now he writes he has discovered a wonderful peasant choir in Vienna, and is bringing it back, too.

Money!

A YEAR or so ago, pretty little Jean Gillie, in between hunting for jobs, had plenty of time on her hands. Her most ardent wish was to be earning enough to be able to take a holiday in Paris.

Now, earning close on £200 a week from her film and stage work, she simply cannot get away from London.

"The trouble," Jean told me, when I chatted with her out at the Ealing Studios, "is that when I'm not filming I'm appearing on the stage, and vice-versa."

ASK HOLLYWOOD About MOTHERS

Parents of the Stars Not Always Popular

By MARY OLIVIER

DOWN through the ages, the mothers of the world have been sanctified; honored, and revered. Great men have written of them in ecstatic verse; songs have been dedicated to their virtues; sculptors and artists have immortalised them in clay and on canvas.

From babyhood we have always taken mother's advice; believed—and rightly—that a girl's best friend (and this goes for boys, too) is her mother.

IN Hollywood, however, though a mother is held in as high regard, domestically, as in any other place in the world, professionally she is positively taboo. In other words, the screen mother is a pain in the neck, and often in the purse, of the film colony—a necessary evil who is diplomatically kept at a distance in so far as the film career of her offspring is concerned.

Back in the early days of films when a talking picture would have been regarded as the product of an H. G. Wells imagination, there was a beautiful and promising young actress called Mary Miles Minter. Some of you perhaps remember the lovely golden-haired girl who tasted fame for a brief spell before she backslid into the realm of forgotten faces. Mary had what it takes to be a famous star. But Mary also had a mother; and therein lies the reason for her failure.

Type to Avoid

MRS. MINTER was not satisfied that she had a meal ticket for life in her talented daughter; was not content to let the wise and seasoned veterans of the movies pilot her child through the stormy waters of a film career—she, too, had to take a turn at the wheel.

But instead of steering Mary's ship of accomplishment into the bay of success, she let it founder upon the rocks of foolishness and ignorance. Whatever was suggested for Mary—whether it was a frock or a sequence in a picture, a photograph or a publicity stunt—Mrs. Minter had to know about it and approve. All would have been plain sailing had the woman been a nice agreeable person, but such was not the case. Old-time producers still hold her up to their younger and less experienced associates as an example of a type to be avoided.

No wonder, then, that everyone fought shy of Mrs. Minter, and that meant Mary, too, for the mother never relaxed her vigilance, her control, or her influence on her daughter, and soon they were both on the outer.

Gary's Parent

THE case of Mrs. Minter was still fresh in the mind of Hollywood when Frank Cooper (Gary to you) and his dearly-loved ma burst upon the cinema city. Maybe in a measure you can't blame a fond movie mother for guarding her daughter from the demons Vice and Sin which are supposed to stalk in Hollywood. But you'd expect a man to be able to look after himself.

Mrs. Cooper, however, arrived in the cinema city to see that the folk did right by her Gary, but she was politely removed from the scene before she had time to create any disturbance. Nevertheless, she still controlled Gary's private life, and succeeded fairly well in keeping him tied to her apron strings until the time of his marriage a few years ago to Sandra Shaw.

Fortunately, not all movie parents are hindrances. Many a star on the screen to-day owes his or her success to the kindly leading hand of a mother or father. The three

Talmadge sisters have now joined the shadows of the past, but that they enjoyed long and successful careers was due mainly to the wonderful encouragement and management of their mother, whom all Hollywood affectionately knew as "Peg."

"Peg" Talmadge, in her own way, was as important as any of her three daughters—Norma, Constance and Natalie—and was loved and respected by all in the industry. A keen business woman, a shrewd and unbiased judge, she piloted her three lovely daughters to their individual successes.

Shirley Temple has a mother who is doing as much to ensure her child's future as Shirley is herself. A sensible, modern parent with broad views and a head that is screwed on the right way, she is educating her little girl like any normal baby of



• **WARNER BAXTER** and his mother. In this case, the mother remains in the background, content to watch without interfering.

her own age, and carefully preventing any precociousness which could so easily develop in a seven-year-old with world-wide adulation.

At the same time Mrs. Temple, who apparently has learned the value of the mighty dollar from her bank manager husband, has seen a means to earn herself a little

extra pin money. Early in Shirley's screen career Mrs. Temple had herself appointed her child's official guardian, which office entailed not only supervising her activities away from the studio, but during working hours.

Slightly different is Mrs. Walter Withers, mother of the harum-

scarum Jane. Mrs. Withers keeps a healthy distance from the scene of her daughter's professional activities, and visits the set only on special occasions, and then by invitation. She says that Jane is quite capable of looking after herself.

One of Hollywood's most successful mother and daughter combinations is that of Ginger Rogers and her mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers. Mrs.



• **ABOVE:** Mrs. Lela Rogers, mother of the famous Ginger. A forceful woman, Hollywood gossips have wondered whether her influence had anything to do with the wrecking of her daughter's two marriages.

Rogers has managed Ginger from the back line of extra ranks to the front row of screen stars. Since Ginger was a little girl with plaits, freckles, and an aptitude for dancing and acting, her mother has carefully been laying plans, scheming, dreaming of a rosy future for her talented daughter.

The fortunate thing is that Ginger is perfectly content with the present situation—neither a husband nor a friend can interrupt that arrangement. It is significant that this slight, pretty young actress has had two unsuccessful matrimonial experiences which many say were due to the fact that at no time during her married life did Mrs. Rogers relinquish her place at the helm.

This blonde, blue-eyed mother who can show seasoned veterans of the Hollywood contract campaigns some tricks in getting what she wants on a picture deal has now been put in charge of a stock company of embryo stars and rewarded with a nice fat salary. Call me a cat if you like, but I'd like to wager that it was a wise and brilliant move on the part of the studio to divert her attention temporarily from her daughter to the turning out of screen players.

Taking them as a whole, there are very few movie parents who take, or try to take, a hand in their children's careers. Most of them are proud to bask in their reflected glory, content in the belief that their place is in the home.

Alice Faye's mother lives with her so does Jean Harlow's and Janet Gaynor's, Michael Whalen's, Claire Trevor's, Eleanor Powell's, and many others. Others stay in their own home towns, looking after the family, satisfied to see their famous offspring on the local screen or during an occasional visit to Hollywood.

MERLE'S ROMANCE

Real Oberon— Niven Story

By BARBARA BOURCHIER
Our Special Hollywood
Representative

FOR two years Merle Oberon's romance with David Niven remained the surest thing in Hollywood. During that time, the thought of its ever breaking up seemed as fantastic as that of waking up one morning and finding no palm trees outside.

Merle came to Hollywood with the express purpose of making pictures for Samuel Goldwyn, and in no time became a top ranking star. David also came here from England, but just for a little trip.

GOLDWYN discovered him and soon had him under contract. Since then he's been advancing towards stardom by leaps and bounds.

Then came the historical Thanksgiving Day just two years ago when someone brought Niven to Merle's beach home, where a party was in progress. Before the mutual friend had finished the introduction, things had happened.

"Impossible!" thought David. "This just couldn't happen to me!" Merle was thinking. But it had happened—a violent case of love at first sight for both of them.

Similar Likes

MONTHS passed. They saw each other a lot, and discovered similar likes and dislikes. They liked the same things to eat, the same games to play; they liked to put on disgraceful old clothes and go fishing on the beach.

By this time Hollywood had discovered the romance. So Merle and David thought up a wonderful joke to play on unsuspecting columnists and other gossip visitors to her home. They'd sit down quietly for tea, giving each other loving looks. Then David would mutter some unpleasant remark about Merle's acting, or her clothes, at a given moment.

This would bring a torrent of abuse, usually shown by gossip-writers thus:

from that lady, and the horrified guest would sit watching the fight until David stormed out of the house—Merle still hurling pieces of furniture at him. The guest usually excused himself hastily and rushed off to spread the news that the Oberon-Niven romance was definitely off—that they'd had a terrible fight, and she had run him out of the house.

Meanwhile David would rush back into the house, and the two of them would collapse in gales of laughter over the success of their gag. And sure enough, the following morning every columnist in town would run a story about their break-up. And didn't those writers feel "so big" when David and Merle appeared together at a popular cafe every night for the next week or two.

This went on and on. David spent every spare minute sitting beside Merle on the set, going fishing with her, taking her to this party and that, and even driving eighty miles a day to visit her when she was on location.

Hollywood kept wondering when the wedding would take place. But they were not quite ready. Merle was a big star and David was just on the way. He wanted to prove himself before taking such a famous wife. Then Goldwyn gave him the chance to play in "Beloved Enemy," in which Merle was leading lady to Brian Aherne.



GALLERY OF STARS

Shirley Ann Richards

Cinesound's Australian Star

David jumped at the opportunity to be with her every day. But something happened. Perhaps it was just that being together so much under the trying conditions that arise in making a picture wasn't good for romance. Hollywood thought perhaps Brian Aherne might be taking a place in Merle's heart. But

I don't think this is so. Then Alexander Korda sent for Merle to rush to England for eight months' picture work there. She had a contract and had to go.

David planned to visit her during the Coronation, but the studio here has other plans for him. An eight months' separation will be the acid test for this love affair. It's come through all the Hollywood snarls safely. It has been spread all over the papers and discussed in detail by every Hollywood gossip without suffering.

Just before leaving, Merle talked to me on the set. "I still want to marry David," she

said. "I want a home and everything that goes with it. But anything might happen while we're separated. One of us might die, or decide the love just isn't there any more, or, maybe, meet someone else."

She was a little sad about it all. Hollywood is such a funny place. It's such a goldfish bowl for the stars. There's nothing private in their lives, even, or least of all, in their love affairs. And love is a funny thing—it has to be treated with some respect.

The movie crowd took a sincere and friendly interest in this romance. They were

No one knows what will happen. Merle hoped when she left that the thing would straighten itself out if left alone. But now it looks dubious. For Merle is six thousand miles away and David seems to have discovered the charms of Virginia Bruce. During the past few weeks these two have been seen together many times at the local night spots.

But if it does break up—Merle and David are young and busy people—so busy I hope they won't have time to regret little things that might have been.

all pleased over it, and hoped Merle and David would be happily married some day. There are so few genuine and steady romances here, they really regarded this as something for them to watch out for and to help along. And yet it may be this very friendly interest that washes the affair on to the rocks.

THE GLAMOROUS JEAN HARLOW

Story of a Popular Hollywood Personality

By JOHN B. DAVIES, Our New York and Hollywood Correspondent

No word is used more often in describing movie stars than the adjective "glamorous." The meaning is not always entirely clear, but when applied to Jean Harlow, the vision that springs before your eyes is unmistakably glamorous. Jean Harlow lying in a soft bed of white satins, propped up by innumerable silken cushions, fluffy trails of chiffon nightie and lacy ruffles enveloping her fair form.

Or Jean in a black lace evening gown, with silver foxes thrown over her shoulders. Or Jean in her favorite costume of white slacks and mannish white shirt. She is still glamorous. Because no matter what she wears, and whether her hair is red, platinum, or mouse-blonde (and it has been all of these), Jean is still the incarnation of glamor, which means that her presence is as exciting as a whiff of heady perfume, as the plaintive strains of a Hawaiian love song on a moonlit lagoon.

Of all the glorious girls that decorate the Hollywood boulevards, Jean's figure is the easiest to look at, and that's counting "Legs" Dietrich, too.

In spite of this, Jean is the most popular actress in town. The cameramen, the electricians, and the other actors like her. She is gay, she is generous, an all-round good sport.

She has more sex appeal than any other woman on the screen. The very antithesis of Garbo, the romantic attraction that is Jean Harlow's, is neither remote nor mysterious. She is one of us, down to earth, even though she is the most desirable and luscious jazz baby that ever was.

It is hard to remember that the sparkling, glittering blonde is the girl who has been so unlucky in love. Jean has her days of sadness, when tragic memories upset her sunny disposition. But she never permits her sombre moods to spoil anyone's fun. Her will-power is

strong, and each time fate has dealt her an unkindly blow, she has forced herself to buck up and come back smiling. But since the suicide of her husband, Paul Bern, she has absented herself from Hollywood night life, and is never seen at parties, night clubs, or other gay places, although she is a fun-loving person and loves to dance.

Her Clothes

NOBODY wears clothes better than Jean, and yet she herself is entirely uninterested in fashions. So far as her own taste is concerned, she would as soon wear, every day of the week, a simple tailored suit, preferably in white, or, informally, a pair of slacks and a sweater. Even when she was a little girl she cared no more for clothes than she does now, and used to wear nothing but plain white cotton dresses. White is still her favorite color. Shopping for clothes is so distasteful that she leaves all of it to her mother, who understands her simple tastes and takes care of them perfectly.

She's
Nothing
Like Her
Screen
Roles

USUALLY cast for tough, loud-voiced parts, Jean Harlow in private life is the very opposite of the type of woman she presents to her screen fans. Gay, elegant in speech, always on the move, she is idolized by those with whom she works.

Jean's closest friend and confidante is her mother, now Mrs. Marino Bello. She has enjoyed her companionship all her life, more so than most children. When she was ten years old, her mother and father separated. Jean's mother, whose name at that time was Jean Harlow Carpentier, thought it best to enroll her little daughter in a French Catholic convent. But that didn't last very long because she was too lonely and unhappy separated from her child. So she put her in a day school where she could go home every afternoon.

It was at the tender age of 16 that Jean had her first shot at marriage. She met Chuck McGrew at

a school dance, the following Saturday he took her out to lunch, and it was love at first sight. All through the summer their romance continued, and then they began talking about marriage. Jean's mother finally consented, on condition that they wait until Jean was 18.

First Marriage

WAITING that long seemed too silly to the two young people, so one night while they were out driving they decided to get married, and they did, gaily, and without care for the future. Her mother was heart-sick, but gave them her blessings.

Jean first entered the movies as a dare. She had a letter of introduction to the director of the Central Casting Bureau. Her friends dared her to present the letter. In a spirit of fun she called at the office and registered under her mother's maiden name.

A few weeks later, sure enough, she was called for several days' work in "Moran of the Movies" with Richard Dix and Ruth Elder. She was fascinated by the new experience, and shortly after was offered the feminine lead in Laurel and Hardy comedies.

It was several months after this that Jean and her husband agreed to a friendly parting of the ways. While she was again living with her mother she was kept fairly busy at minor comedy roles in different studios. But Jean never hoped to get back the coveted place she had won for herself before she tore up that five-year contract. What was her amazement, therefore, when she was called by Howard Hughes, the producer, to do the lead in "Hell's Angels."

That was the first of the many big roles we all remember her in. The Kansas City kid had made good.

Jean is more than a pair of gorgeous legs, perfect figure, and shining halo of hair. When she is assigned a role, the studio knows that she will give it everything. She has no desire to rival Sarah Bernhardt, knows that she will never play "Camille," and furthermore doesn't want to. But give her her own type of role, the jazz baby, and she'll jazz it up so it sizzles.

A Gay Spirit

WALK on to a Jean Harlow set, and you immediately sense her infectious, gay spirit. She always has a phonograph man there providing his latest supply of jazz and popular songs to keep the company entertained during the duller moments. A Harlow company is always friendly and full of fun, and Jean herself keeps them laughing as she snaps out a rapid-fire of wisecracks.

She doesn't speak in the harsh way she affects for the screen. In fact, her speech is particularly genteel and elegant.

Jean is an author. She has written a book, as yet unpublished. It is called "To-day is To-night," and she keeps it near her in the drawer of her dressing-table.

Jean has a fondness for William Powell. Her favorite actress is Carole Lombard, who used to be Mrs. William Powell.



Inside ... behind your front teeth that's the Tartar Zone..

There is no guesswork about Tek. No neglect. Tek gets directly behind your front teeth, where ordinary brushes simply cannot fit. And that's the danger zone. Tartar forms there, and unless your teeth are thoroughly cleaned, both back and front, as only Tek can clean them, they will quickly decay.

Tek is better value, too. Better bristles that last longer. Six colors. Cellophane sealed cartons. Hard, medium (or extra hard). Price 2/-.

Tek Junior for the children's teeth. Same quality, smaller size, and price 1/3.

Product of

Johnson-Johnson

World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, Mollies, etc.

Tek
cleans there easily



HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood and London Representatives

THE publicity boys have a new angle on glamorous Marlene Dietrich. All about how she went to England to make "Knight Without Armor" with Robert Donat, found Mr. D. terribly ill and unable to work, but refused to have another leading man and insisted on waiting until said Mr. D. had recovered and could be given the golden opportunity of working with glamorous Marlene Dietrich.

What the publicity boys forgot was the fact that Marlene drew her weekly salary during all the time the picture was delayed and in the end came out with a neat £90,000—an all-time record for one film!

NOT since a certain sequence in "Grand Hotel" has Garbo worn such revealing costumes as those in "Countess Walewska." She has a dozen costumes all in the Empire style of the period in which this story of Napoleon and the Polish countess is done. Garbo worked closely with Adrian on the styling of these costumes, Adrian sketching a host of ideas that were approved or discarded by Garbo.

Most striking of her wardrobe as Countess Walewska is likely to be an outfit in green chiffon velvet. It consists of Empire-cut gown with high waistline, worn with matching cape trimmed in red fox, green velvet bonnet edged with fur, large red fox muff.

Garbo likes to have all her costumes for a picture fitted in one day. They are cut to her model first in muslin, different colors for different scenes. These muslin patterns are used for the fittings.

ACCORDING to R.K.O.'s new Australian star, Constance Worth (known in her native land as Jocelyn Howarth), her only formula for beauty is thorough cleansing with mild soap and soft water every day. This, she says, is particularly important for anyone who wears make-up for a great deal of the time.

She also indulges in walking and riding in the open air and setting up exercises on the beach as health and beauty aids. For diet Constance recommends lots of raw vegetables and fruit—though when she lunched with her at the studio the other day her meal consisted of a cheese sandwich, a cup of coffee, and a cigarette.

The star is well settled in Hollywood now, has had her contract renewed at R.K.O., has sent for her mother to come over, and is now frantically searching for a house.

THEATRE ROYAL
Now Playing Nightly at 8.
Matinee, Wed. and Sat. at 2.
J. C. Williamson, Ltd., presents
GLADYS MONCRIEFF
in
"THE MERRY WIDOW"
Comm. Sat. April 10.
"The Maid of the Mountains."

THE first day Douglas Fairbanks, jun., was back in Hollywood, he had Marlene Dietrich out to lunch at the Victor Hugo, so the reported quarrel between them couldn't have been so serious.

Until Doug's arrival she had been spending most of her time with Willis Goldback, scenario writer, and that seems to be over.

EVERYONE in the M.-G.-M. publicity department is smoking fat cigars—handed out by Director Woody van Dyke to celebrate the arrival of his new son.

Woody also collected a little cash. Director Victor Fleming bet him the Fleming heir would arrive first and would be a boy. It arrived last, and was a girl!

LUISE RAINER insists she was quite willing to talk to the newspaper boys while in New York, but that the studio publicity department would not let her. Trying to build up another Garbo mystery, eh?

MARRIAGE has changed Luise Rainer's appearance. When the petite Viennese first arrived in Hollywood, she was thrilled to see women in slacks. Slacks became her favorite costume, and she wore

DOTS... and DASHES

• JEAN HARLOW regretting the loss of a beautiful silver lame gown she took to Washington to the President's Birthday Ball. • Enthusiastic fans mobbed her and tore it to pieces for souvenirs. • Luise Rainer back in town denying rift rumors between herself and new husband, Clifford Odets. • Freddie Bartholomew receiving a cheque from a national magazine for his personally written life story.

CHESTER MORRIS tells this one on himself. Chet has a brother, Adrian, who is also in the acting game, but only in westerns and serial thrillers for the youngsters.

The other night Chester, his two kids and brother, Adrian, went to a preview of one of the latter's pictures. Coming out of the theatre Adrian was mobbed by dozens of enthusiastic youngsters—all anxious for his autograph. And they didn't even notice Chester.

And to top it all, Chester's two infants wanted to know why their Dad never got any good cowboy parts like Uncle Aaron!

DESMOND TESTER, the boy king in "Tudor Rose," is one of the most frequent visitors to the studio where Gaumont-British are building a huge model of a plane for "Non-stop New York."

Desmond, who will be a violinist's protegee in this aeroplane thriller, is very young for his seventeen years, and while most youths are taking a

girls to the pictures he spends his spare time driving a twelve-year-old car round the country near his home at Guildford. He rarely gets home without a breakdown.

A large open-air aviary, filled with small tame birds, and his Shetland pony are his other youthful interests.

LUCIENNE (parlez moi d'amour) BOYER is not particularly interested in money-making. Instead of tying herself down to shekel-producing schedules she takes life as it comes; loves to lie abed a' mornings and dawdle over dressing.

Fresh from new Parisian triumphs, Lucienne is appearing in stage and cabaret shows in London. Honey-worded film men, contracts in hand and fountain pens at the "ready," are pursuing her.

"Listen," they say, "we want you to make a picture for us. We will pay you £10,000 flat for it. Think, Lucienne! Just one little film."

"What time," asks Lucienne, "would you want me to start in the mornings?"

"Oh," say the film-men, very off-hand, "seven o'clock..."

Lucienne smiles, offers them a parting glass of sherry. "You are kind to me—no? But I cannot get up so early."

There the matter ends. Mean-time Lucienne has earned £1000 for a fortnight's stage and cabaret work.

Clark Gable has been named the best-dressed man in filmdom, and he cannot understand why, because he hasn't worn a dinner jacket in the last eight months, except, of course, on the set.

"For a year," Clark explains, "I have worn nothing but tweeds and sports clothes. I like to look right, but I choose my clothes for comfort."

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



CLARK GABLE REHEARSES HIS LINES FOR "PARNELL" WHILE RIDING HORSEBACK.



500 YARDS OF MOUSSELINE WERE USED IN A SINGLE GOWN WORN BY GRETA GARBO IN "CAMILLE."



TYRONE POWER, JR. WAS BALLYHOO MAN FOR A TELESCOPE AT THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR TWO YEARS AGO.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT writes that Ketchum, Idaho, where she is on location with the "It Happened in Paris" troupe, is the most unusual spot she's struck yet. In spite of the fact that the valley is covered with snow and ice, the sun is hot enough to produce a good tan, and the company indulges in swimming in a natural pool from a hot spring set in the midst of a snow field. Claudette, too, has the flu. (Maybe I should have been a poet.)

"BLAIR OF THE MOUNTIES"

At last the romantic Mounties of America's North West come to radio in a series of fast-moving stories that range from the gold mining and fur stealing days of the Yukon Gold Rush to thrilling espionage service in the Great War. Follow them down the lonely trails of adventure, endurance and devotion to duty that have ever been the proud boast of this fine body of men.

5 NIGHTS A WEEK AT 8.45

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2GB

"The Favourite Station"

SCALDS



Bodily scalded and the pain is unbearable! Quick! Get the Rexona Ointment—it takes out the stinging heat the instant you apply it, and soothes the raw, tender skin. Rexona's healing properties prevent that painful blistering, too... in a few days, new clean skin grows again.

TREATMENT. Do not wet the burn. Smear Rexona Ointment over the injured part and bandage firmly.

SCALDS COOLED AND HEALED. Mr. W. Rau, Albion Hotel, Geelong, writes: "I was camping with a pal in the bush and one night he scalded both his legs from the hips to the feet with boiling water. I didn't know what to do, till I thought of my tin of Rexona. I rubbed Rexona Ointment on the scalded parts, and in the morning the pain had completely gone—there were no blisters, and all the heat had been drawn out—that proves what a faithful friend Rexona is."

Rexona
The Rapid Healer

SOAP, 9d. per tablet. OINTMENT, 1/6 tin (City and Suburbs.) 9/10d. tin

How to Cure a DRUNKARD

Our free booklet gives scores of instances of successful treatment with "DRINKO." Apparently hopeless cases quickly yield. Treatment is secret.

Being absolutely tasteless, "DRINKO" can be given to addicts in absolute secrecy. Hundreds of homes have been saved this way.

ADVICE GLADLY GIVEN. If you are worried we will be glad to advise you FREE, and in absolute confidence. Call or write to Home Welfare P.O., Dept. W.W., 223 George St., Sydney.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★ ROSE MARIE

Jeannette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy. (M.-G.-M.)

YES, I know infuriated MacDonald and Eddy fans will want to lynch me for grading this opus so low—but there you are. The picture failed to impress me. Mr. Eddy's stony face and gaping jaws in close-ups gave me the horrors; songstress MacDonald tried to make up for Nelson's impassivity by borrowing some Myrna Loy tricks, exaggerating them, and going all coy. In fact, the greater part of the time she was just a little bundle of whimsy.

And—yes, I'll say it, sacrilege or not—the singing is not of an A1 standard. Both singers have fussed high notes; despite the reputation built up for them by publicity men, both Mr. Eddy and Miss MacDonald are good musical comedy singers; no more. In fact, Jeannette, in the "Tosca" scene was just painful, and the circumstances of the story alone were not to blame.

Speaking of story—this one drags. The name may carry this opus; since, after all, "Rose Marie" was a high-spot musical comedy. As a picture, though... —St. James; showing.

★ WOMEN ARE TROUBLE

Stuart Erwin, Florence Rice. (M.-G.-M.)

ANOTHER newspaper-cum-crime-cum-comedy offering, not good enough to praise, or bad enough to deserve a soul-satisfying denunciation. There are the girl who wants to be a reporter, the newshawk who loves his work the more he grumbles about it, and the inevitable tough city-editor with the Simon Legree manner and the hidden heart of gold.

Between them these three blunderingly clean up a nest of ex-bootleggers who, following on repeal, have been using violence as a means of collecting tribute from retailers of muck and spirituous liquors. Incidentally, the newshawk and the aspiring newswoman end up married, while the city-editor, probably demoralized by his experiences, decides that it is a far, far better thing

to take back his wife than to continue paying alimony. A highly moral and uplifting conclusion.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ ONCE A DOCTOR

Donald Woods, Jean Muir. (Warners.)

STRIPPED of his M.D. because of a weakening foster-brother he has always protected, brilliant young surgeon, Steve Brace, unable to practice as a doctor, takes a job as male nurse in a stum clinic run by famous brain surgeon Dr. Nordland. Here, secretly, he operates, doing wonders for the poor until the day comes when he loses a patient, and, accused by his former benefactor and foster-father, Dr. Brace, sen., goes to gaol for manslaughter.

Ever-confident, Dr. Nordland gets



ELISSA LANDI, with Edmund Lowe in "Mad Holiday."

him out and sets him on his way to Cuba, where his disbarment will not be operative. En route, comes Steven's chance to revenge himself on the foster-father who has ruined his career. What Steve does with this chance makes the climax of the picture.

The first half of this film is def-

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars... no good.

nitely promising; well-acted, and based on good situations, it seems set to be something above average. But the last few reels spoil it; the story, instead of going from strength to strength, declines into a series of happenings which might have been fished from any cinematic melodrama.

The final impression? O.K. as a support, in which the acting of Donald Woods as Dr. Steve Brace, and that of the male supporting players, is above the level of the finished job.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ MAD HOLIDAY

Edmund Lowe, Elissa Landi. (M.-G.-M.)

THIS picture will do Edmund Lowe very little good. This is a pity, since one or two of the films he made in England ("Seven Sinners," particularly) showed definitely that, with a good story, he can be very entertaining.

In this opus, he appears as one, Philip Trent, a screen actor who, fed to the teeth with acting a detective role in a whole series of pictures about the same character, strikes and goes on a trip. Dogged by the author of the stories from which he is fleeing, Elissa Landi, to wit, he finds himself involved in an actual crime in which robbery is the motive and murder one of the results. The adventures arising out of this are rarely exciting, and never mystifying. If you don't spot the murderer five minutes after he appears, I'll be disappointed in you.

Ted Healy and Zasu Pitts are dragged in to provide comedy; the former provides a lot of noise and shouting. Edgar Kennedy also appears, acts the comic cop for half the film, and then, without warning, changes his spots to ones of more villainous hue.

All told, just average.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ CRIMINAL LAWYER

Lee Tracy, Margot Grahame. (R.K.O.)

STORY of a clever criminal lawyer involved with crooks who shakes himself free from their evil influence, and sets out afresh with a good woman, thus abandoning a very promising career.

Nothing very new in this, nor is there anything very fine in presentation or dramatic work. Lee Tracy plays Brandon, the lawyer, Margot Grahame the humble girl

Week's Best Release

ROSE MARIE.

M.-G.-M. Feature. Poor best of a poor lot.

whom he rescues from court, protects, and learns to care for.

The final scene where the hero makes his speech to an amazed court room saying that he is unfit to hold any office, and is therefore getting out, falls very short of the dramatic, only succeeding in irritating and boring the audience.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

POPEYE THE SAILOR MEETS SINBAD THE LIAR

Color Cartoon. (Paramount.)

HERE is something out of the box for lovers (and I'm one of 'em) of cartoons, silly symphonies, and suchlike pieces of delightful fun.

The first Popeye cartoon to be made in color, Max Fleischer has made a winner of it; it has all the well-known Popeye humor, plus color work that is definitely brilliant.

Miniature sets have been used instead of flat color as a background, and as a result this two-reeler has unusual depth.

I don't know whether you belong to that rapidly growing band who would sooner see a good short than a second-rate feature, but if you are here's something for you: a cracker-jack of its kind.—Prince Edward; showing.

The STAR GAZER

BEAUTIFUL SONJA HENIE
Indeed a Master of Her Art

UNTIL the arrival of the beautiful 20th Century-Fox star no ballet performer has ever been able to attain the ultimate in creative desire, transfer rhythmical dance steps to the one perfect medium—ice.

Full expression of this desire, however, is attained by Sonja Henie, thrice Olympic ice-skating champion, in her screen debut in the star-studded musical, "Girl in a Million." Sonja, who appears in the 20th Century-Fox extravaganza with such noted players as Adolphe Menjou, Jean Hersholt, Ned Sparks, Don Ameche, Arline Judge, the Ritz Brothers of "Sing, Baby, Sing" fame, and many others, does five completely different dances on the ice.



Leading a beautifully-costumed chorus of 40 boys and 40 girls, Sonja translates to the ice a waltz, a Polish dance, a tango, a fox-trot, and a rhumba.

Music for these dances on ice has been written by those two well-known Hollywood song writers, Lew Pollack and Sidney D. Mitchell. Miss Henie, world's champion figure skater on no less than ten occasions, went to London from her native Norway to study ballet dancing under the famous Russian, Madame Karsavina.

Such an adept dancer did Sonja become, that she was acclaimed by critics for her translation to an ice-skating dance of the Dying Swan, winning a command performance before the late King George V. and Queen Mary.

A 20th CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE
FOR EARLY GENERAL
RELEASE

Acids in Stomach Cause Indigestion

Create Sourness, Gas and Pain.
How to Treat.

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any chemist some Solix Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Solix Magnesia (in powder or tablet form) is harmless, inexpensive, and is a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.

Lovable Myrna Loy tells you her Make-up Secret

"FOR perfect color harmony with my coloring, I choose Max Factor's Brunette Powder—Blonde Rouge—Vermilion Lipstick." Like other famous stars, she knows that you must accent your beauty with your own true Color Harmony Make-Up—the new make-up created for each individual type by Max Factor.

You can use this make up too—for it's sold throughout Australia. Fill in the coupon below and send for Max Factor's Lipstick Palette and sample of Rouge in your shade. Try your own Color Harmony Make-Up and see how it brings out your greatest allure.

Max Factor's
OF HOLLYWOOD

FREE Please send me Max Factor's Lipstick Palette and sample of rouge in my shade, also 48-page instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-up." I enclose stamp in (stamps or coin postage and handling. Print name and address and post to MAX FACTORS, New Majesty's Arcade, Sydney. Fill in chart below with X's)

NAME	COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
NAME	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
ADDRESS	Creasy <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light/Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
CITY	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN/NETT <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light/Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	LEGS <input type="checkbox"/>
	Other <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Moles <input type="checkbox"/>
	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light/Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>
		Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light/Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

Myrna Loy, M.G.M. Star, always uses Max Factor's.

James & Anderson, Representatives for Australia, Sydney address: 24, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

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RECORD-BREAKING
6th
ISSUE

THE LUX KNITTING BOOK FOR 1937

To celebrate the 6th annual issue of the famous Lux Book of Knitting Designs and Instructions, we are offering for 1937 a monster issue of 64 pages—larger size—packed with 34 of the world's latest and smartest designs, straight from London, Paris and New York.

Bigger and Better than ever

64 PAGES instead of 48 **34 DESIGNS** instead of 23

Larger pages; Full-page art illustrations, New simplified instructions with close-up photographs

WORTH 2'6
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Never before has such a wonderful offer been made! A 64 page book, attractively printed by the modern Rotogravure process. Thick with photographs of the 34 new designs—all garments of charm and distinction—and instructions for making them. You could not buy such a book for less than 2/6, but this is FREE. Apply for your copy now! The edition is limited.

THE NEW INSTRUCTIONS ARE SO EASY TO FOLLOW

You'll find every garment in this book as easy as anything to knit. Even beginners can knit the smartest styles blissfully from start to finish. This year the instructions have been simplified to the uttermost, clearly setting out each step in the making of every garment. The details of the more intriguing stitches are clearly shown by close-up photographs.



The boucle jumper is right in line with fashion's dictates for the season. Look! Those smartly inflated sleeves, that slim fitting waist!

READ THIS EXCITING CONTENTS LIST

For Women

Fashionable, inspired styles, the pick of overseas designs.

BOUCLE JUMPER—Trim autumn style with the new shoulder line.

HOTNESS JUMPER—Featuring fashionable, dramatic dolman sleeves.

BEGINNER'S JUMPER—Classic in style and so easy to knit.

WAISTCOAT CARDIGAN—Sporting "waist" —a highlight of the season.

COTTON JUMPER—A demure young style for spring.

ANGORA CARDIGAN—Exciting! New stripes in red, white and blue.

O.S. CARDIGAN—Style with comfort for the matron.

BED JACKET AND SOCKS—Cosy garments for winter warmth—so easy to knit.

UNDERWEAR—Matching vest and panties; and a full-length slim-fitting vest.

ALSO—exciting accessories, striped cravat, crocheted collar and cuffs, the snappiest new sun-hat and two jolly Tea Cozies.

For Men

Newest, smartest and warmest hand-knits.

MAN'S LUMBER JACKET—A snug-fitting jacket—three large pockets.

MAN'S SLEEVELESS PULLOVER—What man wouldn't thank you?

SOCKS—Neat and well-fitting.

Children's Woollies

Practical and beautiful.

BABY'S SET—Complete set of 4 garments adorably simple for the littlest one.

INFANT'S SET—For baby's winter outings—matching frock, jacket and bonnet.

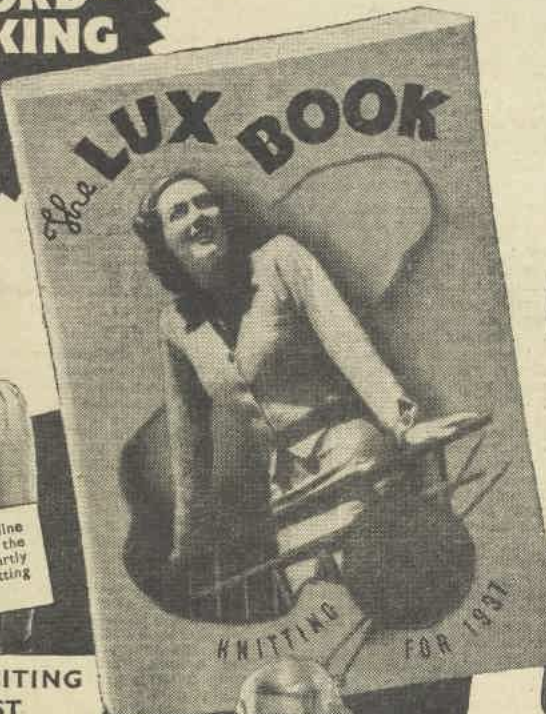
HAT AND MUFF SET—To keep a little girl cozy.

CHILD'S GLOVES—Kiddies adore these gayly coloured gloves.

TWIN SWEATERS—Matching sweaters for two-year-olds.

BOY'S PULLOVER—Sturdy garment in a brand new stitch.

DOLL'S SET—Complete! And any little girl can make it!



A demure new jumper. We made it in frosty white cotton, but it looks equally enchanting in pastel wools.

Here are some of the inspired styles in the Lux Book

Husky Lumber Jacket! The latest thing in hand knits for men! And how they'll like its distinctly masculine flavour—its cosy fit and the three large pockets.

One of the exciting, up-to-the minute styles in the Lux Book. Its graceful dolman sleeves are real news in the knitting world!

A baby's set all matching. Jacket, bonnet, panties and booties—in a sweetly simple design.

PRECIOUS WOOLLIES

DESERVE LUX CARE

The refreshing loveliness of woollies is lasting if cared for the easy Lux way. Gentle Lux suds keep woollies as busy and shapely as new.



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Kiddies adore these quaint little animal motifs on their twin sweaters—teddy bears for the girl, prancing horses for the boy.

HOW to AVOID that "Made-up" LOOK

Be colorful... but not painted. The Color Change Principle in Tangee lipstick, powder, and rouge intensifies your own natural color. It brings out a loveliness and sparkle in your lips, cheeks, and skin, because it accentuates your coloring.



Be Lovelier in Your Own Way



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TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
Asst. Agents: Turnleys, Melbourne & Sydney

Actress gives recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture

Miss Nancie Stewart, whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles, gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it without use of "crude" dyes: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orif Compound, and 4 oz. Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It cannot be detected, does not discolor the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

End Eczema Tortures Forever

No Need to Suffer Another Day

There is one simple, yet inexpensive, way to stop the itching and torture of Eczema. Instantly, and that is to apply Moore's Eczema Oil night and morning, and people who suffer from any embarrassing skin trouble would be wise to banish it before it reaches a chronic stage. Ask any chemist for a bottle of Moore's Eczema Oil (full strength)—and refuse to accept anything in its place. It is so highly concentrated that two ounces last a long time, and, furthermore, if the first bottle of this wonderful discovery does not give you satisfaction your money will be refunded.

Special Note: People who want to reduce swollen or varicose veins should get a bottle of Moore's Eczema Oil at once. By applying as directed, they will quickly notice an improvement until the veins and sinuses are returned to normal.

LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 46

So powerful was her sense of obligation to an intervening providence that she enclosed, with a faintly deprecatory smile, that long-desired cheque for Henry.

She had barely finished when a knock came upon her door and a radiogram was delivered to her. Tearing it open she read: "Arriving to-morrow Bremen Nancy's first night stop rotten excuse stop am coming to take you home stop love don't stop Charley."

So Charley had fulfilled his threat at last! Her smile became warmer, yet tinged with a wistful quality, as she tucked the slip away. Somehow it pleased her to think of seeing Charley again, he was so indefatigable, so admirable a friend. But alas! for all his hopes, if she had little enough to offer him before, how much less had she to give him now. And yet she did not know. Charley was a refuge, a kind of safety beacon, always on hand when he was wanted. Was he not the solution to the problem of her love for Madden, the easy answer to all her fears?

She sat for a moment in a reverie which brought the mask of melancholy again upon her face; then rising, she sealed and stamped her letters and slipped them in the mail chute. Returning, she went and looked out of the window. Though the mark of sadness lingered on her face, the keen, crisp beauty of the day was irresistible.

And oh, how grand it was to feel her feet on a sound financial shore again. The miracle, though unbelievable, remained. Ascher had bought the miniature, not for himself, of course, but for a client—Brenget suspected Joe Shard, the Pittsburg steel magnate, for whom Ascher usually acted. Shard had been buying pre-Raphaelite pictures for the new mansion he had built himself, but nothing was likelier than a sudden impulse towards the earlier school. Yet, whoever the purchaser, it made no odds, the money had turned the tide of Katharine's fortunes, and now, deep within herself, she had the firm conviction that never again would they look back.

The phone rang.

"Mr. Madden to see you, Miss Lorimer. Shall I show him up?"

Katharine, completely taken by surprise, remained motionless, while the blood drained slowly from her face. Once again that pounding which she knew so well began in her breast and swelled into her throat.

"Yes," she managed to say at last. "Show him up."

It was quite logical that he should be here, back, in anticipation of Nancy's premiere, yet the sound of his name even spoken on the wire was enough to start that turmoil of emotion which was agony and joy combined.

He came in with unusual directness, yet forgetting for some reason to shake hands. He stood a few paces away from her, his eyes fixed upon her with a deep and burning resolution.

"Nancy's at the theatre," Katharine said. "She's working so hard she's hardly ever here. But I'll ring her for you straight away."

"Don't," he said abruptly. "It isn't Nancy I've come to see. It's you."

She paused on her way to the telephone. His manner set a strange, intimidating current vibrating between them. Alarmed, she still mustered a smile.

"That's rather odd, surely?"

"It may be odd, but it's true." His lips came together in a thin, straight line. "Katharine, I've something to say to you. And I've travelled all night to say it."

REALLY startled now, she gazed at him with a sudden strained intensity. He had not shaved, and his face, gaunt and shadowed, bore the stamp of serious distress. His suit was worn with more than his usual carelessness. He had crushed his hat between his hands. All at once a powerful thought, already implanted in Katharine's mind, deepened to absolute conviction. She felt instinctively that Madden was in some financial trouble. Many times she had suspected him of spending more than

he could afford. Only the other day she had remonstrated with Nancy on this account.

At Grayville he had responsibilities, his mother, the upkeep of the house, and all those needy relations. And now, returning to Cleveland after that long and costly vacation, he had most probably found his business out of gear, paying badly, or perhaps smashed up altogether. No matter how this fixed impression came upon her, come it did, as a result of his manifest anxiety. With her own recent experience fresh in her mind she had a great flow of pity for this unhappy, troubled man, and with it a tender impulse to help him, to lighten his burden if she could. She took charge of the situation.

"Look here," she said, covering her resolution with a pretence of lightness, "we can't stop indoors on a day like this. If you've nothing better to do, will you lunch with me?"

"Lunch?" he echoed in that same strained tone, as though it were the last thing he expected.

"Yes, lunch," she repeated firmly. "We can talk then. And while we're about it we'll do so properly. You look horribly seedy. A breath of fresh air'll do you good. And Nancy can't possibly be free until four o'clock. I've got an idea. We'll drive up the Hudson to Bear Mountain Inn. It isn't the Adirondacks, mind you. But with this sun and sky it'll be quite grand."

His face brightened. Again he repeated her words:

"Yes, it would be grand." There was a pause which seemed to bring him back temporarily to the mundane. He added: "I'll see about the car."

"No," she answered with decision. "This is my treat. If you think you're going to fling any more money about you're very much mistaken."

She rang the desk, instructing them to get her a car, and ten minutes later, comfortably wrapped in rugs, they were in the back seat of a long, dark Packard, slipping powerfully through the traffic, and emerging by the New Jersey Tunnel on the east side of the river.

The nearer suburbs dropped quickly behind, then Pinehurst, with its woodland setting, and at last they were in the open country, racing high up on the right bank of the Hudson. Below them the great river, engorged by snowfalls in the mountains, came swelling down, brave and yellow, between its sheer cliff faces. On either side the hills went tumbling back, clothed in brush and feathered pine, and topped by glittering caps of snow. The air was pure and arctic, the road hard as iron, the whole suffused by a lovely crystal brightness.

How the idea of the drive—almost vetoed by the season of the year—had come to her she scarcely knew. Perhaps an attempt to recapture the Vermont atmosphere. Perhaps instinct had told her how glorious it would be. At any rate, it was impossible not to taste the rapture of the scene, and Katharine turned to Madden with a quick, companionable glance. She tried to make her tone conversational.

"You're not sorry you came?"

Without looking at her he answered:

Here is Taken No. 6 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Peoples of the World in Pictures."

Here is Taken No. 45 for The Australian Women's Weekly Australian Home Gardens.

Here is Taken No. 21 for The Australian Women's Weekly "A month in a month."

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"No! I'm very glad."

She smiled and remembering, by contrast, her nightmare experience of the day before, she told him something of her wanderings upon the deserted bench and the fortunate termination of that strange adventure.

"So you've sold the miniature," he said, when she concluded. He paused. "Well, I'm mighty pleased about that."

"Yes, I'm in funds now," she answered lightly. "It's just the right moment to ask for an advance."

But her remark, which offered him an opening to discuss his own affairs, passed by unheeded. He remained silent, not attempting even to pursue the conversation, his head sunk a little forward, as though measuring the distance of some secret and unalterable project.

Away ahead of them the cliffs rose with blanker, stonier faces, then parted suddenly, as though pushed by a giant hand, disclosing a prospect of river and undulating valley more magnificent than before.

THREE minutes later West Point sprang into view, etched in miniature against the lucid sky, but while it was still distant they left the riverside, swung to the left along a private road and girding the base of Bear Mountain they came to the Inn. Here the snowfall had been heavier and on the lower slopes some boys were ski-ing. Katharine and Madden got out into the lead wine air, hearing the shouts of the boys, which came crackling down like musket shots. The dry snow upon the drive squeaked under their feet. An old porter, in fur cap and mittens, showed them into the hall and up a wide pine staircase where hung cases of exotic butterflies, a strange reminder, on this arctic afternoon, of the languid August days.

They entered the dining-room, a vast half-timbered room, built like a hunting lodge, with antlers and the heads of deer upon the walls, and a great half-moon fireplace filled with enormous blazing logs.

Upon her previous visit it had been midsummer, when tourists and passing motorists had packed the sun-baked room, but though she liked the place then, now Katharine was more powerfully compelled by its deserted rustic splendor. Perhaps because it was already past two o'clock they had the place entirely to themselves and a table set exactly before the gorgeous blaze with a view which composed the whole panorama of the mountains.

The lunch was simple but good, southern bisque, tenderloin steak, pineapple fritters and coffee. Yet Madden ate little of it. He continued taciturn, yet attentive to Katharine, his eyes still bent on hers with that dark, inscrutable intensity. Under that gaze Katharine felt a swimming weakness come upon her. Following a longer pause than usual she said, with an attempted smile:

"We came here to talk, didn't we?"

"Yes," he nodded slowly. "At least . . . as I told you . . . I have something to say, Katharine."

She dropped her eyes quickly. He spoke her name in such a fashion it made her heart turn over within her. She wanted to help him with all her soul, to make things easy for him, now, at once.

"You're in some trouble," she said hurriedly. "I can see it in your face. But you know I'll do anything I can." She broke off awkwardly. "Tell me . . . is it money?"

Though his face did not apparently change, a line of perplexity drew between his eyes. He stared at her in a kind of puzzled wonder, then slowly shook his head.

"Where did you get that idea, Katharine? I've got all the money I want. Yes . . . I've got plenty."

The flat indifference of his tone was more convincing than any evasions. There was no argument, no possibility of doubt. In a flash she saw that she had been mistaken. Why, then, were they here? A tremor went over her. She could not meet his eyes.

To Be Continued



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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Arians are Good Workers— When Enthusiastic

People wanting a job done quickly, capably, and with enthusiasm, should always give it to an Aries person—one whose birthday falls between March 21 and April 21.

But if consistency be needed and the work is monotonous, then look elsewhere, for Arians are volatile people, putting their heart, soul, and enthusiasm into work which appeals to their excitable and interest-loving minds, but hating a rut as a cat hates water.

ARIANS are a type who must be allowed freedom of thought and action. This gives them a chance to express some of their brilliant (though not always practicable) ideas and allows them to use some of their amazing amount of self-confidence.

Arians, too, have the courage of their convictions (while they last) and will fight to the last ditch for them. They are courageous, determined and willing to work hard, so that at their best they often seem unbeatable.

However, they are usually their own worst enemies. They are inclined to be rash and over-confident, and perhaps worst of all, to lack consistency, forethought and the ability to apply themselves to necessary details. They like to have big ideas, but dislike doing the groundwork which makes the ideas worth while.

They need "slaves" to follow them around, picking up the crumbs of ideas as they drop from the Arian brain-box, and, by putting the Chinese puzzle together, producing the constructive whole. Taurus people, born between April 21 and

May 22, are possibly best of all for this work, for they excel in the field in which Arians fall—that of detail. What is more, they can usually make a vast improvement on the original idea by making it straightforward and workable.

Aries is astrologically represented by a butting ram. It symbolises that these people love to charge into new enterprises and are not averse from pushing aside people on conditions that get in their way.

Will To Win

THEY are fighters, pioneers and leaders. They often achieve success through sheer forcefulness and the will-to-win. They make excellent masters—but not the best servants.

The best thing is to give them responsibilities of some kind and trust to luck. If they have any staying-power (and the more ambitious ones often have) they'll rise to the bait in order to make use of it as a stepping-stone to future success.

Arians are careerists. Ambition gnaws at their vitals. They are vital, ardent, combative and energetic. They excel at work which demands quick wits, versatility,



ALWAYS GOOD FOR A LAUGH. Distorted mirrors are still in great demand for carnivals and fairs. These pictures were taken at an English factory where these amusing mirrors are made, and show some of the amazing effects produced.



practical ability and originality. They love the excitement of the chase and the joy of the fight. They are good losers, but better winners. They thrive on victories.

But . . . They must learn self-control if they are to be really successful in life. All their ambitions, inspirations, activities, battles and hard work will go for nothing against the terribly destructive qualities of Arian impulses, rashness, passion, irresponsibility, and too-great love of change, variety and excitement.

Arians possessing caution and self-control can realise almost any ambition in life and become prominent, but those who act (and speak) first and think afterwards are heading toward failure.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (those born March 21 to April 21): This is your time to make opportuni-

ties if they do not present themselves. Work hard. Be confident and optimistic. Plan a careful campaign. Be sure to make changes, ask favors, on April 10 and 11.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Routine. April 12 and 13 fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 23): Quite fair on April 6 and 7.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Lie low, use the crab, which symbolises your sign. Be patient and cautious. Make no changes or difficulties and delays will beset you, especially on April 10 and 11.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Now is the time to be up and doing. Go after the things you want. You're a splendid chance of winning them, be they girl, job, promotion, money—or all of them. This is especially so on April 11, though April 10 is also excellent. Work hard.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Not spectacular. April 12 and 13 fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): You'll need your splendid sense of balance

and harmony this week if you are to avoid arguments, upsets, disappointments, opposition, partings or losses. April 10 and 11 worst, so live quietly then.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Activity possible on April 8 and 9.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Make the most of April 10 and 11. Try to improve general conditions. Ask favors, seek promotion, make important changes. Work hard, especially on April 11.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Live cautiously. Avoid changes of any kind, especially on April 10 and 11. Delays and annoyances are likely. Let important matters wait a while.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Quite fair on April 6 and 7.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Complete routine tasks. April 8 and 9 fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

THE TENTH Was DOCTOR ANDERSON

Concluding This
Week's Instalment

"I KNEW it," she said. "I knew it was coming. I knew that no good would come of having that woman here."

Charman's eyes flashed, and someone in the background said "Gosh!" And then Charman swept forward.

"What do you mean? I dare you to say what you mean. You're a jealous, evil old woman. You hated me from the beginning. You hated me because I could do things for her that you couldn't do, because I was in her confidence, because I looked after her accounts—things you knew nothing of—things you—"

Mrs. Plummer interrupted, and her voice was so harsh and so forceful that it overcame Charman's impassioned rush of words.

"I hated you," said Mrs. Plummer, loudly and deliberately, "because you were after her money, because you were making a fool of her grandson, because it was an evil day when you came to her house."

"Plummer, stop! You don't know what you are saying. Stop! She's beside herself. She doesn't know—"

At Leslie's first word, Charman's matured body had drooped. Her flashing eyes veiled themselves gently, and she turned appealingly to Leslie.

"Thank you—thank you!" she said brokenly. "You are so good—so kind to defend me." She hesitated, and then became magnanimous. "But forgive her, Leslie. She was devoted to your grandmother."

Leslie was at her side before she had more than begun, and she made her plea tenderly, leaning a little against him and keeping those dangerous eyes lowered. Her voice was so low, so honeyed, so

regretful, odd that her strong white hands opened and closed rather hungrily—rather, thought Susan fleetingly, as if they would have liked to have something to close upon.

Mrs. Plummer's reply was mute and terrible. Her strong features set themselves into lines of silent, awful scorn. She walked straight

Did You Guess Right About the "Quins"?

THIS is the order in which the photos of the "Quins" appear in the pictorial section:

- (1) EMILIE.
- (2) ANNETTE.
- (3) MARIE.
- (4) CECILE.
- (5) YVONNE.

up to Charman and, before anyone could intervene or even surmise her intention, she slapped her full upon the cheek.

There was at once a certain amount of pandemonium, in which Leslie, the maid, John Todd, and the Inspector were more or less involved. Charman Dale, too, seemed to have mingled in it in some way, and indiscriminately, for the Inspector emerged with a long red mark like a scratch upon his chin, and John and Leslie were holding Charman's beautiful arms when the smoke of battle cleared away.

Mrs. Plummer mysteriously stood quite free and stolid, and looked at the wall. There was about her

a look of peace which ought not, certainly, to have been there.

But, whatever the episode accomplished for Mrs. Plummer, it decided the Inspector. He rubbed his chin and said heavily that the inquiry would continue without witnesses, and that he would see the family of the murdered woman individually. And, he added in a marked manner, privately.

In the reluctant exodus Susan, lingering, had one last look at the four people among whom, in all probability, was the murderer. But it was an unfortunate look. For Leslie, seeming to be conscious for the first time of the presence of all those observers, had turned his sallow, handsome face to watch. And his dark gaze encountered Susan's. Encountered, passed on, quickened, and returned with a perplexed flash of interest. And Susan, staring helplessly into his opaque, dark eyes, saw that interest deepen to recognition. Recognition and, gradually, something else. Something that frightened her so that her heart began to pound suffocatingly and the backs of her hands grew moist under their gloves.

She forced her own glance away. She caught sight of Jim's brown tweed back and followed it, and in the corridor clutched his arm. The touch comforted and reassured her. But Leslie had certainly recognised her. Had looked at her at some time during that quarrel with his grandmother. And knew or guessed that she had overheard something of that quarrel—a quarrel which, now, assumed dreadfully significant and sinister colors.

(To conclude next week).

Spectator

(REG)

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MOONHILLS

By Horace A. Vachell



THE village lies remote from the beaten ways although within a few miles of Glastonbury and not far from Sedgemoor. Pilgrims, as a rule, especially those from overseas, travel too straight and fast to their objectives, being slaves to the guide-books. Motorists avoid the narrow winding lanes which appear to lead

no whither. The more adventurous discover that they lead now and again into the heart of the England that was. Moonhills is known to those who wander from the king's highway as a picturesque survival radiating the charm of stability. It has not changed much since the days when the unhappy Monmouth landed at Lyme Regis. His misguided followers stabled their horses in a tithe-barn at the back of the Templar Arms, now little more than a roadside tavern. The good Bishop Ken preached in the pulpit of the fifteenth-century church.

The village borders the flat country, once a marsh, which extends to the Bristol Channel. Behind it lie the Mendip Hills, outwardly bleak, but within their folds are hidden hamlets such as the elder Cromie loved and painted.

The stone houses are built for the most part on ground higher than the water meadows. They were built to endure—and they have. The gentlemen who contribute interesting topographical articles to "The Somerset Countryman" have called attention to Moonhills as being something of a hybrid between those famous villages, Lacock and Castle Combe, glories of hill and plain, but regretfully they have been constrained to mention that Moonhills has suffered abominably from neglect during the past thirty years under the ownership of a man—reckoned to be mad as any March hare by his neighbors and tenants—who had locked himself up in the huge house to the east of the village. He was unapproachable. The gaffers spoke of him as the last of the mad black Templars; he was reputed to be rich and a miser; his father, in his hot youth, had been richer and a spendthrift; he, too, had spent little or nothing on his great property beyond what was absolutely necessary, but he had been lavish in his hospitality and, admittedly, a grand seigneur. The countryside accused him of being mad. The dreadful taint was in the Templar blood.

At the beginning of June in the year of grace 1933, Mr. Humphry Templar's tenants heard that the lord of the manor was lying unconscious after a stroke.

Who would succeed him?

Nobody knew, except, presumably, the family solicitors in London. The next of kin happened to be the only child of another mad Templar, killed in the war, a cousin of Humphrey, hated by him because he had married a lovely young woman to whom Humphry had been en-

gaged. Apparently there were no other Templars except this young man; and he, as was well known, had never set foot in Moonhills.

The Oldest Inhabitant, over a tankard, asserted that Moonhills might be left to the Crown. Why ever not, my sonnies? This suggestion pleased the unemployed

Any change, so they contended, must be for the better. Did the Crown mean King? And if it did, would the monarch come in person to Moonhills and spend money royally? The Oldest Inhabitant predicted that brighter times were ahead. By the good rights o' things, if there was no will, the next o' kin ud step into owd Squire's shoes.

Upon the day following the death of Humphry Templar it became known in the village that his next of kin would inherit. He had been summoned to attend the funeral. The parson's own word was behind that. But the parson had never set eyes on the young gentleman.

The Rev. Herbert Pelham, rector of Moonhills, may be described as more person than parson. Ten years before the death of Humphry Templar, the bishop of the diocese had offered him the living, worth about £800 a year, not in his gift. He pointed out to a sometime scholar of distinction that the patron, whom one might speak of charitably as eccentric and a recluse, had written to him asking him to make the appointment, curiously refusing to shoulder responsibility. The letter was sane enough. My lord showed it to Pelham, indicating with a faint smile the postscript: "For heaven's sake, pick a gentleman." At the time Pelham knew nothing of Humphry Templar of Moonhills. What the bishop went on to say was not reassuring. No help whatever would come from the squire. This, apart from the emoluments, was a bait to a man who liked to have his own way and was not afraid of difficulties.

"You will have to function as squarson," said the bishop drily.

"Is the man mad?"

"He is spoken of as the last of the mad Templars."

"Who will succeed him?"

"Ah! Who? I suggest that you go to Moonhills. The rectory is in good repair, because—so my chaplain tells me—the late incumbent had private means."

Pelham went to Moonhills. Humphry Templar consented, not without pressure, to see him. His first remark astounded a man not easily surprised.

"Count me as dead. The sooner you bury me the better. Old age, I do abhor thee!"

Pelham felt sorry for him. Had the loss of the woman he loved turned him into a misanthrope? He appeared to be sane enough, still handsome, a patrician and autocrat. Probably a monomaniac, mentally aloof from human fellowship. He refused to talk about Moonhills, saying sardonically: "The parish pump is your affair." The interview was over in

five minutes. Pelham, after his own quiet fashion, was a collector of first impressions. Also, with a scholar's fastidiousness, he shrank from what might lie beneath a fair surface. The smell of new-mown hay was in his nostrils, as he strolled leisurely down the village street. At the moment Pelham felt no wish to talk to the few villagers who eyed him, so he thought, curiously and indifferently. He noticed how much that was good had survived the changes and assaults of time. At the edge of the green, near the church, were the village stocks. Somewhere, he reflected, hidden away, there might be a cucking stool and a scold's bridle. The obvious decadence was picturesque. It distressed him to perceive how few flowers bloomed in the small strips of garden, although he knew the soil to be rich. Apparently nobody kept bees. Some of the stone cottages were uninhabited. And yet the general effect was pleasing, alluring to his aesthetic sense. The children, scampering away as he approached, were none too clean!

He felt much happier surveying the church and rectory. Then he journeyed on to Cheddar-Fitzpayne, where he was hospitably entertained by the Duke's vicar, a muscular Christian, who urged his guest to accept Moonhills.

"You are sorely needed there," he said. "Depend upon it our bishop knows that. I take it on myself to add that the Duke will be delighted. I dare not minimise what you will be up against." To this Pelham, compassless in uncharted waters, replied alertly:

"Please don't minimise anything. Tell me what you can."

"The village is dying of pernicious anaemia. Youth has left it. The boys and girls have drifted away to Bath and Bristol. Spiritually, Moonhills is at a low ebb. The less anemic poach the Squire's wild pheasants. Some of them live on his rabbits."

"The place seems indeed to have-gone to pot."

"There are no resident gentry in the village; another disability, no spinsters devoted to good works. But you may get help from outside."

The speaker, a West countryman, may have grasped the fact that Pelham was more at home in an Oxford quadrangle than on a village green. He was enlightening on certain features likely to escape a scholarly man, however sharp his eyes might be.

"Moonhills," he said, "was devastated by smallpox at the beginning of last century, before Jenner's treatment became well known. Up to that time it had been prosperous and self-supporting. Halliday, our doctor, tells me that dread of smallpox kept the rural population away from the big towns. According to him, the villages ravaged by the scourge took a long time to recover from the after effects."

"Does your doctor attend Mr. Tem-

"He attends the servants."
"I dislike putting the question, but is Mr. Templar, in Dr. Halliday's opinion, mad?"

"You must ask Halliday. I have been told that Hugh Templar, the cousin who ran away with the girl to whom Humphry was engaged, was locked up for a time."

"The right marriage might have made another man of Humphry."

This provoked a remark negligible at the moment; but years afterwards Pelham recalled it.

"True. On the other hand we ought, perhaps, to give credit to Humphry for such an abstinence, if, as the Duke pointed out to me, the poor fellow realised that there had been too many mad Templars. I was not here when his engagement to a Bath beauty was suddenly broken off. That caused a lot of gossip. The Duke thinks it possible that she found out the truth, probably suppressed. On the other hand, she married the cousin, which drove Humphry wild with fury. All this is guesswork. You have just seen your patron. I have never met him."

"To whom will the property go after his death?"

"Nobody knows. Hugh Templar, who was killed in the war, left a son. He, I take it, is the next of kin. But Humphry can leave Moonhills and everything else to whom he pleases."

"This is not very encouraging," said Pelham.

"I sympathise. At the same time, if you undertake this far from cushy job, you will be left alone in the discharge of your duties."

"So I gather."

"Mr. Templar refuses to interest himself in anything outside his library."

"He must be mad."

"Call him peculiar. I am very lucky in my patron. The Duke is as interested in my parish as I am. I cannot recall one instance of a refusal to help me that was not justifiable. If you go to Moonhills, you will be within two miles of Lord Sedgemoor's big property. His parson has a sorry time of it—constant opposition, petty bickerings, and unwarrantable interference. I mention this because the patron of any living, if he happens to be, like Lord Sedgemoor, a die-hard, can make things so disagreeable. You will have a free hand and a grand opportunity to score off your own bat."

Pelham said, with a chuckle:

"Perhaps you are a cricketer? You are, I'm not. That is a disability. You have been most kind."

He went his way, sensible that what was best in him had been challenged. He could supply sound, practical brains. So he accepted the living.

During the decade that followed, his efforts were cramped by the ever-increasing unemployment. He was sorely tempted to seek easier work elsewhere; but he had in him a streak of obstinacy. He preached good sermons; he did what he could do to alleviate distress. Unhappily, his wife was too frail to cope with ignorance and indifference. She gave what energies she had to her small household. Out of income Pelham was able to send his daughter to a first-rate school.

He was the first to hear, after the squire's death, that the next-of-kin would attend the funeral.

Peregrine Templar was playing golf with Shelagh Figge at Sunningdale when a telegram was handed to him on the eighteenth green. He holed his putt (and

incidentally won his match) before he opened the envelope. Then, without hesitation, he handed it to Shelagh, because, at the moment, she was the apex of the world's pyramid of girls to him.

"What does this mean?"
Shelagh read the telegram. A young man whom she knew well, Victor Orde, a junior partner in a firm of solicitors—so permanently established in Old Square, Lincoln's Inn Fields, that was affirmed that Messrs. Hemmingway and Batson had a hand in the liquidation of the Flood—summoned a client to discuss business of urgent private importance.

"Shelagh, you can take it from me that never in my life have I had business of urgent private importance."

"What a disgraceful admission!"

She surveyed him whimsically. Perry aroused in her maternal instincts, because he was the only young man of her acquaintance at a loose end. As a Socialist, the daughter of that silver-tongued orator, Mr. James Figge, she disdained the Idle Rich. Perry was idle but not rich. When they met for the first time, she had asked him what he did. He replied ingenuously: "I spoil good paper, and I look after Mother."

He did look after his mother, a sad invalid, most delightfully. Having independent means (inherited from his father), Perry's abstention from work in an age of unemployment was regarded by Shelagh as approximating to a virtue. Perry put bread into the mouths of others. Had he given himself airs as one of the leisured and privileged class, she would have dropped him. She was aware that he spoiled good paper as a would-be writer, a craft for which he had negligible aptitudes. To that craft she had served an arduous apprenticeship. Like her too-well-known father, Shelagh was a freelance journalist and a shrewd observer of men and manners. Perry's pleasant manners were her credentials.

Another bond linked together these young people. Mrs. Templar was the daughter of a wine merchant. Shelagh's father called himself a Son of the People. In his hot youth he had eloped with the daughter of a great lady. Both man and maid, therefore, had as forbears persons who had inherited money and those who had earned it.

Shelagh, more quick-witted than Perry, hazarded a guess:

"You told me that your father was of kin to the head of your family. This urgent business may be connected with him."

"Not likely. My father quarrelled with his cousin. I have never seen Humphry Templar. He's out of the picture."

"Oh, well, the sooner you keep this appointment the better."

Perry nodded.

They returned to London in Perry's car. When he left Shelagh at her father's flat in Battersea, he had decided not to show the telegram to his mother. The business of urgent private importance might be connected with his modest investments. Some sound industrial might have become unsound. To hint as much to his mother would imperil her night's rest.

HE presented himself in Old Square, next morning, at ten. Victor Orde received him. These two had been friends at Harrow and ever since, although one was the antithesis of the other. Orde was a young man of initiative and resource. Serving as a clerk to the head of the firm, his uncle, Mr. Hemmingway, Victor had (most

impudently) carried on a small private business of his own, dealing with wild beasts and reptiles.

Two rattlesnakes had escaped from a basket and had wriggled their way into Mr. Hemmingway's room at a moment when he was busy with his most important client, the Duke of Glastonbury. His Grace was amused. His Grace warmly took the young man's part, when he was threatened with instant dismissal. His Grace assisted in the capture of the serpents. His Grace suggested the expediency of offering a very junior partnership to a young gentleman with get-rich-quick aptitudes.

"What's up, Vic?" asked Perry.
"You are. You have soared almost out of sight. I blink when I look at you."

Your cousin, Humphry Templar, died yesterday. I asked that I, as your friend, might be allowed to tell you this. You have inherited—everything."

"I—I can't believe it."

"Sit down! Take the best chair in the room. Enthrone yourself. I know that this is a tremendous surprise to you."

"I'm stunned. What does 'everything' mean?"

"Roughly a cool million."

"A cool million!"

"Not in cold cash, far from it. Surely your mother prepared you for this?"

"Never."

"M'm."

"Humphry Templar hated my father; the property was not entailed; why should he leave everything to me?"

"Because," said Orde, after a pause, "he loved your mother."

"I know that. They quarrelled over her; and she—bless her!—turned down the rich man and took a captain in a cavalry regiment."

"All this reality and personality," said Orde impressively, "has been left, unreservedly, to you because you are your mother's son."

"Mother will be as surprised as I am."

Orde held his tongue, but his face to a less ingenuous youth than Perry might have betrayed incredulity. He, too, like Shelagh Figge, had respect and affection for Mrs. Templar.

"You must attend the funeral," he said, "as chief mourner."

"I'm stunned; but I shall do what you tell me to do."

"I shall stand by, Perry. Now—you've had the jam—"

"I've not swallowed the jam, Vic. It sticks in my mouth. A cool million—"

"Out of that million the Chancellor of the Exchequer will gobble nearly fifty per cent."

Perry observed cheerfully:

"Enough will be left to keep the wolf from the door."

"The wolf is there all the same."

"What can you mean?"

"I have to talk as your solicitor. Apart from the colossal death duties, there is a big estate gone to rack and ruin and a huge house on it, a white elephant which eats up, figuratively, about eight hundred pounds of fodder a day. You have also inherited some London property and another big house in Belgrave Square, impossible to live in unless it is done up from garret to basement. You can't sell it for business premises because as yet there are no shops in Belgrave Square. You can't let it unless you do it up."

"The jam is tasting bitter," Perry admitted.

"If you tackle your responsibilities in the right spirit, you will have to change

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your present mode of life. My uncle made me promise to make this plain to you. As he puts it, in his dry way, you can't accept the amenities of a territorial magnate and discard the disabilities."

"From the owlish expression on your face I gather that the powder has blown the jam into the middle of next week."

"Even farther than that. There won't be much jam for many years."

Utterly bewildered, Perry glanced about him. This was Mr. Hemmingway's room, as prim and precise in general appearance as he was. Upon a table near the desk stood a large tin box with white lettering on it: "Humphry Templar, Esq."

"Why," Perry asked, "was this property which I've never seen, and of which I know nothing, allowed to go to rack and ruin?"

Orde paused before he replied, although he was expecting the question. Was it possible that Perry knew nothing? And if so, how much ought he to be told? He replied guardedly:

"Your kinsman was an impossible person."

"In what way?"

Perry leaned forward, keenly interested, as well he might be, because Orde was picking his words and ill at ease. The small room smelled fusty. Perry saw it as a grim safe holding the secret history of ancient families. Till this moment it had not occurred to him that he was the head of an ancient family, and—a somewhat distressing thought—the last of a long line of ancestors who had not greatly distinguished themselves.

"Haven't you met impossible men and women?"

"One or two. Shielagh Fidge's father is the only one I know. It's odd that he should be her father."

"It's odd that you should be the first cousin, once removed, of Humphry Templar. I call him impossible, because for thirty years he has been eccentric to the nth degree."

"To the nth degree?"

"My uncle could do nothing with him. The county accepted him as a cantankerous reclusé. His will was made when you were a boy at school. It is here; you can see it, so short that I can repeat it word for word: 'I leave everything of which I may die possessed to Peregrine Templar, the only son of the woman I loved; and I appoint him when he comes of age to be my sole executor.' At the time my uncle pointed out that the heir to such a property ought to be trained to administer it. Mr. Templar ignored his advice and imposed secrecy upon us. However, we supposed that he might have said a word to your mother."

"I'm sure he didn't."

"Under the circumstances," said Orde, "you had better tell your mother what I have told you. After the funeral, we can inspect the property. Till then, the less said, the better."

MR. TEMPLAR lived in what is called a maisonette in Park Row, overlooking Hyde Park. Her own money (inherited from her father) had been settled on herself. Mother and son were independent of each other, and money, qua money, was seldom discussed between them. Neither had extravagant tastes. When Mrs. Templar's health failed, the house in Park Row had been taken on a long lease, because it was reasonably certain that, as a guarded flame, the stricken lady might live for

many years. She wanted to live. Her doctor understood that.

Perry found her on a couch facing the window. The house was at the end of a cul de sac between Knightsbridge and the park; and Mrs. Templar's room was shut off from noise of traffic.

"Mother," said Perry, too excited to consider phrase-making. "Humphry Templar is dead, and he's left me everything. Can you take it in?"

She sighed and closed her eyes. "Is—Is this a shock to you, darling?"

"No."

"It is to me. If—if you ever thought that such an astounding thing might happen, why didn't you tell me?"

"Ah! Why didn't I?"

"We must have this out, blessedest. Let's see. My father died in '16. I was at Harrow. I hardly knew him; and you've told me so little about him. Why?"

She remained silent.

"I believe there's something I ought to know—"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"You mustn't hurry me, Perry. You say that everything has been left to you. Do you inherit as next of kin?"

"No; that's the puzzle. I inherit as your son, the son of the woman Humphry Templar loved." He repeated the wording of the will. "Now, here's another puzzle. This will was made sixteen years ago. Why didn't he leave everything to you?"

"Because, perhaps, I was so ill at the time. For years, Perry, I have dreaded this hour. I did not prepare you for this. I hardly know how to begin—a strange story. It is difficult for you to understand that the gulf between my people and the Templars was almost unbridgeable. I was town; they were country. My father was in trade. When I married I left Somerset. I was an only child; your grandparents are dead; so it doesn't matter much—"

Her voice died away.

"Humphry Templar fell madly in love with me."

"You loved him—"

"No. I—I was afraid of him. How I hate to tell you this! All the Templars were queer."

"You don't mean mad?"

"They were called the mad Templars."

"My heavens! I've inherited more than I bargained for. Mad, were they?"

"They did mad, reckless things; they were very masterful men."

"Evidently I take after you."

"I ask you to remember, my son, that my excuse for what happened is that I was very young, barely eighteen, very inexperienced, and much too pretty. I resented conventions and inhibitions I was unable even to measure, much less understand. I thought myself good enough for any man."

"And you were, bless you!"

"Dear Perry! You are making this confession easier. You see, men came to my father's house and accepted his hospitality, because he could offer them good wine and good talk; the women did not come. That is how I met young men whom I should not have known otherwise."

"But my grandparents ought to have guessed what might happen!"

"Perhaps they wanted it to happen. Both my father and my mother were ambitious. I fell in love with Moon-

"With Moonhills?"

"Yes. Such a lovely place! Humphry and I became engaged. To make matters more difficult Hugh Templar fell in love with me. The cousins quarrelled over that, and then, believing that I loved your father, Humphry broke off our engagement."

She paused, looking so pale and frail that her son was terrified.

"That's enough. Too much. I don't want to hear any more."

"But you must. My people were very angry. Then Hugh Templar persuaded me to marry him. He wanted me desperately. After my marriage, when you were a baby, I saw Humphry for the last time. He reproached me bitterly for marrying Hugh. I was alone in a small house near the cavalry barracks at Canterbury. Suddenly you began howling. You were in the next room in your bassinette. I rushed to you, picked you up, and at once you stopped howling. I recall how grateful I was to you, because Humphry was ashamed of himself, knowing that his harsh voice had wakened you. As you cooed up at me, he bent down to look at you, and I heard him whisper: 'So this is the boy who might have been mine.' I was startled by the change in him. Rancor had gone out of his voice. And then he said something which startled me even more. 'Aren't you glad that he isn't a black Templar?' What could I reply? I was glad, ever so glad, that you were fair, and the sweetest tempered little darling in the world. He went on staring at you, and I felt so sorry for him that I cried a little. He put out a finger, and you clutched it. . . . this sounds so sentimental, so silly, but it was intensely dramatic to me. Then he spoke again: 'I shan't forget,' he said, 'that this baby might have been mine.' He hurried off without another word, but I had a letter from him after your father's death. Humphry went down to Harrow to see you."

"I never saw him."

"He saw you. And he wrote me a letter which I burnt. In it he never mentioned your father. 'I have had one more look,' he told me, 'at your son—I say do something for him.' That was all; and you had just gone to Harrow; so it is reasonable to suppose that he made his will after seeing you."

Perry kissed her.

"You have nothing to reproach yourself with, nothing. I understand your silence. That letter meant so little. Good heavens! I should have been tickled pink if he'd left me five thousand pounds. Still—"

"Yes?"

"I wish you'd tell me more about my father."

"I wish you'd tell me more about my father."

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"I wish you'd tell me more about my father."

"I wish you'd tell me more about my father."

"I wish you'd tell me more about my father."

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there is something disagreeable which I ought to know, I'd sooner have it from you than from him. On the other hand I want to spare you."

She smiled faintly.
"If you wish to ask me questions, I'll try to answer them," she said nervously.
"Your marriage turned out unhappily, didn't it?"

"Could I expect happiness, Perry? Your father was as eccentric as his cousin. We were fairly happy till he left his regiment. Then he became so restless. We wandered here, there, and everywhere. About many things we agreed, amicably enough, to disagree. He was wild and reckless. But always, always, he treated you and me with consideration. He was popular with his brother officers, but he had no restraint. He dashed at life as he dashed at me. He was one of the finest horsemen of his day. He went on big game expeditions. You may remember that long before the war broke out he took up flying?"

"Yes."
"When the war broke out he joined up as a flying man. Till he crashed, he seemed to bear a charmed life. But his recklessness affected me—and you. Again and again I encouraged him to leave us, because I was terrified that you might take after him. On that account I kept you in cotton wool. When he died I kept you tied to my apron strings. And when he died I fell ill. You, sonnie, made me want to live. I fear that I have been selfish."

"Never!"
"You—you honored the drafts I made on you."

Her son was profoundly moved, unable to ask other questions, sensible that much had been withheld. His thoughts swooped from her to himself. He could recall his father as a dasher! He had secretly coveted an indifference to danger which had not been passed on to him.

"Let the past bury itself," he whispered.

SHE recovered self-possession when they began to discuss the present. He had arranged to drive Orde down to Moonhills on the morrow. They would return to London as soon as possible after the funeral. Shelagh Figue would keep her eye upon Park Row.

"What will Shelagh say to this?" asked Mrs. Templar.

"I don't know."
"Nor do I. She takes her Socialism seriously. Do you?"

He laughed, not too lightly. His mother had little tolerance for either politics or politicians. She disdained snobbery and arrogance.

"I can't have it both ways, can I? Vic spoke of my disabilities as—as—how did he put it?—yes, a territorial magnate. I can't see myself as a territorial magnate. I—I can't see myself at all. I came out of Old Square to find myself in a pea-soup fog."

"It will clear. Do you love Shelagh?"
"I believe I do, Mother. If she loved me, I should be quite sure about it."

This naive reply amused Mrs. Templar.
"Make sure, before you ask her to share your life. I have been selfish tying you to my sofa. I want you to marry a woman who can help you instead of hindering you."

"Shelagh might tell me to sell everything and divide my possessions with others."

"She might; but she's very sensible. I'm so fond of Shelagh; her father merely amuses me."

"He's a card. Shelagh's mother came from Somerset; she was a cousin of sorts to my nearest neighbor, the Duke of Glastonbury. Shelagh has never met her swell relations."

"Dear Sonnie, you're such a boy still. You've played about with several young women. At the moment Shelagh attracts you, but do, please, remember what you have to offer, before you offer it."

"Shelagh would never marry a man unless she loved him."

"I did it, Perry. Why shouldn't she?"

ON the morrow the two young men took the Bath road betimes. Perry wrote a letter to Shelagh, which summed up his position as he saw it.

"Beloved Shelagh.—
"You will read in the papers that I have inherited Moonhills and other possessions. Victor Orde speaks of a 'cool million,' cooling so rapidly that half a million is nearer the mark. I suppose I ought to be wildly thrilled, but I'm not, because Humphry Templar allowed everything to go to rack and ruin (my solicitor's words). I, if you please, am expected to evolve order out of chaos—I

For the moment, I feel marooned. I feel, as so often I have felt when seeing some friend off at Victoria, when he is booked through to sunshine and I am left in a November fog. I look forward to a talk with you after the funeral, if I survive that. What I have written is for your eye alone. I can't whine to my mother. But, my dear, I feel in all my bones that this huge property ought to be in the able hands of a fellow like Victor. It is too colossal a responsibility for a rabbit."

"Yours to a crisp, PERRY."

He drove his car, a modest two-seater. Orde was mildly amused to notice that he drove it carefully, sounding the horn before he approached cross-roads and hidden turnings, travelling slowly through villages. Excess speed had no lure for him.

"If my cousin was so helpless," asked Perry, suddenly, "surely you, as his solicitors, might have done something?"

"A vague word, Perry. From the legal point of view, you as his next of kin might have taken action. Apart from the fact that you had no idea that you were the heir, such action, if taken by you, might have dispossessed you. Mr. Humphry Templar was not mad enough to be locked up."

"I'm glad to hear that."
"He locked himself up. He became a sort of Timon. He didn't care two hoots what happened. Our hands were tied. My uncle had to consider your interests, and we were pledged to secrecy."

Leaving Marlborough they traversed the downs and drove into the pastoral country beyond.

They lunched in the Grand Pump Room Hotel at Bath. Here, for the first time, Perry realised that he might be the victim of publicity. He was approached by a tall, slim young man of an engaging and disarming countenance, who addressed Orde.

"Am I speaking to Mr. Peregrine Templar?"

"You are not," Orde replied. "This is Mr. Templar, but how you happened to know that he was here beats me."

The young man smiled, attempting to assume an air as if he were ten years older than his age.

"I'm a reporter on the staff of the 'Bath and Wilts Herald.' I hope that Mr.

Templar will give me a few minutes; and I can assure you, sir," he turned to Perry, "that Bath welcomes you as long ago it welcomed Mr. Pickwick."

This allusion was not wasted upon a Dickensian.

"Is your name Cyrus Angelo Bantam?"

"My name, sir, is Troke, Cyril Troke. This morning I motored to Moonhills and interviewed your butler. He told me that you were on your way down and would lunch in Bath. Had I not found you here, I should have tried other hotels."

Orde took command.
"I think," he said pleasantly, "that you had better ask me questions, although I don't promise to answer them."

The questions astonished Perry. Mr. Troke made it plain that he wanted a "story." He got neither more nor less than the simple truth. Later on he made two columns of it and was congratulated by his editor. The interview was over in less than five minutes.

After leaving Bath, taking the Wells road, Orde opened the map and spread it upon his knees.

"The first sight of your own land," he remarked to Perry, "ought to give you a thrill. You have some outlying farms on the other side of Radstock. My uncle advised your cousin to sell them after the war, when land was in demand. So far as we know he never sold anything. We shall be wiser after a talk with your agent. Now—a last word. I'll do the talking. When we pass through your front door it's about a thousand to three that we're entering a den of thieves. Before we sack 'em, we must pick their brains."

"I'm thinking so hard," replied Perry, "that I can't talk. The house, so Mother says, is magnificent."

"It was. Your mother hasn't seen it for thirty years. We must prepare our selves for an interminable series of surprises; some may be pleasant."

They rolled on.
"That woodland is yours," said Orde presently.

Perry stopped the car, and both young men got out. They were now once more in lovely country, Merlin's country. Had they ascended the nearest hill, they might have espied Glastonbury's famous Tor.

"I'm glad I own that wood," said Perry. He was conscious of a thrill, but unable to analyse ephemeral feelings confronted by stabilities. The Templars were among the oldest families in the county. Perry was thinking: "I could cut down that wood, if I wanted to do it. And yet, if I walked through it, I shouldn't even know what timber required thinning."

"Your lodge gates," said Orde, map still in hand, "are about five miles farther on."

"I feel like Columbus," said Perry.

AT the lodge gates occurred an incident trivial in itself, but fraught with significance. They were locked.

"Your people ought to be expecting us," said Orde. "Toot the horn."

Perry did so. A rosy-cheeked girl peacoated out of the lodge.

"What do you want?" she asked, pertly.
"A little civility, please," replied Orde.
"Open these gates."

"That's against orders. Maybe you don't know that the Squire is dead."

Orde dealt with her faithfully, wishing to impress a youthful mind belonging probably to a chatterbox.

"The Squire," he said quietly, "is in this car."

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"Well, I never—I!"

"Surely you were expecting him?"

The wench gaped at Perry, too flustered to speak. She sped back to the lodge and vanished. A moment later a woman appeared, stared at Perry, and dropped an old-fashioned curtsy. When she unlocked the gates she explained that the gates of another lodge near the village were not locked.

"How many lodges are there?" asked Perry.

"Five, sir, but only one be used."

The dialect, so swiftly dying out, fell softly from her lips, causing a second thrill. This woman and the red-cheeked girl were his own people.

"I hope," said Perry, urbanely, "to make your better acquaintance later on. Will you tell me your name?"

"Martha Pittis I be, sir. I'm aveared, 'tain't likely I means, as you've never 'eard my name afore."

So speaking, she bestowed on her future lord and master a wintry smile.

"Leave these gates unlocked," said Perry, "till further orders. How far is it to the house?"

"More'n a mile, sir."

She curtsied again as the car purred on.

"I don't want these people to curtsy to me," said Perry irritably. "I don't like it."

"You will," replied Orde.

The drive was grass-grown, pitted with chuck-holes, and had not been used for years. Perry slowed up, entranced by the beauty of the park. He couldn't see what Orde saw. His eyes lingered upon splendid trees and undulating slopes, upon a herd of fallow deer, upon rabbits scurrying to their burrows. Orde noted fallen timber, weeds, and no signs whatever of upkeep. No young trees had been planted to replace stricken giants.

Ascending a slope, they caught the first glimpse of the house, crowning another slope with a mere in front of it.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Perry.

In the distance it looked what it had been—a stately home, Palladian in character. The facade had been designed by Inigo Jones about the time when he refronted Brympton. But Moonhills was the larger of the two, and even older in parts, as Perry found out later pre-Tudor.

A BUTLER and a footman received them. One glance at two pale, puffy faces disgusted Perry. He found himself in a panelled hall with a grand staircase in front of him. The butler whispered something to Orde, who led Perry aside.

"You can see your cousin, if you wish to. The coffin is in the library. Shall I come with you?"

"I'd rather be alone," said Perry nervously.

A minute later he was gazing at the dead man's face. He took note of little else. It had remained till the last a handsome face, grimly saturnine.

He glanced about him. The blinds of the room were down when he entered. The butler had pulled them up.

The room had been put into some decent semblance of order, but disorder was visible everywhere. The plain oak coffin had been covered with a purple pall. It stood upon black trestles hidden by shrubs.

The heir to so many faded pomp of yesterday pulled down the blinds and wandered back into the hall, where the butler and Orde awaited him.

"Your butler, Durford, tells me that your rector, Mr. Pelham, will call upon you at any time after tea."

Your butler . . . your rector . . . The possessive pronouns rankled.

"I'll see Mr. Pelham after tea at any hour that suits his convenience. Show us to our rooms."

"Very good, sir," said Durford.

The three men ascended the staircase. Orde glanced at the pictures. Some, he knew, were valuable, but every one was in shocking condition.

Perry's bedroom was a tapestried chamber with a huge four-poster bed in it. Orde had the adjoining dressing-room.

At 6.30 the Rev. Herbert Pelham was ushered into the tapestried chamber. He, too, like Mr. Cyril Troke, mistook Orde for Perry, and seemed slightly disappointed when his mistake was pointed out. With a certain solemnity he pulled from his pocket a bunch of keys and handed them to Perry.

"Your butler," he said, "gave these to the doctor. And he gave them to me. Together we opened a despatch-box upon your cousin's desk, expecting to find instructions. We found nothing. No relations being here, I took upon myself the duty of making the necessary arrangements."

Perry thanked him, accepting him at sight as the typical country parson, prim, precise, but blessed with a kindly smile.

"We have done what we could—"

"I'm sure you have under, well, exceptional circumstances. I never expected to be my cousin's heir; I can't take in what I'm up against, but I'm hoping you can help me. How long have you been here, Mr. Pelham? I ought to know; but I don't. Why are things as— as they are?"

"You invite me to speak out?"

"I do."

"I have been here nearly ten years. During that time I saw Mr. Templar about ten times. I had to force myself on him. As a sidelight on his peculiar habits I may tell you that he refused to see his tenants. He lived, poor man, in an ever-diminishing circle of petty interests concerned, if I may say so, with the—er—accumulation of money. Apart from that he suffered from an acute form of accidie."

"Accidie?"

"Indifference. He didn't seem to care about anything or anybody. He wanted to be left alone; he was left alone."

"A mad Templar indeed."

"Yes."

"Very trying for you?"

"Very. The funeral is likely to be largely attended."

"Why?"

"Everybody, naturally enough, wishes to see—you."

Perry winced. He wanted to see himself. Then Orde asked a question which provoked an astounding answer. He believed, and his uncle believed, that the land agent, a man named Chidzey, had robbed his employer.

"Is the agent, Charles Chidzey, one of your parishioners, Mr. Pelham?"

"He's my churchwarden, Mr. Orde."

Orde was so taken aback that discretion abandoned him. He said impulsively:

"He may be a good churchwarden, but you must admit that he's a hopelessly bad agent."

"Helplessly, Mr. Orde."

Shortly afterwards Mr. Pelham took leave of them.

"A genial gentleman, but guarded," said Orde, as soon as the young men were alone. "Probably a stout pillar of the church, and, possibly, bamboozled by his churchwarden. However, I think we can reckon him among your assets."

"I wonder what he thinks of me?" murmured Perry.

"He suspends judgment. He's no Parson Trulliber, and no Vicar of Wakefield; a happy mean, let's hope, between the two. His stipend is about eight hundred a year: worth hanging on to, but he may have stuck to his parish for better reasons. After the funeral we shall meet Chidzey."

MUCH refreshed after a hot day, Orde got out of his bath, and dressed for dinner. It was served in a small room not far from the library. The big reception-rooms had been dismantled for many years.

The food was good; the wines, a silky claret and an aged port, were superlative. What astonished both young men was the magnificent plate. They dined off silver. Perry's startled exclamation provoked a dignified protest from Durford.

"Mr. Templar," he said blandly, "liked to see the family silver."

When the port was placed reverentially before Perry he saw that it was in a Waterford cutglass decanter.

"This is something of a treasure-house," he said.

"Yes, sir; it is so described in the guide-books."

"Did Mr. Templar ever sell any of his treasures?"

"No, sir."

"Why didn't he take better care of them?"

"Why indeed, sir?"

He and the footman left the room.

They were sipping their coffee when Chidzey joined them. He sat down nervously, declining refreshment. Orde experienced an urge to burst out laughing. Truly the preconceived idea had been ludicrously exploded. An arch-villain disintegrated. In his place sat an underdog, making a pathetic attempt to wag his tail.

"I can't offer you a cigar," said Perry, "but will you smoke a cigarette, or do you prefer your own pipe?"

More at his ease, Chidzey pulled from his tweed coat a battered briar. As he filled it, his thin fingers betrayed agitation. He glanced at the door leading to the servants' quarters.

"I—I called, gentlemen, to-night, because I wished to prepare you, as best I could, for what you will see to-morrow. Mr. Pelham asked me to do so."

Perry stood up.

"I'm fortified," he declared, "by a good dinner. Let's stroll into the park."

The sun was still well above the western horizon as they descended the stone steps and marched across a vast lawn with more plantains and daudleons on it than grass. A path led to the lake. After they had passed through a wicket gate in the deer fence, they sat down upon the trunk of a fallen tree. Perry said cheerfully:

"This park is glorious."

"But—it isn't, Mr. Templar. Gentlemen, I hardly know how to begin. I've been the slave of circumstances. I couldn't control or alter for the better."

MOONHILLS

"Mr. Pelham hinted as much," said Orde. "Beat no bushes, Mr. Chidzey. We are alone."

"Yes," said Perry. Thus encouraged, Mr. Chidzey heaved a sigh of relief, fumbling with his pipe, into which he had rammed his tobacco. His shabby tweeds were eloquent of a grey, drab life. He looked what he was: overworked and underpaid. "Nobody," he began, "could do anything with Mr. Templar, except—Durford."

From his pronunciation of the butler's name, Orde felt justified in saying: "You have no love for Durford?"

"I—I found him out long ago, and Mrs. Durford too. Birds of prey, Mr. Templar. You see, your cousin exacted good food, good service, and prompt obedience. He knew that it would be difficult to replace a clever couple who knew his ways. Practically, he handed over the house to the Durfords. He must have known that they robbed him, but he didn't care. He was the most impossible man that ever lived. He never saw Mrs. Durford—"

"What!"

"At meals he kept a pad and a pencil by his plate. If the soup was not to his liking, he scribbled a note. The maids were instructed to keep out of his way. He wrote notes to me, to his tenants, to Mr. Pelham. . . . He received no visitors. He was absurdly eccentric. Facing the gardens is a long terrace. Look at it to-morrow. It is covered with moss and weeds, like the carriage drives. Down the middle of it is a path. Every day, rain or shine, he paced up and down that path just so many times; he took no other exercise. The rest of the time he shut himself up in the library. You have his keys, Mr. Templar?"

"Yes." "They were in Durford's possession for about a couple of hours after the Squire's sudden death."

"HAVE you any reason to suppose that these Durfords expect a substantial legacy?"

"They may; it's likely."

"To whom were the rents paid?"

"To me. I paid them over to the Squire."

"Did he pay his income tax and sur-tax?"

"Invariably. What you are up against, sir, is not the incomings but the outgoings. You have several farms on your hands. The best tenants gave up in despair. The worst hung on. Mr. Templar didn't care. He refused to farm properly. Towards the end he laughed at me when I asked for fertilisers for the meadow land. To get those farms back into order will cost a lot of money. Perhaps there is a lot of money."

"We don't know yet. Mr. Templar banked with the family bankers in London. Did he carry an account with any local people?"

"I don't know for certain, gentlemen; I think he did. His secretiveness about money was dreadful."

Perry was so sorry for him that he spoke impulsively:

"We understand. I mean, we have a glimmer."

✱ ✱ ✱
The following day a farm waggon, drawn by two Clydesdales, carried the coffin to the churchyard. Perry walked behind it—alone.

The Templar mausoleum stood in the churchyard; there was no service in the

church which Humphry Templar had never entered in Pelham's time, no singing of inappropriate hymns, no address.

In a few minutes all was over.

Perry turned from the door of the mausoleum to see Orde standing beside a thick-set, rubicund gentleman who might have been a prosperous yeoman farmer. It was the Duke of Glastonbury. Orde presented Perry to him, and left them alone. They stood near a yew tree said to be mentioned in Doomsday Book.

"I sympathise deeply with you," said the Duke. "So does the Duchess. I remember your father; I can recall your mother, a lovely woman. Well, well, your work is cut out for you."

"I know nothing about estate management. Your Grace is very kind."

"Tch! Call me 'Duke,' not 'your Grace.' We are neighbors, about, I hope, to become friends. If you have no better engagement, you might come to us for a few days. We could talk things over quietly. I may be able to help you. What say you?"

"I've never talked to a duke before."

The Duke would have chuckled had he been outside the churchyard. He said genially:

"We're very ordinary people, I can assure you. We leave London at the end of the month. Propose yourself any time in July."

"Thank you, sir, I will."

The Duke gripped his hand and went his way. Orde took Perry to the vestry.

Pelham had taken off his surplice, but not his cassock. Perry had seen him last in grey flannels and white tennis shoes, more human, but not, as now, dressed with authority. He spoke austere:

"The Duke came from London, Mr. Templar."

Perry blinked. Was his rector a snob?

"You can guess why?"

"I can't."

"He's tremendously interested in you, as we all are. The Duke is really the unpaid land agent of his great estate, and your estate, so far as acreage is concerned, is the larger. You may not know it, but your estate has been used as a peg by the Labor Party and Socialists whereon to hang landlords who abuse their powers."

"Mr. Pelham," said Orde. "De mortuis nil nisi—bunkum!"

This was aptly said. The parson smiled, as he spoke less austere.

"In my vestry," he said, "I am too near my pulpit. But I must stress the significance of the Duke's presence. He knows, none better, that the old order is doomed."

"You hear that, Victor?"

"I hear it. I don't belong to the old order; you do—now. I venture to qualify what Mr. Pelham says. The old order is doomed, but men like the Duke of Glastonbury, and there are lots of them all over the country, are revitalising the old order. He's by odds the most popular man in this west country."

Orde displayed slight heat. A suggestion that his friend might abdicate rankled.

Pelham said genially:

"Mr. Templar may share the Duke's popularity. I hope he will." He turned to Perry. "I want you to meet my wife. She suggested that you and Mr. Orde might like a cup of tea. After tea I could show you the village."

"Ever so many thanks," said Perry.

Mrs. Pelham was a mousy little woman with small, bright, alert eyes; something of a "fuss-pot," so Orde decided. She fussed over Perry, twittering like a chaffinch. Could she do anything? Did he prefer Indian to China tea? What did he think of the church? Hadn't it been a wonderful summer?—and so on and so forth.

Perry glanced helplessly at Orde.

"We're Martians, Mrs. Pelham," said Orde.

"I beg your pardon? Martians—?"

"Yes; you must really look upon us as visitors from another planet."

"Oh-h-h! I have read yesterday's Herald."

"Spare his blushes!"

Pelham laughed. Tea was being served in the garden behind the rectory. A plump parlormaid bestowed beaming smiles upon the lord of the manor as she passed him. Orde, not Perry, perceived two other faces, at an open bedroom window, agape with curiosity. He could imagine groups of tosspots and froth-blowers discussing Perry from every point of view. Yes; he was IT. He was the Big Noise.

A STROLL through the village followed. Again Perry failed to see what lay beneath a picturesque surface. Orde, not he, asked questions.

"You have your cricket and football clubs, Mr. Pelham?"

"Not yet. Our young people drift to Bath and Bristol. I have done what I could, singlehanded. So far, by the grace of God, we have escaped epidemics such as typhoid."

"But the sanitary inspector—"

"He has been a thorn in my side. It comes to this, practically nothing has been done which ought to be done. We don't have a village hall. There are no amenities. Many of the cottages have been condemned as unwholesome. They are standing empty; they can be reconstructed. There is much overcrowding, and no proper water supply. Many of the wells are contaminated. I—I shrink from telling Mr. Templar what confronts him. I hardly know where to begin."

Perry hesitated, flushed a little, and said tentatively:

"If you had inherited this village what would you do first?"

"Engage a district nurse. The nearest doctor, Halliday, lives in Cheddar-Fitz-Payne. We have no nurse, and no capable woman to take her place."

"Engage a nurse," said Perry. "That would be my mother's wish—and mine. Get a competent woman."

"Thank you, Mr. Templar, I'll set about that. Do I understand that you'll pay her salary? The County Association might help."

"Let it be my first oblation."

Pelham looked pleased. Immediately he adopted a more cheerful tone. But it was significant, so Orde thought, that they entered no cottages. Here and there were groups of villagers who eyed curiously the two young men in black. Significantly, again, the children bolted at sight of the lord of the manor. Nevertheless all the women smiled at him. Some of the gamblers curtsied as he passed. To their astonishment Perry raised his hat to them.

"You will have to go slow, Mr. Templar," said the rector. "I say this: both here and elsewhere,

money coming from landed property must be put back into it, unstintingly. The Duke is, comparatively speaking, an impoverished man, because he does his duty. Human nature in the rough is much the same. You tenants, Mr. Templar, are dependent on you. They will bestir themselves if you help them. Talk to them. There is no other way to get at them."

"Then—"

"Yes?"

"You and your advisers," he shot an alert glance at Orde, "must devise some thorough scheme of rehabilitation, a co-ordination instead of a scattering of energies. The energies are there—latent. The sense of direction must be implanted. Your sheep have had no shepherd for twenty years and more. I am supposed to be their spiritual shepherd. But, believe me, souls in invertebrate bodies are incapable of response. Low living does not inspire high thinking."

In a lighter tone he addressed Orde.

"You spoke of yourselves as Martians. Aren't the Martians reckoned to be more advanced intellectually than the inhabitants of earth? If you are Martians, you will grasp opportunity. It ought to thrill you young men. Reconstruction is a glorious slogan. Before I leave you, Mr. Templar, let me say this: You have aroused an expectation impossible to measure. This afternoon I read on the faces of your people a hope for a happier future. Heaven knows they have waited long enough for it."

He strode away.

"Let's get out of our 'blacks,'" said Orde.

"Can we?" asked Perry, gloomily. "I feel as if I were in mourning, not for my cousin, but for everything he has left undone and left me to do. I like Pelham; he's a square peg in a square hole. So is the Duke. So are you. But what am I? A leaf on a stream in spate—I don't believe that Humphry Templar left me this Pandora's box of troubles because he loved my mother. He hated my father; he must have hated me."

"My dear fellow, he's dead and you're alive. Isn't it good to be alive on such a day as this?"

"Not if your liver is out of whack. I shall take a silent perambulator to-night."

"You may not need it."

They had passed through the lodge gates, where Pelham had left them.

"Why?"

"Because something wildly exciting is ahead of us. We must unlock your cousin's desk."

"You call that exciting?"

"We may find there—fertilisers."

"I wish you'd stop talking Choclaw."

Orde took his arm.

"I have kept this from you, Perry. You remember? I gave you the jam first, then the powder. I told you that as yet no valuations had been made. There is no inventory in our possession of the pictures, plate, furniture and porcelain. There are securities at your bankers, and a few hundreds to your credit. But it is certain that your cousin secreted money. We may find other securities; we may find notes, actual cash. He lived in his library. If there is anything to find, it will be there."

Perry quickened his step.

"This is exciting," he admitted.

When Perry entered the library, the room was once more in order. He took the bunch of keys from his pocket and

handed them to Orde. Then he sat down near the desk, still littered with papers, and smoked a cigarette.

"Look here, Vic," he said, "suppose we found a later will?"

"If we did, it could be disputed."

"Why do you say that with such assurance?"

"My dear man," Orde replied guardedly, "you happen to be the next of kin; and a will was made in your favor when your kinsman was in full possession of his senses; since then it could be shown that he became gradually more and more eccentric, more unbalanced in his ways."

Perry nodded, confronted by his own indifference. Another reaction had set in. Idly he watched his friend as he unlocked the despatch box on the desk.

He took from the despatch box a miniature and handed it to Perry.

As a work of art this portrait of a very young and lovely girl was mediocre, probably painted from a photograph. Nevertheless it was set in gold and surrounded with tiny brilliants and seed pearls.

"My mother," said Perry. "What a dear she looks! He must have had this done; I'll swear she never gave it to him. She returned his ring and his letters when the engagement was broken, she told me so. Anything else?"

"These may be the letters, and here is the ring."

Orde held up a magnificent ring, a pigeon-blood ruby set in diamonds. He replaced it hastily, as Dufford came in, carrying a pile of thin books. These he placed on the desk and stood still.

"Anything else I can do, sir?"

"Nothing for the moment."

"I wish to give the usual month's notice both for myself and Mrs. Dufford. We—" he hesitated, but went on glibly enough—"are thinking of taking a small hotel at Sidmouth."

"Optimists," said Perry.

Orde despatched a random shaft.

"You and Mrs. Dufford have been here for many years; had you any reason to suppose that provision might be made for you in Mr. Templar's will?"

"We thought it very unlikely, sir."

"In the will made before you came here there is no such provision."

"I quite understand."

"One moment. How were these books paid? In cash or by cheque?"

"Always in cash, sir."

"Perhaps you know where your master kept this cash?"

"I do not, sir."

He smiled with faint derision and left the room.

THE despatch box held letters, the ring, the miniature, and nothing else of importance.

The desk provoked a gasp of exasperation from Orde. "More chaos," he groaned; "this is a triumph of disorder. The quest for actual cash followed. A few notes were found, and a small chamois leather bag full of 'godless' florins, florins with Dei Gratia not inscribed on them, worth on that account more than their face value, preserved by a man of miserly habits. They found also a few gold sovereigns in another bag."

"If there is a hidden hoard," said Orde, "it's not in his desk. There is a Bristol bank-book. He may have employed solicitors in Bristol. One thing is reasonably certain: these Duffords have

saved or stolen money. Why didn't that rascal have the decency to offer to stay on till we found others to replace him and his wife?"

"I don't know."

He drifted out, and began, half-heartedly, a tour of inspection which might have been termed a pilgrimage of introspection, as he wandered first into the big reception-rooms, where carpets were up and furniture swathed in brown holland.

Perry wandered over the house and then drifted into the garden. He found himself walking up and down the terrace treading the narrow path trod daily by his predecessor. Presently his pace quickened as a new and startling idea entered his head. Victor Orde had ridiculed an earlier suggestion which, when you came to think of it quietly, was ridiculous. To give away what he did not want, amenities and disabilities lumped together, and scatter largesse among the unemployed would certainly provoke raucous laughter throughout the kingdom and achieve nothing except a disagreeable publicity. He, in his turn, would be labelled a mad Templar. . . .

But—suppose he got rid of this white elephant after a more reasonable fashion? His eyes began to sparkle; a chuckle escaped his youthful lips as he beheld the stately home of his ancestors transmuted into an Agricultural College fittingly endowed, adequately staffed, a busy hive of industry and progress. And then the best brains in the Labor Party would triumph gloriously, whereas if he, the ignoramus, attempted any sort of effort on his own, he was certain to make a sad mess of it.

He returned to the library, where he found his friend looking like a thrusting hound at fault. Of the terminology of the hunting-field Perry knew nothing, but he could see Victor, so to speak, with expanded nostrils, sniffing about, with head uplifted above a mass of papers.

"Found anything?" asked Perry.

"What I have found howls, as I expected, for explanation. It looks to me as if your predecessor wanted to evade heavy death duties. That may have been a monomania. Mind you, this is only a working hypothesis to account for this." He held up a bankbook. "This, my rabbit, tells a mad tale of money paid in by and paid out to 'Self.' The business was done with a Bristol bank; and I shall see the manager as soon as may be. There is quite a considerable balance. If these cheques to 'Self' were paid in cash, where is the cash? Mors, did this very queer gentleman hide it, hoping that you would find it after his death, and—say nothing about it? We may venture to assume that in his lucid moments he judged you by himself."

"As if I should lend myself to anything fraudulent of that sort! How much money has been hidden away?"

"Possibly more than a hundred thousand pounds. A famous banker—a banker, mind you—once told my old uncle that if he had buried his money instead of investing it would have been infinitely better off. Strictly from a business angle, this hoarding of cash, if we find it, may justify itself, and, so far as you're concerned, solve your big problem. It will take cash, lashings of it, to put your property in order."

Perry beamed. Lashings of cash would serve to endow the Agricultural College.

"Now," went on Orde briskly, "if this

cash is hidden in this room, Durford may know where it is. But I don't think he does. Still, he must have guessed that a miser was hoarding money; and, if he found the hoard, he wouldn't scruple to help himself—and there we are."

"There we aren't," said Perry. "What do you propose to do?"

"I've had a squint at Durford's books, enough to satisfy me that he's robbed his late master, enough to justify you in getting rid of him to-morrow with a month's wages and without a character. I believe we ought to sack the lot."

"I want to go back to London as soon as possible."

"We must go over the property first. Anyway, I suggest that we lock up this room, and put seals upon the shutters and doors."

"You have a free hand to do what you like," said Perry cheerfully.

Perry next day, accompanied by Orde and Chidzey, made a nerve-shattering inspection of half his property. He shook hands with fifty tenants. Indeed, his hand was gripped so hard that it became sore. Obviously he was hailed as the saviour of a lamentable situation. Even Orde, prepared for the worst, was appalled at the conditions. Ditches, in the low-lying lands, were clogged up; roofs everywhere were leaking; the arable land had reverted to pasture. . . .

A dies irae!
To make matters more distressing, the London papers devoted space to the romantic side of Perry's inheritance. Once more he was described as Prince Fortunatus. A young man, hitherto unknown, had inherited a million. . . .

What would he do with it?

It had been agreed that Perry should motor back to London on the morrow, leaving Orde in command. And Orde had declared his intention of occupying the late Squire's bedroom. Chidzey being present, nothing was said about that.

"Durford," said Victor, "can be instructed by you to make an inventory of the plate and the wine. That will keep him busy. We'll lock up these rooms. The sooner we take the road, the better."

"Yes," said Chidzey mournfully.

At that moment, Mr. James Figge was having a word with his daughter after reading three of the morning's newspapers.

Shelagh and he shared a flat on the Surrey side of the river, not far from Battersea Bridge. Shelagh paid the rent, because what money had belonged to her mother was settled on herself. Mr. Figge, with notions of his own about meum and tuum, contended that he had an undivided half-interest in this settlement. Shelagh never contradicted him, because Mr. Figge was intolerant of contradiction. No man could be more agreeable, or better company than he, when he had his own way.

Mr. Figge flung to the carpet the "Daily Beacon," in which, as a valued contributor, he took a proprietary interest. Shelagh was reading another paper.

"Perry Templar," said Mr. Figge sonorously, "has come into a million."

"I'm reading about it," replied Shelagh. "Put down your paper, child. Did you know that he was a young man of great expectations?"

"I did not."

"Why not?"

"Because he had no great expectations when I played golf with him a few days ago."

"Strange! Passing strange!"
He looked incredulous. Shelagh took note of his pursed-up mouth and wrinkled brow.

"You never guessed?" asked the father incredulously.

"Never."

"You take after your mother."

"I hope I do."

"You do. I wooed and won your dear mother against opposition that would have palsied any ordinary man. The path to the altar presented a chevaux de frise of obstacles."

Mr. Figge permitted himself the use of French and Latin quotations when talking with his daughter. She glanced at him whimsically, as if he were a youthful and robustious brother. Then her eyes clouded.

"Father—"

"My lamb?"

"I want you to promise me that you won't touch Perry for a grant-in-aid."

"Teh! I'm a Man of the People, but I'm also a Man of the World. Young Templar, if this fairy story be true, will be bled white by all and sundry. I shall warn him as soon as we meet against—er—some of my own friends. And yet I can say to you what I've said on many a public platform. Nearly every night I go to bed bankrupt in fortune, bankrupt, too often, in hope and faith, in others. Enough! Majors cano. The late Mr. Templar of Moonhills was buried the day before yesterday. When do you expect to see Perry?"

"I don't know."

"Perry is in love with you. Don't deny it."

"He falls in love easily. What would you like for dinner, Father?"

Mr. Figge considered this, being a gourmet careful to assure strangers that he was not a gourmand.

"My fancy," he said, pensively, "dwells on the woodcock of the sea. You know, child, after long years of gastronomical vagabondage, I dare not dogmatise upon the right wine to serve with red mullet. If it were a woodcock of the land, I should plump for an aged Burgundy."

NEXT day, about tea-time, Perry presented himself. He looked much the same as usual, betraying no excitement. This puzzled Shelagh even as it had puzzled Orde. But she was well aware that Mrs. Templar's heart, never to be unduly fluttered, had developed restraint in her son.

"Am I to address you," she asked, "as your Serene Highness?"

"Don't rag me, Shelagh. I've had enough of that from Victor Orde. I remember a phrase of yours. You said that a self-respecting man couldn't own a million, because it owned him."

"Not mine, Perry. It's a cliché. Why didn't you tell me about Moonhills?"

"Moonhills?—? Suppose I told you, only you, because I funk telling Mother, that Moonhills is moonshine—to me."

"Oh-h-h!"

"I never prattled to you about Moonhills, because I never set eyes on the place till a few days ago, and—sit tight!—it wouldn't break my heart if I ever saw it again. Cheers! That's off my chest."

In a maternal tone, Shelagh said soothingly:

"You poor boy . . . !"

Then she laughed, realising the absurdity of the adjective.

"What ought I to do with it? I've

inherited a small kingdom knowing nothing of kingship."

"Oh-h-h!"

"Your 'ohs' are rather upsetting. They indicate that you, the cleverest girl I know, are as dithered as I am."

His blue eyes had begun to sparkle, although he remained outwardly self-possessed; she blinked at him, attempting to peer beneath a curious crust of impassivity, readjusting former valuations. Slightly dismayed by her silence, he went on:

"Why shouldn't I turn over a trust, which I can't handle, to trustees? Why shouldn't I give Moonhills to the Labor Party? Labor, hard labor, will work a miracle. The huge house would become an agricultural college. I don't want more money. I shall have more when Mother passes on. Don't say: 'Talk this over with her.' I must talk it over, and out, with you."

Shelagh became excited.

"Perry—this is wonderful! Why shouldn't you do this? Nobody has done anything of the sort. It would be terrific. I don't think it possible to exaggerate what it would mean to the Cause: the first giant's stride in the right direction."

He laughed gaily.

"Goah! I knew you'd stand by; I knew you'd be understanding, bless you!"

"I'd sooner be understanding than clever. Perry, this is inspiration; and it has come to you at the real right moment, because the reactionaries are for ever throwing it up to us that we are marking time. What an example! The very first thing to do is to talk this over with our leaders: Papa Lansbury or Mr. Henderson."

"I don't know 'em."

"Won't they be glad to know you! This is epoch-making—"

She stood in front of him so full, so brimming over with enthusiasm that he was tempted to bestow upon her a colossal hug. What a woman! Nevertheless he divined that she was swept off her feet by a flood tide of emotion. He had wit enough to perceive that a sudden appeal to her heart might weaken the appeal to her head. She might, being so clever, feel that he was asking for a reward. So he said hurriedly:

"I can't offer anything till I know what I have to offer."

She responded swiftly.

"Of course not. You have paid me a tremendous compliment. All I can say is that I'm with you and will do anything to help. If it wasn't for father, I'd throw into the pot my money."

"Your money? I didn't know you had any money except what you're clever enough to earn."

Shelagh hesitated. Had the Irish in her outrun discretion? Then she laughed, reflecting that confidence invariably begets confidence. She lowered her voice, although they were alone in the flat.

"I have ten thousand pounds. It was left to me by my grandmother, settled by her on my mother, and on me after her death."

"You never told me—"

"I haven't told anybody. You see," again she paused, allowing a smile to flicker about her firm lips, "Father thinks that he is entitled to a half interest in the income from this money."

"He does, does he?"

"Anyway, it keeps us. He spends what he makes; and so do I. It's rather lucky that he can't touch the capital. It is our

little nest egg, but if you give up a cool million—!"

"Call it half a million after probate is granted—"

"The amount doesn't matter. The principle is everything. You are giving up unearned money."

Perry grinned.

"Which I don't want. Victor Orde dropped on to that. Anyhow you're with me, Shelagh?"

"Victor may call you a coward."

"What you think counts with me."

"Oh, dear! If you said afterwards: The woman tempted me—?"

"Never!"

"All the same, I—I may have spoken too hastily. I should hate to upset your mother. You say you have dissembled with her. Why?"

"If long ago she fell in love with Moonhills, it is likely that she wants me to do the same. But she hasn't seen it as it is."

"She ought to see it."

"I want you to see it."

"You must talk this over with a man much older and wiser than yourself."

"Your father?"

She shook her head, faintly smiling, as a maid entered with the tea-things. Presently Perry went his way. He told himself that Shelagh was a prize packet for a fellow who wanted to be loved for himself alone!

ON the morrow he encountered for the first time Victor's uncle, Mr. Adam Hemmingway, whom a Dickensian might have addressed as Mr. Tulkington. He listened to what Perry had to say, making inarticulate noises and rubbing his chin. Now and again he muttered, "Dear, dear!" His shrewd grey eyes, beneath a high narrow forehead, twinkled when his client mentioned the Bristol Bank and the possibility of finding hidden treasure. Obviously, too, he had faith in his nephew's executive ability.

"We can do without Victor here, Mr. Templar, for a few weeks. I had a letter from him this morning. He will do his utmost to make things as easy as possible for you, but he urges your return."

"I'm returning to-morrow."

"Victor mentioned the Duke of Glastonbury and the gracious invitation extended to you. You would do well to visit him. I know His Grace, and I knew his father before him. Both gentlemen, although addicted to the pleasures of the chase, have given closest attention to the FitzPayne properties. The Duke does his duty."

"A jolly old bird," said Perry.

Mr. Hemmingway winced. To him dukes were still dukes.

"I suppose," continued Perry lightly, "that there is a duchess of sorts?"

"The Duchess," replied Mr. Hemmingway stiffly, "is one of the last of our great ladies."

"You are scaring me stiff."

"You can take it from me, Mr. Templar, that the highest personages in the realm are the easiest to get on with. Her Grace has three charming daughters."

"It's a coincidence, Mr. Hemmingway, but I know a charming young lady who is of kin to the Duke."

"You don't surprise me. Nearly everybody who is anybody is of kin to the FitzPaynes."

"You have heard, of course, of James Figge?"

"No. Who is he?"

"He'd drop dead if I told him that you'd never heard of him. A very live wire is Mr. Figge, and, like myself, a Socialist."

Mr. Hemmingway placed a thin hand to his ear. Had he heard aright?

"Did you say that you—you—were a Socialist?"

"Could I be anything else?"

"We have no time to go into that."

"Perhaps not. Mr. Figge is the father of Shelagh Figge. Her mother was the daughter of the Duke's great-aunt. Mr. Figge stormed the citadel and carried off the beauty in what she had on at the time. His description of what occurred is epic—epic."

"I forget unimportant things," admitted Mr. Hemmingway, "but I recall this unhappy incident. If my memory still serves me, this—er—crime against her order was given some—er—publicity."

"I'm sure Mr. Figge attended to that."

"A young lady of quality," Mr. Hemmingway spoke in a pained voice, "elected to make her bed in Bloomsbury instead of Mayfair."

"Is it a crime to marry the girl you love regardless of idiotic class distinctions?"

Again Mr. Hemmingway winced, constrained to the conclusion that here was another mad Templar. He was tempted to point out that class distinctions were not idiotic, but he decided that the idiosyncrasies of an important client must be humored.

With his mother Perry went on dissembling. He had aroused in her an expectation that he would soar to heights. Business instincts inherited from her father revealed themselves.

"Has this changed you?" he asked.

"I want to be proud of my son."

"I—I hoped you were."

"Sonnie, I accuse myself of keeping you to myself. You belong now to your own county. I can think of nothing else. And I want to see again the green hills of Somerset."

"Not yet, darling."

"Why not?"

"I—I must get the house into order before you come to it. You aren't thinking of living there, are you?"

"Will you marry, yes?"

"Chateau of Moonhills?"

"I want to be where you are."

"To keep an eye on me?"

"Perhaps."

"You must bide a wee. Victor and I are going to live in four rooms."

"For several years I have lived in two."

PERRY reached Moonhills shortly before dinner, driving, as before, slowly and carefully.

Millie Pitts opened the lodge gates. To his annoyance, she bestowed on him a provocative smile, beaming at him so that he blushed. How absurd! The little hussy was a quiver with excitement. Even she, like so many others, had been swept off her feet by his possessions.

Approaching the house, absorbing the beauty of the undulating park, he beheld Moonhills as a prison. Was he predestined to become a recluse like his unhappy kinsman? Ten minutes later Orde was gripping his hand.

"Found anything, Vic?"

"Not a thing. I've spent most of my time arranging for valuations, interviewing tenants, and keeping at bay the

gentlemen of the Press. You have a pile of letters awaiting you. I'm afraid you will find that funds are urgently needed by your correspondents. The bedroom next the library is ready for you. I may be wrong, but I seemed to detect an uneasy smile upon Duford's unwholesome face when I told him that you wished to sleep in that room. A man is coming from Bath to make an inventory of the pictures and work of art."

Perry put away his car, and then followed his friend into the bedroom, prepared to dissemble with everybody except himself. In Orde he recognised the man of the present, engrossed by it, determined to profit by it, and, if necessary, remodel it.

He surveyed the eighteenth-century furniture. Evidently Victor expected a word of thanks and congratulation. He had discovered a small Queen Anne bed to replace the huge four-poster wherein Humphry had died. Chippendale had fashioned the chairs which displayed their original needlework covers. Upon the walls hung mezzotints and engravings.

"This," said Perry gratefully, "is a nerve-soothing change for the better. You're a wonder, Vic."

"You glared at this sepulchre, and so did I. What has been done here can be done elsewhere. Childzey helped me and a brace of housemaids." He chuckled. "Apart from the fun of the hunt for right stuff, I wanted, without arousing the suspicions of Duford, to make certain that nothing was hidden here. I'm glad you're pleased with your sentry-box."

"Sentry-box?"

"We'll remove all seals."

It had been Orde's inspiration to use filaments of floss silk between the seals. For instance, no intruder could have unbarred the shutters or opened the doors of the library without breaking the silk.

Perry dressed for dinner, glad to find himself out of the tapestried chamber. But the house, after the maisonette in Park Row, appeared more fantastically huge than before. It imposed on him, willy-nilly, an overpowering sense of claustrophobia.

ON the Monday, with the glass at "Set Fair," Orde and he made a pilgrimage to Bristol with its streets "full of ships." They interviewed the manager of Humphry Templar's bank, gleaned little from him except the assurance that a queer customer had paid in much money and withdrawn it. Periodically bundles of notes were sent to him by registered post. Mr. Templar had never asked for advice in regard to investments.

"Another promising cover drawn blank," said Orde, "but there's a strong sniff of Reynard."

Perry waxed enthusiastic over Bristol. He could hardly tear himself away from St. Mary Redcliff, the finest parish church in the kingdom.

Upon this first visit to Bristol Perry bought Walter Raymond's "History of Somerset" and other books dealing with the country. He contemplated a visit to the Cheddar Gorge and the Doone country. He didn't know it as yet, but he was falling in love with lovely and lovable places and simple persons. The underlings of his establishment belonged to the village of Moonhills.

Childzey had begun to pester him about the shooting, which might have been let to a syndicate, but the late squire refused to have strangers on his property.

Wild pheasants were shot by his keepers; and the old tradition of giving away game had been observed. Chidzey said half apologetically: "I had orders to send the tenants game, much cheaper than paying out cash for improvements." Whenever Chidzey opened his mouth a grievance slipped out of it. Perry found it comforting to reply: "We can't do anything till we know what cash is available." He began to hope that probate would be delayed for several months. So far as the shooting was concerned nobody would be likely to take it except upon a long lease.

Meanwhile he saw something of his rector, whom he liked increasingly; but Mrs. Pelham's inanities distressed a man accustomed to the sprightly talk current at the Scribblers' and in his mother's drawing-room.

He wrote a letter to Shelagh: Beloved Shelagh,

Your Tony Lumpkin is going to wear breeches and gaiters. Soon he will be prodding fat bullocks and take the air spud in hand. Victor is doing the spade work. He stands valiantly between me and the publicity fiends. With time I may become rarer of the soil. It may tickle you to hear that I'm playing sleuth with no aptitudes for jigsaw-puzzles. A very dirty dog in the establishment is watching our movements. So I am watching him. Full details when we meet.

I miss horribly your talk, and ask myself unanswerable questions. Can a squire, in these invertebrate days, think of himself as part of the backbone of England? Can there be what our pa'son calls rehabilitation of village life and industries?

Keep an eye on Mother.

Yours, boiled and braised,

PERRY.

PERHAPS Perry underrated his aptitudes as sleuth. He was aware that Orde was doing the heavy spade work with an energy to which a man lacking in "drive" gave full credit. At spare moments, after dinner for example, the quest of the hidden cash went on. Victor was in no hurry to ask an expert. Anybody with ordinary intelligence could eliminate hiding-places dear to dealers in fiction: secret drawers, sliding panels, cavities beneath hearthstones, and so forth. There might well be a cache behind the rows and rows of books. They moved them, finding that but nothing else. However, this wasted labor rekindled the suspicion that Durdorf had employed his leisure in a similar fashion. Perry, not Orde, discovered finger-prints. These, as Victor pointed out, might belong to fingers now enclosed in lead. If Humphrey Templar was in the habit of cleaning some of the handsomer bindings he would assuredly leave marks upon them.

Without saying a word to his friend, Perry decided to lay a trap for the butler. The idea came to him not altogether fortuitously, because, each night, the possibility of being disturbed disordered his slumbers. He would wake up with a start, imagining that he heard something or somebody in the library. He was habitually a light sleeper, ready to answer instantly a summons from his mother if one of her attacks came on in the night. It occurred to him that a light sleeping-draught would do him no harm. He had met the doctor who had attended his predecessor. He might write to him and

ask for home harmless opiate. At that moment, he glimpsed opportunity. Each morning Durdorf fussed and fiddled over him: "I trust you have slept well, sir. . . . Can I do anything for you? . . . Everything is ready, sir. . . . Then he would fit out of the room. Disliking the man, Perry rarely engaged him in conversation. He made sure that Durdorf still hoped that provision would be made for him, a bonus for long service. And yet the conviction rankled that the fellow had other reasons for attempting to establish confidence, and at the same time was incapable of masking that sly, furtive curiosity which exuded from every pore of his fallow skin.

Durdorf came in as usual to find Perry sitting in a chair, wearing his dressing-gown.

"I've had a rotten night, Durdorf."

"Sorry to hear that, sir."

"I don't sleep sound in this room."

"We can move you out of it, sir."

"Tell me. What is the name of the doctor who lives at Cheddar-FitzPayne?"

"Dr. Halliday."

"Clever, so Mr. Pelham told me."

"He is his Grace's medical attendant, sir."

"I don't want to call him in, but I shall write him a note after breakfast. See that it's sent over at once."

"I can take it myself, sir."

"I shall ask Dr. Halliday to make up a mild sleeping-draught, which you can bring back."

"Very good, sir."

"I've never taken anything of the sort, but I must have a decent night's rest. Not a word to Mr. Orde—"

"No, sir."

Durdorf withdrew. So far, so good! Perry had failed to read an impassive face, but Durdorf, before leaving the room, fussed and fiddled less than usual. He conveyed, somehow, the air of a man anxious to be done with perfunctory duties, having his mind's eye on something more exciting. "It may be my imagination," thought Perry, "but it does look as if this overfed beast had got a kick out of opportunity just as I have. If things only go according to plan, there may be comedy to-night."

When Durdorf, before luncheon, called Perry's attention to the white-papered and sealed bottle upon his dressing-table, he said blandly:

"I took it upon myself, sir, to tell the doctor that you were not accustomed to sleeping-draughts. He assured me that this would secure a good night's rest without any ill consequences. If you take it on retiring you will sleep like a dormouse."

"Thank you, Durdorf."

Just before Perry went to bed, Durdorf tapped at his door. He ventured to remind his master that persons not in the habit of taking medicine might forget to take it. Once more a derisive smile flickered across his face, when Perry, for answer, held up the small phial—empty.

"The oblation has been made to the god of sleep."

"I wish you a very good night, sir."

"It's so hot, Durdorf, that I think I shall sleep the sounder if we leave ajar the door into the passage."

"Certainly, sir."

He went out, leaving the door open. Each night the library door, giving access to the corridor, was locked on the inside. Till this night, Durdorf, if he wished to go into the library, would have to pass through the bedroom, a perilous adventure.

Perry slipped into bed and extinguished his bedside lamp. The house was thrillingly quiet.

Lying there with his ears pricked to detect the lightest sound, he realised that his wits were unusually alert; he seemed to be hovering on the edge of an emotional crisis which might precede more revaluation.

The vigil lasted little more than an hour. Perry made sure that Durdorf would not wait till the effects of a light opiate wore off. Nor did he. A board creaked shortly after midnight. A moment later Durdorf stole in and approached the bed. Perry couldn't see him, because he had closed his eyes. Durdorf moved silently to the library, passing through the open door. Perry sat up. Durdorf was lighting a candle or candles. Perry heard the scratch of a match. . . .

He never budged for at least ten minutes, an eternity of waiting. Then he slipped out of bed and approached the door. Luck stood by him. Peering through an inch of aperture he saw the butler with his back to him, busily engaged (at the bookcase nearest to the desk) in examining a row of quartos. He was opening one. He shut it and replaced it, taking out another.

Neither Perry nor Orde had thought of notes being secreted in the books. They had looked behind them.

Perry put a golfing jacket over his pyjamas. Torch in hand, he passed through the door. Durdorf had lit two candles. In a soft, pleasant voice Perry said quietly:

"Are you trying to lengthen your days, Durdorf, by stealing a few hours from the night?"

The quarto in the butler's hand crashed to the floor. Durdorf stood still.

"Sit down," said Perry. "I'm going to stand near the bell. I've no wish to rouse the household. I shall ring the bell if you move from your chair."

Durdorf sat down.

"You may have some explanation of your being here. If so, I should like to hear it."

"You know why I'm here, sir. I only want what is due to me."

"Bravely crowed! Did you know that your master hid money in this room?"

"He was a miser and a skinflint. He may have hidden his money anywhere. I do know that he hid it somewhere. He told me that if I and Mrs. Durdorf stuck to him, he'd make it worth our while."

"But didn't you make it worth your while to stick to him by taking advantage of the free hand given to you in your dealings with tradesmen?"

DURDORF held his tongue. He didn't look abject; he didn't cringe. He had assumed a comical air of injured innocence, a victim perhaps to self-pity.

"How much have you and Mrs. Durdorf saved?"

"Not enough, sir, to start us in business. At our time of life, we're sick of service."

"You're the only man who knew something of your master's ways. We guessed that money must have been hidden away. I might go easier with you, Durdorf, if you helped me to find it."

"It must be in this room, sir."

"Let us put our cards face up on the table. Do I understand—no witnesses being present—that if you found the hoard you intended to help yourself to what you think is your share of it?"

Durdorf, impressed by an ingratiating

voice, hesitated. Any true understanding of the urbanity in Perry was beyond him; and (like most servants) he had excuses put to his lip.

"If I told you, sir, what has been in my mind, you wouldn't believe me."

"Carry on."

"For years, sir, I have known that my late master must be hiding money. I have seen fifty-pound Bank of England notes lying on his desk. He never spent money if he could help it; he didn't speculate on the Stock Exchange."

"How do you know?"

"I laid 'The Times' each morning upon his desk. He never looked at the financial page."

"Again—how do you know?"

"I—I experimented."

"How?"

"By putting a speck of gum between the pages."

Perry laughed. He had often wondered whether priests in the confessional smiled at peccadilloes, secretly commending resource and initiative. He continued cheerfully:

"Anyway, you came to the conclusion that the cash was here?"

"I did, sir."

"Do you read detective novels?"

"Now and again, sir, when I have nothing better to do."

"Then you are familiar with the expression 'come clean'?"

Durford smiled bleakly.

"Yes, sir."

"You say that often you saw bank-notes on the desk. Mr. Orde found that desk in disorder. We suspected that somebody in the devil of a hurry had gone through it before we tackled it. The keys were in your possession for some hours. Did you go through it?"

"I was looking for instructions about the funeral."

"And refrained from helping yourself to the petty cash?"

Durford's face expressed righteous indignation.

"I took nothing. My object was not what you think. I wanted to find what was hidden, come to you, sir, and claim, not steal, a reward."

Perry grinned at him.

"So, after your own fashion, you do come 'clean,' eh?"

Perry chuckled.

"I have listened to your explanation, and I have—sifted it. I know that you have feathered your nest. In your place, with your opportunities, I might have done the same. Let us have no back-chat about that."

"I quite understand, sir."

"I am forced to the conclusion that Mr. Humphry Templar gave you opportunities which you grasped. I shall do something for you, whether I find this missing money or not."

"You are generous, sir—"

"On conditions. I must see to it that you don't take service again."

"I have no wish to enter service again."

"If your small hotel in Sidmouth is a wash-out, you would have to do it. And then you might be tempted once more to feather another nest. I can prevent that; and I shall."

"Very good, sir."

"Why did you begin to-night with the quartets?"

"Nobody disturbs quartets."

"Under all the circumstances, I shall ask you to leave my service to-morrow."

"As you please, sir."

He marched out, carrying a high head,

conveying the impression that he had salved conscience, a ludicrous instance of "kidding" oneself, an expression often on Shelagh's lips.

Perry glanced about him, frowning at the rows of books. Ardor for the hunt oozed out of him. He went back to his bedroom, and locked the corridor door.

In less than a quarter of an hour he was asleep.

TWENTY - FOUR

hours later, after Durford and his wife had left Moonhills, Perry found the hidden hoard.

Mad though his kinsman might be, his wits had served him well. Among the books was a family Bible. Perry had examined the quartos and folios. He pulled out the big Bible, and nearly replaced it, after glancing at the first few pages, because it was so squarely compact with its heavy covers lying so flat. He opened the Bible about the middle, and discovered that a large square space had been cut out. In this ingenious "safe" were many loose notes, a big sealed package, and a sealed letter addressed to himself. He was alone when he found it and read it.

Obviously it had been written by a miser and an eccentric.

You will find in the sealed packet a large sum in notes. They are yours. I have lost faith in so-called gilt-edged investments. I am indignant over the exorbitant taxes. I believe that crushing death duties are imposed upon us to destroy us. It has amused me to hide this money. With every note put aside I have chuckled to think that I was defeating those who are trying to defeat me. You are the son of the only woman I ever loved. I may live for many years yet, and, with a Labor Government in power, anything may happen. This money is your post-egg. If England becomes like Russia, you can find another country. If you take my advice, you will keep what you find to yourself. That is all. The pleasure you may have in spending it will never equal the pleasure which I have had in saving it. One word more. I have deliberately refused to take further interest in land that at any moment may be taken from me...

Perry read and re-read this letter before he opened the sealed packet or made any attempt to count the loose notes. It was dated some months before the election that was such a debacle for the Labor Party.

He acted upon the impulse of the moment. Orde was in the house, busy in a small room which he used as an office. Perry sent for him. He knew that he ought to be wildly excited, but he was seized instead with an odd mental inertia and a profound pity for his predecessor.

Orde found him in an armchair with the opened Bible lying upon the shabby carpet.

"Read this letter," said Perry, "before you ask questions. The missing cash has been found."

Orde read the letter and then glanced at the loose notes and the sealed packet.

"If Durford had found this—"

"I owe him something. You must count the cash, Vic, and take charge of it. Not a word against Humphry Templar. He acted according to his lights, as—as we all do."

The total amount exceeded one hundred thousand pounds.

"What a plum!" exclaimed Orde.

"What a nest-egg!"

"Can we hide this nest-egg?"

Orde, of course, recognised that no evasion of death duties was in Perry's mind. Before he had time to speak Perry confirmed this.

"I mean—need Tom, Dick, and Harry know? You must let His Majesty's Commissioners for Inland Revenue take their share, but, for my cousin's sake, the less said about his motives the better. You agree?"

"I agree. The money can be entered in the statements as 'cash in hand.' You don't seem to have grasped what this means to you—"

"What does it mean?"

"It ought to mean peace of mind. We can get to work quickly instead of slowly. You won't have to sell a lot of stuff at bedrock prices. It means an easy solution of a difficult problem, the right adjustment of means and ends. Why aren't you grinning? Why aren't you dancing about the room?"

"I must try," said Perry slowly, "to be outspoken, but if you rag me, I shall scream. The trouble is that principle and practice are at civil war. I don't feel yet that these confounding possessions are mine. I—I wish I did. I don't know what to do with them. You do. You stand on firm ground; I'm on shifting sands, which keep on shifting. Look here, I—I became a Socialist because Shelagh rubbed it into me that individualism was played out. She didn't try to make me a Socialist; but somehow she made me see that her Socialism was honest. Ever since I met Shelagh my sympathies have been with the underdog. It never entered my head that I might find myself top-dog. What I'm going to say may strike you as tosh, but I wasn't too unhappy when I found this octopus of a property in its death throes. That was a valid excuse for rejecting it, for giving it away—"

"You thought seriously of that?"

"I could think of little else after the funeral; but you laughed at me."

"I laughed, because I knew that you would have to pay first your death and legacy duties."

Perry attempted to assimilate this, as Orde continued:

"After the funeral I said little because I knew little. Chidzey and my own eyes enlightened me. The farms on your hands you can't let or sell, because they're so run down. I wonder Chidzey hasn't cut his throat. I told him to spare you. I'm sorry I laughed at you."

"I told Shelagh; she didn't laugh. I—I meant to ask her to marry me. Then, together, we should do the right thing."

"Shelagh won't marry you unless she loves you. I'm well aware of her disabilities—"

"Disabilities?"

"She's barely twenty-four. Ardent youth is ready to grasp anything that is new, regardless of whether it is true. You two are paper Socialists. Come, now, have you sincere faith in the People?"

"Yes."

"You honestly believe that because the educated classes have failed, the uneducated will succeed?"

"Led by the right men they will."

"Where are the right men? Face facts, Perry. The best brains in the world

have got the world into a mess. Science has brought about over-production, unemployment, and discontent. Science will tackle the problem and ultimately solve it. Brains, not muscles, will win through, as they always have done."

EARLY in July Perry witnessed another drawn match between Eton and Harrow. Acting under Orde's advice, he had written to the Duke proposing himself as a guest at FitzPayne. By return of post came a cordial invitation. Accordingly, upon the Monday following the match at Lord's, Perry bought a first-class ticket to Wells. He preferred to travel third-class, because he liked to talk to fellow-passengers.

He was alone in his carriage till the last minute. Then a porter opened the door and hurried on to a seat a suitcase and a bag. As the train began to glide out of Paddington, a slim girl sank pantingly into the seat opposite Perry, glancing at him before she murmured:

"Ran that rather fine, didn't it?"
"You did," assented Perry.
"The next train is a creepy-crawler. Do you mind if we leave the window open?"

"Not a bit."
Encouraged by Perry's smile, the young lady prattled on. London had been so stuffy for the past week. Ascot, really, was too marvellous, the best ever. When Perry told her that he didn't race, she looked surprised. With her eyes on his she said presently:

"Haven't we met before?"
"Not in this world as yet."

"But somehow," she persisted, "your face is familiar. I know that I've seen it half a dozen times lately. Where?"
"In the 'Prattler' possibly, or some other picture-paper."

"Of course," she laughed. "How stupid of me. Are you going west for your coronation, Mr. Templar?"

He was tempted to reply: "So you know my name; but I don't know yours." Instead, he repeated with slight acerbity:

"My coronation?"
"An ox roasted whole, and all that. You're the talk of the county."
"Am I?"

"Naturally. It's an honor to travel in the same carriage with you. Heavens! You haven't, by any chance, reserved it for yourself?"

"If I had, you'd be welcome to your share of it."

As he spoke he was agreeably aware of feeling at ease with her. She must be "county," and if so, she could enlighten him. Tentatively he began:

"You say you were at Ascot; aren't you going to Goodwood?"

"No. I don't race except to catch a train. Between ourselves, my old folks at home love their garden in July. They skip out of London as soon as they decently can. Pip, my father, ought to have been a gardener. What are you going to do with your gardens?"

"I—I don't know; I keep on saying that about twenty times a day."

"Is it true that you're not a sportsman. I heard you didn't hunt or shoot."

"I don't."
"What do you do? To me your story is like a fairy-tale. I read what they said in the papers, but they didn't say

much. You were at Harrow and Trinity. Perhaps you're at the Bar."

"I haven't done anything yet."

"There's plenty to do now. Won't it be fun doing it?"

"Fun?"

"Rather. I should love it. Suppose you had stepped into a property in apple-pie order? It wouldn't have been easy then to go one better. And whatever you do will be cheered."

Perry smiled. She was not so handsome as Shelagh, but she had the bloom of youth with very little of the bloom of the beauty-parlor, evidently a jolly, care-free girl, able to look intelligently at life. She might be the daughter of some prince of industry, although he hoped not. Princes of industry, according to Shelagh Figge, were bloated capitalists, men who ranked the machine higher than the man.

"I may make a mess of things," he confided, "because I'm so ignorant. I'm on my way to visit the biggest pot in Somerset. He's more or less offered to steer me a bit, to—put me wise. And I'm squirming at having to meet an even greater swell—his duchess, and her daughters who will soon find out what poor white trash I am."

"Will you begin by shaking hands with one of the daughters?"
She held out her hand.

"One of the daughters—I!" exclaimed Perry, as he took it.

"Yes. I'm Biddy FitzPayne, and I ought to have told you so before."

PERRY failed to realise at first that his host had paid him a notable compliment. He expected to find himself one of a large household; he happened to be the only guest; he anticipated splendors: powdered footmen, a butler looking like the Olympian Jove who would eye superciliously any outsider. The simplicity of the great establishment, the absence of fuss and frills, were a delightful surprise. He was welcomed as a neighbor and kinsman. The footman who valeted him was no pampered menial, but a young man nearly as well-educated as himself! At dinner her most gracious Grace wore an unpretentious tea-gown. The Duke appeared in a black velvet jacket, decidedly a "tartog." They dined in a paneled breakfast-room, sat down at eight, and left the table before nine. Coffee was served on the terrace. One married daughter was away from home; the other two chafed "Pip" unmercifully. Perry sat between his hostess and Biddy.

He attempted to compare Shelagh with Biddy. The former had written a letter which he had read a dozen times.

"Dear Perry,—Give me a miss till we both get our bearings. Please don't think this is beastly of me. I see you as a blur. I feel that the real YOU may not yet be born. When we meet I expect to make the acquaintance of a different man. Dare I give you advice? Keep away from London. Can't you get your mother down to Moonhills? Ever yours SHELAGH."

Perry tried to read between the lines of this sensible epistle. Was Shelagh terrified that a man of honor, coming into great possessions, would forthwith ask the girl he loved to marry him? How-

ever, if she wanted him to keep away from her, he would do so.

His appraisal of Biddy was easier. A duke's daughter disdained "swank," part and parcel of many young women whom he knew, a sort of impudent make-up, like scarlet nails and plucked eyebrows. Surveying his past, he thought ruefully: "I seem to know a lot of people not quite out of the top drawer." He decided that Biddy was rather a daring and straight as a string. He wondered what she thought of him.

When the ladies went to bed at an astonishingly early hour Perry's host led him to a small room simply furnished.

"We shan't be disturbed here," he said. "I can't thank you enough, sir, for all this kindness."

"My dear fellow, keep your thanks till I've earned them. Now is there any particular question you want to put to me?"

"Yes. In your opinion was my cousin mad?"

The Duke considered this, wondering how much Perry knew. If he could believe the Reverend Herbert Pelham, very little. It was likely, too, that Perry's tenants, and every man and woman whom he had met in the county, had been guarded in their speech.

"Mad," he said slowly, "is a word used too lightly. Your cousin stuck to his old ruts. I tried, long ago, to reason with him. He was my senior. The long and the short of it is that he refused to accept new conditions hateful to him, and hateful to me then."

"Then?"

The Duke's voice was kind and sympathetic. Somehow Perry grasped the conviction that the gift of the gab, so noticeable in Mr. James Figge, had not been bestowed upon his host. He had instead an uncompromising sincerity informing every word he uttered.

"I must talk to you as I talked in this same room to my son. He took in what I said. I had to make it plain that the new conditions changed me. I—I felt as if I had barged into a tiger. This talk took place shortly after my talk with your cousin."

"He was the tiger?"

"No, no. The tiger was Democracy. The privileged few found themselves mauled by the many. My boy was still at Eton; he had escaped the war, but he was too young to peer into a future which I saw but dimly myself. Still, I knew that an overwhelming change was ahead; I knew, for instance, that autocracy, as my father and I interpreted it, only existed on sufferance as the monarchy does. I made my boy see that. Your cousin became soured long before the war; he was always self-centred. In the hunting-field he took his own line, endangered his own life and even the lives of his hounds, and never spoke to a soul. He used to go out shooting by himself. And then he locked himself up, cut loose from all of us, and became one of the unburred dead. He believed—he said as much to me—that his property would be taken from him. I can't throw stones at the poor fellow, because I had to fight hard to remould myself. And even now, when conditions are brighter, I get hot in the collar when I realise that the sacrifices we have made are accepted so thanklessly and that hardly anybody can stand in our shoes and understand how they pinch us."

"If you would tell me a little more about that."

"You might accuse me of self-pity."

"Never!"

"I read what Labour has to say. I read only yesterday an article written by that humbug, James Figge."

"I know him," said Perry. "He's a member of my club. I can understand, sir, that you dislike his articles, but is it quite fair to call him a humbug?"

"If he's a friend of yours, Templar—"

"He's an acquaintance."

"I never call a man a humbug unless I know that he is a humbug. Figge is a faux bonhomme. He bolted long ago with a cousin of mine and married her. There was a rare rumpus. It nearly killed my great-aunt, Adeliza. She hadn't the remotest idea of what was in the wind. I doubt if she'd ever heard of the man."

Perry had listened to Mr. Figge's version of the affair, so he pricked his ears, as the Duke went on:

"I don't blame the girl; he was a handsome, plausible rascal. The girl was weak, pretty, very susceptible to flattery, and she met him at some country house. Figge had wormed himself into politics. I've always said that both Whigs and Tories stupidly overlook the claims of clever young men. Figge had been useful to the Tories, but he had no family connections. That's why he married my cousin."

"You told me, sir, that your shoes pinched you. I've never talked with a big landowner. I've never tried to stand in his shoes."

The Duke hesitated. He had believed for some years that Humphry Templar was mad. He made sure that the family talent was latent in the blood of all the black Templars. But Perry was fair, taking after his mother.

"You shall stand in mine, Templar, because they're yours, but you must use your imagination. You haven't a son; you haven't yet any sense of possession; Moonhills can't be to you what FitzPayne is to me, although the Templars were here before us."

"I've imagination enough to guess how you feel about your own splendid property."

"Good. Do you happen to know roughly what my income is? You don't. It's nearly sixty thousand a year. And I have to economise all along the line. Because I want my son to live here when I'm gone, I have to insure against death duties. I have to keep up this and the London establishment. My actual expenses, including taxes and insurance, are in excess of my net income. I have had to give up the hounds, give up my forest in Scotland, and I have had to sell some pictures. I was lucky in selling land after the war, outlying bits, but I am, like you, land poor. I can say to you that it is a never-ending struggle against increasing impoverishment. Mr. James Figge would say, and does say, that I'm a rich man. I'm infinitely less well off than many a professional man with a modest income, although he too is hard hit. If I considered nothing except my own comfort—and my wife feels as I do—I might scrap responsibilities as your cousin did. What is called expropriation by taxation may make bankrupts of men like me, but I propose to carry on as long as I can. Rightly or wrongly, I conceive that to be my duty. I hope I haven't bored you."

He spoke with dignity and without rancor.

"I'm tremendously interested," said Perry. "I-I never realised till this moment your position, and I find myself wondering why the general public doesn't know what it ought to know."

"We have our pride," said the Duke. "And we have something more."

Perry was plastic to the hand of any experienced potter. He talked to Biddy as freely as he talked to Shelagh. With her sister, Barbara, he felt shy. Biddy explained this:

"Babs is about to become engaged. She can't think of anything else. Everybody knows about it and approves. So dull!"

She bestowed on him a friendly wink.

"You like obstacles, Lady Bridget?"

"I do out hunting. I should hate to ride over a country where you had to carry a microscope to see the fences."

"Are marriages with you still arranged?"

"If they were, they'd jolly soon be dis-

arranged. Why are you so formal?

"Aren't we fourth cousins? I shall call you Perry. You must call me Biddy."

"I can't call you a soft drink? I've never tasted it. Perrygrine is too grand for you, but Pip told me it was a name in your family. Do you think that any girl of to-day would allow her marriage to be arranged?"

"I don't know—"

"What you pretend you don't know irritates me. I shall take you in hand. Babs is too engrossed with her own sloppy thoughts to do the subject justice."

Her vivacity amused him as he replied:

"I warned you, before I knew who you were, that I was poor white trash."

"Are you flaunting the septic pride which apes humility? We think you rather a dear, but helplessly lacking in a right conceit of yourself. You are now a personage. Cock your head at a higher angle. Stick out your chin, to oblige me, and be a little man."

"I'm your ladyship's humble obedient servant."

"The right wife will lick you into shape."

"My mother says that I must go slow over that."

"The slower the better if you get the goods. Can you swim?"

"Ten; one of my minor accomplishments."

"We have a lovely bathing pool. We'll bathe at high noon, and sunbathe afterwards. Then we shall be able to whack into luncheon."

This was the beginning of their friendship. Was it possible that an inscrutable Providence, aiding and abetting Biddy, had taken him in hand? The Duke asked him to stay on as long as he liked. Next day, a Wednesday, Biddy mounted him upon the safest conveyance in the stables, a fat cob, and lunged the pair round a ring.

"You may have a seat in the county, but you haven't a seat on a horse. It's a comfort you have nothing to unlearn."

At tennis and golf he was her master, and delighted to discover that she was a good loser.

TO Biddy, under

pledge of secrecy, Perry told the tale of treasure trove. He wanted to know whether she held his cousin to be mad. However, if she did, she dissembled, and fell back discreetly upon the habits of a miser.

"I say," she gasped, "were you tempted to take what you found and say nothing about it?"

"Evidently that's what he wanted."

Biddy considered this. The family impoverishment had cut down her allowance. She was familiar with the word "expropriation."

"I often wonder," she murmured, "whether women have the same code of honor as Pip and you have. Pip says that we are traditionally gotters. He's sharper than he looks. He says that women are the big spenders. Men like to make money and save money. Pip accuses a lot of women of being—predatory, what you and I call 'vamps.' And he says that we haven't the same respect for the law which men have. I believe that Mummie would evade income tax if she could. The State has robbed us. Why shouldn't we rob the State?"

"Because two wrongs don't make a right."

"Thank you, Mr. Tupper."

"I'll turn that purveyor of platitudes upside down. Two rights do sometimes make a wrong. I got on to that after my talk with your father on Monday night. The double infliction of excessive income and sur-tax is wrong for men like him."

"You mean they're killing the goose that lays the golden eggs?"

"Yes, Mrs. Tupper."

"One up for you, Perry. I'm glad I didn't find that money. Wasn't it marvellously thrilling?"

"Not to me."

"Why not?"

"Because it forces my hand."

She eyed him roguishly, feeling sisterly.

"Pip told me you were a Socialist—"

"A very half-baked one, Biddy."

"So was Squeak—"

"Squeak?"

Biddy explained that if the Duke was addressed as "Pip" by the members of his family it followed automatically that his only son, and heir should be called "Squeak."

Perry had not yet met the Marquess of Cheddar, who was in Denmark, studying the dairy interest of that country, and endeavoring to find out why Danish bacon was imported in such immense quantities into England. The Duke clung to his conviction that the pig was the poor man's best friend.

PERRY returned to

Moonhills distastefully class-conscious. He wanted to be honest with himself, but he clung to preconceived ideas. He had never come into intimate contact with a family like the FitzPaynes. His sceptic host was often spoken of by Biddy as "The Gaffer." But when tenants addressed him as "Your Grace," Perry realised that the title had been earned.

He was gracious in his dealings with everybody, incapable of pettiness, intolerant only of intolerance and humbug. The Duchess was cut to much the same pattern. Pottering about the rose-garden in her company Perry felt at his ease. She was less outspoken than her lord. She had the old-fashioned reticencies of the Edwardian gentlewoman, and some of their engrained prejudices, but she, too, was incapable of rancor and able to see a joke against herself. She did not take Perry's Socialism too seriously.

What happened soon afterwards throws a sidelight on Shelagh. With all the persuasiveness at her command, she urged Mrs. Templar to join her son.

"You could travel to Moonhills in an ambulance car. The Bath road has a surface like a billiard table. Such a jolly surprise for Perry. If you don't go to him he'll come back to you."

"Yes; I'm afraid of that."

"Afraid—?"

Mrs. Templar explained.

"So far I have managed to keep him away from the loners. They have their lure, Shelagh. They know how to kill time agreeably, a sort of murder, so I think. And it leads to mental suicide. So I have begged him to stay at Moonhills. My maid is a companion to me; all my friends have been very kind."

"It's easy to be kind to you."

"I—I want to go to him as soon as he's settled in, but will he settle in?"

"That's what's biting me. You could speed up the settling. Somehow—"

"Yes?"

"I see him hovering and hopping about. He might hop off—anywhere."

Finally Mrs. Templar yielded. She supposed that Moonhills was much as she remembered it, a fine house standing in a fine park. She took for granted that there would be spare rooms in order, and a smiling housekeeper to welcome her if she told her son that she was coming, he might raise objections. But her doctor confirmed what Shelagh said. He encouraged her to take such an easy journey.

"It will do you good. Of course you want to see Master Perry in all his glory; so do I. Yes; I shall escort you as a friend. Then I can have a word with the local G.P. If we start early we shall be there in time for tea. Plenty of time to make arrangements for your comfort. Perry will go up in colored spurs."

"It will be a wonderful surprise for him."

IT was. He and Orde were now camping out, as Perry told Biddy. Nearly all the servants had been sent away, replaced (with Mrs. Pelham's kind assistance) with raw material from the village. How raw the material was Perry found out for himself.

Mrs. Templar left Park Row at about eleven in the morning. Her doctor and maid (a faithful retainer) accompanied her. Obviously she was brimful of happy expectations, and beguiled the journey with pleasant talk of Moonhills as she recalled it. The doctor was very pleased with her. At her wish the ambulance car stopped for a minute or two at the house in Bath where she had been born. She saw little change in the famous Circus. Finally, they reached Moonhills about four.

The huge facade of the house, with the blinds down suggested to visitors that the owner was lying dead in his bedroom, awaiting interment. Perry and Orde used the back door. . . .

The doctor ascended the stone steps and rang the bell. He heard a jangle far away and had time to survey the vast expanse of untended lawn, and double doors sadly in need of a coat of paint. Presently bolts were withdrawn. Half of the double doors opened, revealing the round red face of a girl.

"Is Mr. Templar at home?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, yes, sir. Cook would have answered the bell, but she's busy."

"Quite. Be good enough to ask Mr. Templar to come here. You can tell him that his mother, Mrs. Templar, is in that car."

The girl nodded and scurried away, leaving the door open. Through it the doctor could see dimly the hall and the grand staircase—uncarpeted.

"This is a surprise party," he reflected. He returned to his patient, who had stood the journey admirably. She lay on her back, as she lay on her sofa, with her head slightly raised. Her maid had got out of the car and was staring at the drawn blinds.

"The house appears to be shut up," said the doctor, as suavely as possible. "Perry will be here in a moment. This is something of an adventure. Let us take it as such, calmly."

Mrs. Templar nodded.

Perry dashed down the steps, three at a time. Orde followed more leisurely. Behind him appeared an elderly woman, presumably the cook. The doctor engaged these two in conversation. Mrs. Templar's maid thought to herself: "This looks like a bean to me, with the beans left out."

And thus Perry's mother came back to Moonhills, where long ago she might have reigned as mistress.

Perry gave her his bedroom, and the adjoining library, soon put into order. The doctor was entertained by Halliday, who lived only two miles away, and returned to London on the morrow. Orde had to face a question.

"What am I to tell Mother? She was absolutely unprepared for what she's butted into. Pull up your socks and try to earn your fees."

"She has eyes in her head and sharper wits than yours."

"Are we to tell her everything?"

"About the estate? Yes."

"Right! You tell her, I funk it. She might get emotional—so bad for her. In your cold-blooded way, you can once more turn the jam into powder, but make more of the jam."

The interview, next day, between Mrs. Templar and Orde had significance. She lay upon a couch that might have belonged to Madame Recamier, taken from one of the state-rooms. At her request this couch had been placed near the window overlooking the terrace. Hardly had Orde taken his seat beside her when she said:

"I know what you're going to tell me. I remember what that terrace looked like thirty years ago. I can guess that Perry's inheritance is in rags and tatters. He has spared me details. You can do the same. But did he ask you to break to me what I have guessed? He did. And I can guess why. He shrinks from what is disagreeable, and I"—she sighed—"have had to face so much that was disagreeable in my life that I have, perhaps unwisely, made things too easy for him. I have questions to ask you, which I cannot ask him. Your old uncle, Mr. Hemmingway, knew Humphry Templar?"

"Yes."

"He must know one of the reasons which made me break off my engagement."

"Surely Mr. Humphry Templar broke off the engagement."

"Everybody, including Perry, thinks so, but I fancy your uncle knows better. I broke off the engagement, because I believed him to be mad. Had I given that reason to my own people, it would have injured him horribly."

"I understand. Still—"

"Yes?"

"Madness is indeed a bar to marriage, but if you thought there was such a taint in the Templar family, why did you marry the cousin?"

"Because he appeared to be perfectly sane."

Orde held his tongue. He knew that

Perry's father had been reckoned to be as mad as his cousin, or madder.

"What other questions do you wish to ask me, Mrs. Templar?"

"Did the county generally accept Humphry as mad?"

"M'm! Unbalanced—very eccentric—as—as others of the family have been. Any more questions?" he asked, as lightly as he could.

"Only one: do you think that this derelict property can be put into order?"

"Of course it can. It bespeaks economy and self-sacrifice for at least five years."

"Thanks. I shall send for my servants. I might," she shot a glance at him, "ask Shelagh Fidge to keep me company when Perry and you are busy."

"I won't insult you," replied Orde, "by pretending to misunderstand you. Probably Shelagh would come, but I warn you that there is another pebble on Perry's beach. He is, at the moment, slightly bewitched by Lady Bridget FitzPayne, whom he describes as a good scout—"

Mrs. Templar laughed.

Biddy was not asked to stay at Moonhills. She and her mother called upon Mrs. Templar, a short, informal visit. The three ladies were alone in the library. The talk for the most part dealt with Perry.

"We like him so much, Mrs. Templar."

"You have been very kind to him."

"We want to see him make good; we think he will."

"If he could have been prepared—"

The Duchess guessed that this sweet-faced invalid, unable to leave her bed or her sofa, must have clung like a limpet to an only child.

Soon afterwards the visitors left. Hardly had they gone when Mrs. Templar murmured to herself: "I shan't send for Shelagh yet."

Biddy had captivated her. She was not so clever as Shelagh, but clever enough.

Presently she glanced out of the window, gazing at the terrace. Surely Moonhills would in the end be Perry's sheet-anchor. She attempted to recall what it had "meant" so long ago to her. How all values had changed! And what, as life drifted to its close, was really worth while?

TWO days later Perry sustained a shock. It had been agreed between Orde and himself that a comprehensive plan of campaign was necessary. He knew what rancorous jealousies would be provoked, if one tenant was considered before another. All clamored for attention. Pelham and the Duke saw eye to eye with the agent.

To Perry's horror one of his cottagers hanged himself.

It is true that the man, Thomas Boxall, was half-witted, a shiftless, incompetent with a slattern of a wife and half a dozen children misbegotten by ignorance out of dirt. The man was unpopular with workers, because, according to Chidzey, it paid him to remain out of work.

It was accepted throughout the county that young Templar of Moonhills would do his duty as soon as probate was granted. Then the tragedy degenerated into comedy, when landowners other than his Grace of Glastonbury offered sympathy and advice to inexperience. They, to a man, advocated marking time. The more reactionary cursed existing conditions which paralysed, so they affirmed, initiative.

When he left FitzPayne, his host presented him with a fat cob, too fat to take control of its rider. Soon Perry felt

more at home in the saddle. When Orde was busy with ever-increasing masses of papers, Perry rode from farm to farm, returning from such expeditions more and more disheartened by his ignorance.

He had already made up his mind to prevent, if he could, more hangings. London became remote. The lovely pastoral country weaved a spell about him. Now and again he felt that he was back in scenes familiar during a previous existence; an experience common enough to all who have imagination. He had by now read many books dealing with his county; he knew that it had been quietly prosperous up to the time when supertaxation impoverished the landlords. To get youth back to the land was the Duke's slogan. He told Perry that life in the more remote villages must be made attractive.

There were other villages on his property, all in need of attention, but Moonhills came first. Moonhills applauded his activities and his house-to-house visitations. Chidzey began to fear that Moonhills might become an obsession. Mrs. Templar smiled to herself.

Meanwhile the treasure trove had made Orde's work easier. The sinews of war, even if cut in half, declared war against chaos.

A lovely July gave place to August. Mrs. Templar's servants made Moonhills more habitable; a few visitors were entertained at tea and luncheon. Later on what Biddy had called the "coronation" might take place.

Mrs. Templar wondered what would happen when Orde left them. Perry would miss him horribly.

Mrs. Templar decided to invite Shelagh to Moonhills without delay.

She did so.

BEFORE Shelagh arrived, Judith Pelham had established friendship with the Squire. Her knowledge of her father's parishioners astounded Perry. Judith was eighteen; she had left school; she was what used to be called "out," but Perry wondered whether she had ever been "in" in the cloistered sense of the word. She had been educated at a first-class school; she had ideas of her own; and there was something brightly adventurous about her.

Hitherto Perry had paid little attention to young girls. Judith attracted him because she was her father's daughter. And he decided too quickly that it must be deadly dull at the Rectory, the preconceived idea of the town mouse. Any Londoner would grow mouldy if he settled in the country. Apparently Judith "adored" the country. It amused Perry to discover that she hoped to function as her father's unpaid curate for a brief season. With Pelham as coach, she might later on win a scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge, preferably the latter, because Oxford, so she told Perry, was full of youthful pessimists.

"You dislike pessimists."

"I loathe them."

"Why?"

"Because they pull down instead of building up. I'm all out for reconstruction as you are."

"As I am?"

"You wouldn't pull down one of your stone cottages and put up a cheap bungalow."

"Perhaps not. How can you play curate here? If a curate is needed, why doesn't your father engage one?"

She replied promptly:

"Daddy can do the ordinary work of the parish; I can help because I know his parishioners. I can get at them."

"Can you? I want to get at them, but they refuse to put off the garment of dissimulation for me."

"I say, are you a highbrow?"

"Only a mezzo-brow."

The girl was a vivid personality. In moments of depression Perry assured himself that he never could be a personality. To become a Great Panjandrum was humiliating if you couldn't even look the part, if there was no gunpowder in the heels of one's stockings and no little tuft on top. He flushed when Pelham addressed him as Squire, or whenever a village gammer dropped him a curtsy. Why did he lack initiative? Why hadn't he inherited from his father the "slapdash" which had so distinguished Flight-Commander Templar, D.S.O. and M.C.? Already Judith was flapping her wings. She wanted to get somewhere.

ORDE returned to Old Square. The senior partners had been attending to the London property. Among Perry's possessions was a square not far from the Fulham Road, and some sium property in Hammersmith. Nearly everything, including the pictures, had been undervalued, which rejoiced the hearts of the solicitors. Certain ground leases were falling in. Orde was instructed by his uncle to find out what Perry's wishes were with regard to the town property. Did he contemplate "doing up" Templar House, in Belgrave Square?

"That will come last on the list," said Perry.

"The houses in your square ought to be pulled down and rebuilt."

"Get to work on the slum property first."

"But that is what pays."

"Help!"

"Things might be worse, old fellow. This undervaluation for probate gives you more cash for improvements. Where do you want to begin?"

"In Moonhills."

"Cheers!"

"You'll nip down for week-ends, Vic?" Orde nodded. "And, looksee, I give you a free hand with the London property."

"I shall get my teeth into that at once."

Perry missed him horribly, but he was now busy from morning till night, with Chidzey interminably at his elbow. He put on a little weight, tackling his food with greater appetite than his work; but, very gradually, he was acquiring the habit of work.

At the beginning of August Lord Cheddar returned from Denmark. He was Perry's age, and much interested in Moonhills, although he lacked something of his father's geniality. He had the spare, wiry figure of the horseman. Biddy said of her brother: "A good hound, but he doesn't throw his tongue." Hunting terminology was now familiar to Perry, who liked Cheddar, and wondered if he would ever address him as "Squeak" or "Cheese." He appeared to be simple in his ways.

Socialism was not mentioned at first between them. The Duke had said to his son: "This nice boy has gobbled the merits of social services, ignoring the demerits, just as you did. But he's up against the results of rotten economics in Moonhills, where all the men out of work are forgetting how to work. A lot of 'em don't want to work. Let him find that out for himself. When I told him that you had been badly bitten, he expressed a wish to meet you. If you open the subject, he'll think that I've asked you to set about him. He

must set about himself." To this Cheddar had replied curtly: "Right."

Moonhills, as the Duke foresaw, quickened Perry's intelligence, because ignorance and inefficiency besprinkled with coldest water sporadic efforts to give work to the unemployed.

Work had now begun in the park and gardens. At once Perry perceived that such work had to be carried on under constant and drastic supervision. He spoke of this to Cheddar, who smiled grimly.

"What did you expect?"

"The will to work."

"It isn't there."

"Why isn't it there?"

"You want to go into that?"

"Of course I do. I'm a Socialist. If it doesn't bore you stiff, I'd like to ask you why you chuckled Socialism?"

"Because I found it to be the cult of incompetence. Indolence is a habit. Exactly like getting up late in the morning. The will to work atrophies from disuse. That's why my father made enormous sacrifices to keep our people at work. And then—"

"Yes?"

"I struck another snag. Socialism wipes out thrift, all provision for the future. I had an experience at the Haymarket Theatre. I was buying a stall when a gorgeous Rolls-Royce caught my eye. Out of it stepped two friends of mine, a well-known novelist and his wife. She was wearing a sable coat. Had they won the Calcutta sweep? Knowing them to be careful bodies, I suppose I displayed astonishment. The novelist read my thoughts. 'We're spending the cash,' he said gaily. 'What's the use of saving when sons of dukes talk of equality of income?' That, Templar, made me look at Socialism from a fresh angle. When I left Eton I had the inherited instinct to loaf and spend money; I believed that the world owed me a good time. I wanted to go into the Blues. Instead I went, most unwillingly, into an Agricultural College. Some of the younger men were Socialists. It annoyed me that they took for granted that the son of a duke must be a reactionary. When it came to arguments, they downed me. I accepted Socialism at face value. I've a notion that the authorities, experts at their job, expected little from me. Perhaps I disappointed 'em. Anyway, intensive culture bit into me. I became keen. I began to see that muddling along in the old ruts was hopeless. If the state could employ such experts as we had, the land might make England self-supporting. But I must tell you that our experts were not Socialists. To a man they upheld individual effort and the reward of the individual. The race was to the hare, not the tortoise. You might hope to go ahead if you knew more than the other fellow. To cut the cackle, I began to read both sides of the question. It was a nasty jolt to discover that the first-class brains, the political economists with no axe to grind, made antic hay of what I believed to be liberty, freedom, and that catch-penny slogan: 'To each as much as to anyone else.' What incentive is there to work if the slacker receives from the state as much as the worker? Your great apostle, G.B.S., admits somewhere that there is no sincere public opinion that a man should work for his daily bread if he can get it for nothing. Now, I'm not going to jaw to you about Socialism. Moonhills is full of Socialists. They know you're a Socialist. I hear you're very popular in the village. They're looking forward, and

you can't blame the poor devils, to living in idleness at your expense. That's that. If you want workers, I'll undertake to supply them."

Perry pulled himself together for a worthy effort.

"Isn't Capitalism collapsing all over the world?"

"That's what you fellows say; and it was said in the days of Nero. It's a moth-eaten cliché on the lips of all opportunists when times are bad."

"Look at America—"

"A nation of individualists who put by nothing against a rainy day, a nation of gamblers sharp enough to know that they are gamblers. Don't forget that both America and Russia are self-supporting. We aren't. Would other countries supply us with food if our industries were in flux? Stalin is re-establishing individualism among the peasants. What a pill for him to swallow! He has to ask for outside capital. Socialism on paper is splendid. That's the Socialism you know. Socialism has been tried again and again—and failed. And if the State took over capital, owned everything, don't you realise that every man in the country with a spark of initiative would rebel against the tyranny that told him what he must do, whether or not he had aptitudes for doing it? My father believes in the land; he thinks, and so do I, that young men born on the land must go back to it. But that means intensive culture. We are trying that out on a small scale at Cheddar-PitzPayne. Let me tell you something. Half a dozen at least of our smaller tenant farmers wanted to own their land. We sold it to them, gladly, at a minimum price. We had to take it back, old chap! These fellows, born on their small holdings, didn't know enough to make a living off them. They lacked capital. Chidey is a good, honest fellow; he knows his job; but your cousin withheld the capital. Like you, I wallowed in the ideals of Socialism till I cut my wisdom teeth on hard experience. Offer three acres and a cow, as a gift, to some of your villagers. See what they'll make of the gift."

Perry was impressed. He said humbly:

"I thought of doing that."

Two days later Shelagh Figge arrived; another surprise for Perry, but he accepted Mrs. Templar's explanation, not—as Orde did—grasping the implications.

"You are too busy to entertain any young lady. Shelagh is my guest. Her own work will occupy her when she's not with me. Have I taken an unpardonable liberty?"

"You?"

"I guessed that you might not want her here?"

"Why?"

"Perhaps because she's James Figge's daughter."

"She isn't. There's more of her mother in her."

"I hope so. Did you ask Shelagh to marry you?"

"No; I didn't. Why didn't I? If you think you know your son, tell me why he hasn't more snap?"

"Tch! Those who snap get snapped."

"Yes; she'd have snapped my head off if I'd rushed things. I—I fumbled a refusal. I believe that Shelagh is in love with her work."

However, as soon as Shelagh drove up in her baby car, he had welcomed her warmly. But—rankling thought!—was she as glad to see him again as he was to see her?

Alone together, she asked tranquilly enough if the great brainwave had spent itself against the Mendip hills. Before he could answer, she went on to explain the letter which had kept them apart:

"After you left me my feet grew cold. They always do when I'm too excited mentally. What you proposed doing was too big to take in. I did have gumption enough to urge you to talk over such a tremendous scheme with an older man. Did you?"

"No. Your letter saying that you saw me as a blur was the more disappointing because I felt a blur. Then I found the cash."

"What cash?"

He told her the exciting tale, but his comments calmed her.

"Victor pointed out that all this ready money meant a grip of the situation. We could get to work at once. And we did. I was thrilled, Shelagh, at the thought of handing over a property in better order than I found it. I haven't mentioned my doing this to anybody except you. Why did you ask me to give you a 'miss'?"

"You felt sore over that?"

"Of course I did."

"But—I explained. I wanted you to get your bearings away from me. Well, have you?"

"I'm a bit less compassless than I was. Cheddar says—"

"I don't want to hear what he says."

"He's wiser than I am; and he knows inside out all the local conditions."

Shelagh said gallantly:

"Perry, dear, we'll wait and see. Nothing else is possible, but what has made you wait?"

"A better understanding of what our rulers do with money when they have it. Take the death duties. Why are they spent? Surely they ought to be invested? Then the nation could spend the interest, not the capital. Cheddar pointed that out to me. What is going to happen when the capital is spent on social services? I can't answer these questions; can you?"

"Not yet," Shelagh admitted.

"I wish you'd get them satisfactorily answered for me. Then I might think again of giving up this big inheritance. Look here, Shelagh, not a word to Mother."

"She has set me an example."

"In what way?"

"She has brought no pressure to bear on you. And you can expect none, absolutely none, from me."

He stared at her, so she thought, gratefully.

MOONHILLS

captivated Shelagh. The big house was beginning to look less like a mausoleum of the pomps of yesterday. The park had been cleared of the fallen timber; the gardens were not so drear. Men were at work, earning good wages. The villagers were smiling in anticipation of even happier days to come. All that lay beneath the surface was invisible to urban eyes. She decided that her host was other than the easy-going strippling with whom she played golf and tennis. Inwardly she eyed him with wrinkled perplexity. He had been too soft clay to her hand, too modest to assert himself. Now he cocked his head at a higher angle, and wore his tweeds as if to the "manor" born, as she told Mrs. Templar. Nevertheless, it amused her to notice that he had substituted for the deprecating "I don't

know, a more assertive "Cheddar knows."

He quoted Cheddar too often.

Next day she met Cheddar. Perry saved what might have been an awkward situation.

"This," said he gaily, "is Shelagh Figge, your second cousin, once removed. Aren't you glad to meet her?"

Cheddar was astride a young thoroughbred. He lifted his cap and surveyed Shelagh with interest.

"I am," he said pleasantly. Then he slipped from the saddle and held out his hand. "We have a watercolor of your grandmother, my great-great-aunt. I should like to show it to you. I spot a sort of family likeness. My father will be so interested to hear that you are at Moonhills. Perry must drive you over."

Thus the ice was broken.

MEANWHILE Orde

had sent from London two experts to restore the pictures. They boarded in the village and worked in one of the big, unused rooms. Perhaps their enthusiasm quickened in Perry an increasing interest in his more precious possessions, which he showed to Shelagh with an air as if to say: "They need a lot of attention, don't they, but the land needs more." Biddy had observed seriously: "You must make Moonhills a show place again. Weed out the rubbish, keep everything that is good."

What would Shelagh say?

She said little. Perry repeated what others said, reserving his own opinions.

Within three days she and Perry were invited to dine at FitzPayne; she was accepted as a kinswoman. The Duke whispered to Perry: "Quality is there." The Victorian portrait of great-aunt Adeliza, taken when her ladyship was eighteen, both pleased and distressed the granddaughter. Impossible to believe that this sweet-faced young woman could have behaved arrogantly and rudely to anybody.

After dinner, Cheddar showed the gardens to his guest. Coffee had been served in a temple at the end of the terrace, and then the Duchess had said to her son: "Our new cousin might like to see the rose garden by moonlight." Accordingly they strolled away. Cheddar assumed that, so far as young women were concerned, Perry was as fancy free as himself; he took for granted that Shelagh had come to Moonhills to keep Mrs. Templar company. He, for his part, acclaimed intelligence wherever he found it. He was not susceptible to mere good looks. He bolted from the girls who chased him. After meeting Shelagh, at tea with his mother and two sisters, he had said with all the assurance of youth:

"James Figge may be a bad egg, a sort of Humpty-Dumpty before his fall, but this girl is all right. I told Perry to bring her over here. She's a friend of Mrs. Templar. Looks as straight as they make 'em. Why haven't we seen her before?"

His father answered him, James Figge had been impossible, a kangaroo of a bouncer, better left alone. As a matter of fact there had been an attempt made to bridge the gulf between Grosvenor Square and Bloomsbury. Great Aunt Adeliza had held out a sprig of olive. And then, soon afterwards, she had died after making provision for her daughter, who did not long survive her. Still the claims of blood imposed themselves.

Alone with Shelagh, Cheddar spoke frankly of Perry, too frankly for Shelagh's peace of mind, but intimate talk established contact.

"Is he queer?" asked Cheddar.

"Queer? In what way?"

He saw, by the light of a full moon, that she looked surprised; and, being sensitive and alert, decided that what was common talk in the county had not reached her ears. He went on hesitatingly:

"I—I was alluding to the family taint."

"Family taint?"

So she didn't know; and her upraised brows indicated more than curiosity, as she went on:

"Do, please, tell me what you mean. I know that Mr. Humphry Templar was a recluse, very queer, no doubt, but this is the first I have heard of a taint. Such a horrid word!"

"It is, I'm sorry I used it. Let's talk of something more agreeable."

"I'm not afraid of disagreeable subjects. Who is, nowadays? Is there madness in the family?"

"Well, yes. It is possible that Perry doesn't know that? But to us, all of us, he appears as sane as you are. How long have you known him?"

"For about two years. He never was queer to me. Why did you ask the question?"

"Because he is queer in his attitude towards Moonhills, and all it stands for. My father says that he hasn't any sense of possession. He doesn't feel as I feel when I look at this—"

He paused to survey the lovely gardens. Shelagh, not untouched by a deeper inflection in his voice, attempted to "take in" what she saw, aware that stately homes, emphasising the gulf between rich and poor, had provoked impassioned diatribes from her pen.

"How do you feel?" she asked, not unsympathetically.

Afterwards she decided that this was the moment when she became interested in the man as apart from his rank and position.

"It's my home. Perhaps I love it the more because it might be taken from us. Nobody knows how a wild cat will jump, or what a mess of things it may make when it does jump."

"Is that why you chucked Socialism?"

"Who told you about that?"

"Perry. Of course, you couldn't be a Socialist."

"But I was. And I chucked it for reasons which I won't inflict on you. Have you ever seen Chantilly?"

"No."

"It belonged to the Duc d'Aumale. Although he had fought for France, the French exiled him. He gave Chantilly, one of the world's show places, to France. My father and I feel that we could give FitzPayne to England, if—if it were kept up properly."

"You—you astonish me."

"It's the love we have for what we think of as a trust. The old order has kept it in order. Let the new order do as much—if it can."

NEXT day she wrote a letter, which summed up accurately enough first impressions.

"I have been in the seats of the mighty" (Shelagh wrote), "and I find them too comfortable. I dined yesterday at FitzPayne, and was welcomed as a kinswoman. They fished out a portrait of my grandmother taken when she was a girl. Her treatment of you, even if you have made

an amusing story of it, is puzzling. She has a very pretty but slightly weak face, with heavily-lidded eyes. I can't imagine her bullying you. . . .

"Moonhills, it seems, is going to be hiked into shape. The Duke told his son that Perry hasn't the sense of possession. Make what you like out of that. If I had come into such a property, I should be badly rattled, so I say 'nuffin'. I recall your story of a Babbit of a man who admitted that he might be mighty smart in Omaha and feel a fool on the sea shore. I feel a fool in Moonhills, knowing so little about our countryside. That noble and puissant prince, the Marquess of Cheddar, seems to know everything. Perry is hanging on to his coat-tails. He plays about with Biddy FitzPayne and the parson's daughter, who is an alert wench full of beans. Probably nearly every marriageable girl who meets him has a lively sense of his possessions, although he hasn't. And there we are, a silly phrase, because we use it whenever we lose our bearings. I have plenty of time for my work; I love being with Mrs. Templar; I shall get fat if I don't keep the muzzel on. . . .

"I am tempted to stay on for at least a fortnight. You don't want me; you are marvellously sufficient unto yourself; and I am living and learning. . . .

Mr. James Figge was not too well pleased with this epistle. He couldn't read between the lines of it. Often Shelagh baffled him. Secretly he held too much cleverness in women to be a disability. What was she learning? A postscript to the letter was upsetting: "Did you know that there was madness in the Templar family?" He did not know.

FOR many hours Mr. Figge's thoughts concerned themselves with his ewe lamb. In her letter she had written so exasperatingly little about herself. He attempted to behold her at FitzPayne, the guest of a kinsman whom he recalled as arrogant, the typical patrician. Mr. Figge's perverted imagination had dealt with His Grace of Glastonbury even as it had dealt with Shelagh's grandmother. If the First Gentleman of Europe persuaded himself that he had been present at the battle of Waterloo, is it surprising that a mere plebeian had come to believe that two aristocrats had treated him disdainfully? Till now, he had avenged himself by disdain in his turn, and en masse, all the so-called Upper Classes. He had brought himself to the conviction that the nobility and gentry of England were played out, incapable of dealing with modern conditions. . . .

To be fair, he was too engrossed with his advocacy of Socialism to cherish personal grievances; but he felt that Mrs. Templar or her son might have invited him to Moonhills. Imagination conjured up a pleasing vision of a much-misunderstood man forgetting and forgiving the past, meeting once more, under happier auspices, his wife's relations, and taking an innocent pleasure in demonstrating to them how much they had missed by keeping him at arm's length.

He glanced at his engagement book. He had promised to speak at Bristol some ten days hence. He proposed to deal faithfully with Fascism. Down, down to the uttermost depths with the Black Shirts, who advocated dictatorship.

Socialists in Bristol, so he had been told, were wavering in their allegiance to the Red Flag, demanding action, enraged be-

cause their Socialism might not come in their time. Jimmy, the silver-tongued orator, had been summoned to stir the cauldron. None could surpass him when it came to heart-to-heart talks with a big audience. A warm welcome was assured him.

He could go on to Moonhills. Would he feel, as Shelagh suggested, a fool in the Mendips? Not he. He was at home anywhere. Fascism must be laughed out of court, peited with ridicule. That's why they wanted HIM. He could make the boys laugh and the women cry.

He left Shelagh's letter unanswered.

MEANWHILE Perry was feeling happier, too busy to bother about the conflicting claims of principle and practice. Although susceptible to feminine charms, he had no time for philandering. Three young women, Shelagh, Biddy and Judith, treated him as a friend; he felt at ease with all of them. The weather, throughout this glorious summer of 1933, remained perfect. He lived out of doors. Was he falling in love with the countryside? Was the true spirit of England to be found far from cities? Judith assured him that it was. He couldn't take himself seriously with this joyous boyden. She adored novels of adventure. Life, according to this sage of eighteen, was an adventure from the cradle to the grave. Obviously she accepted Perry as a gentleman-adventurer.

"You are keen, aren't you?" she asked. "I'm getting keener, Judy."

"What does it feel like to be a little tin god?"

"Is this an allusion to cash in hand?"

"Well, you are devastatingly rich."

"Nothing of the sort."

"You can do what you like with Moonhills."

"Wrong again. Moonhills is doing what it likes with me. Moonhills owns me, lock, stock, and barrel."

"I say, you oughtn't to feel like that. You're the Squire, I'm very proud to be your friend. It's thrilling. Mummie solemnly warned me against falling in love with you. As if I should dream of falling in love with any man, unless he fell in love with me first."

They both laughed; but Perry wondered why Mummie had imposed such a warning. Surely Mrs. Pelham reckoned her daughter to be good enough for any man. Had she warned Judy not to fall in love with Cheddar? And if not, why not? Impossible to conceive the Duchess imposing such a ridiculous warning on Biddy.

"You oughtn't to have given your mother away," he muttered.

"I knew you'd laugh. Mummie belongs to the sloppy generation, poor darling! She thinks as she talks. Of course you've noticed the funny way she talks. I can imitate her."

"Don't! You haven't enough respect for your elders."

"If you pi-jaw me, I'll scream."

Orde came down for the week-end, bringing news with him. Prospects were better. Perry's London property, if he could hang on to it, might find a good market later on. There was a sporting chance that the town house could be sold as an embassy. Pictures and furniture were fetching higher prices at Christie's. . . . He ended boyishly:

"I do want to see you come out on top."

My uncle is dead against your selling anything. Sell when the bump comes. You can't rebuild your square till it does come. All the same it's cheering to reflect that there's more jam in your spoon than powder. You may be worth the cool million ten years hence."

"You've earned a bottle of the '96 port, and you shall have it. By the way, Shelagh's father is coming to Bristol next week. He proposes to stay here for a night or two. I told him to weigh in when he liked."

"M'm."

"Dash it! I—I couldn't prevent his coming here. I wouldn't hurt Shelagh's feelings for the world."

"Did she burst into song when you told her he was coming?"

"No, she didn't."

"Curse Mr. James Pigge," said Victor Orde.

WHENEVER Shelagh allowed her thoughts to dwell upon her father, she began as often as not with a frown and ended with a smile reacting to his happy-go-lucky temperament which, so she had decided long ago, must have captivated her mother.

Why was her father coming to Moonhills?

He lived slightly beyond his means. This was a feather in his cap, as indeed he pointed out. It proclaimed the enrichment of giving.

She came to the conclusion that her father was straying from a well-surfaced road seeking largesse. He might "touch" her; it was humanly certain that he would impetrate a loan from Perry, probably on the specious plea that Perry as an honest Socialist ought to subscribe handsomely to the Cause. Well, why not?

Finally, a smile displaced the frown. Her father could be trusted to behave himself. Certainly he had an astounding way with him. Some of his facts might be viewed by him from a fresh angle after contrasting Moonhills with Cheddar-FitzPayne.

Before he came, Shelagh saw a good deal of Cheddar. He liked to talk with her, just as Perry did; and she liked to talk with him. The young people, including Biddy and Judith, played a certain amount of golf and tennis. They forgathered, more or less, every day about tea-time. Perry treated the three girls alike. There was no philandering. So far as Shelagh was concerned he seemed to have divined feelings which he respected.

Mrs. Templar often joined them, being wheeled out in an invalid chair presented by her son. Shelagh told her that she looked ten years younger. To the amusement of all, the Duke paid her attention. They played piquet together.

It was Judith who said to Shelagh:

"Perry ought to marry Biddy FitzPayne. Can't he make love to somebody younger than his mother? She's a marvellous darling, but sometimes I wonder whether she wants to keep him to herself."

"Never! Mrs. Templar hangs on to life because she wants Perry to marry. She has said as much to me."

"Perhaps she wants him to marry you."

"Perhaps" is a word I've scrapped. Do you think that Biddy wants to marry Perry?"

"Not yet. All the FitzPaynes ride hard to hounds, but they crawl into love. Babs has taken about three years to make up her mind. His Cheeseship will take ten. They are like that; they have to be."

"Why?"

"Oh, I suppose it comes under the head of noblesse oblige. The FitzPaynes marry into their own order. They really believe they have to. Such rot! Depend upon it King Cophetua knew what he was about when he picked a beggar maid. You agree?"

"I—I think," admitted Shelagh cautiously, "that odious class distinction will come to an end when the classes intermarry."

"That is the big idea. I believe that Perry's father, with his old family dwindling out, did well to pick the daughter of a wine merchant."

"L'amour fait le monde a la ronde."

"Funny; I read that somewhere only the other day. Where was it? Yes—in a Sunday newspaper. I daresay you scorn 'The Weekly Babbler.'"

"Not at all."

"There's a Lady Letty who writes for it—"

"Judy, breathe it not to anyone here, I am Lady Letty, Lady Letty number two."

"You aren't."

"I am. Perry knows it. Lady Letty pays for my frocks and frills."

"I love Lady Letty. Shelagh, you are wonderful."

"I have to deliver the goods; if I didn't, I should be ousted."

"If you're Lady Letty, you know all about love—"

"Merely as an onlooker."

"It must be thrilling to fall in love," said Judy, in a tone that encouraged confidence.

"Disintegrating," replied Shelagh.

"It's never happened to me—yet."

"It's never happened to me."

"Help! You do astonish me."

"It's true. Because it's true, I can deal sensibly, I hope, with the love affairs of others. You see, somehow I—I have achieved a sort of detachment; I suppose I have a dual personality. I live and work in the world about me, but I carry my day-dreams to another world. I can get out of my own shoes and stand in the footwear of others."

"They don't pinch you?"

"They do now and again. Such a lot of tosh is talked about love; debasing piffle. It's a healthy sign that girls like you, naturally curious, naturally adventurous, are beginning to look before they leap into love."

Judy held her tongue, secretly of the opinion that leaping might be more exciting than looking. Perceiving that Shelagh was busy, she took leave of her.

After she had gone, Shelagh picked up her pen and laid it down. She was tackling her correspondence, feeling less sure than usual of advice to be proffered. A case happened to interest her. She read again a letter on her desk.

"Dear Lady Letty,

"I'm so unhappy, but I feel that you can help me. I love a man who loves me. There is insanity in our family, and, to make matters worse, we are second cousins. His people and mine are making dreadful trouble. But if we are willing to risk things, isn't it our business? So far as money is concerned we are independent. But we shrink from an appalling row with all our relations. I'm twenty-two; and he's nearly thirty. Really we are both healthy people."

Shelagh lit a cigarette. She had a vision of Cheddar slicing tobacco from a plug and carefully filling his pipe. "Is this coincidence?" she asked herself. The

letter was well-expressed, correctly punctuated, and, if handwriting indicated character, this young woman had a firm will and—judging by the well-spaced words—a sense of order. Shelagh pictured her as the typical, carefully-brought-up daughter of some country gentleman. Probably she had been trained to suppress her feelings and to consider others. Obviously the family was arrayed against her; obviously, too, the second-cousinship, the doubling of risks, was a tremendous factor stressed by the relations on both sides. What an abominable situation! The letter was marked "Confidential," and a stamped and addressed envelope had been enclosed. Shelagh scrutinised that. Yes; she had guessed aright. The girl's name might be found in the Englishman's Bible; she lived in a manor house in the Midlands. . . .

Hastily Shelagh seized her pen and wrote:

"This is a case beyond me. I suggest that your fiancé and you should consult some distinguished alienist, and lay all the facts before him. Taints may die out. On the other hand they may crop up. I am sincerely sorry for you both."

"Yours faithfully,

"LETTY."

She sealed the envelope.

She wanted to talk this case over with Cheddar; but immediately he would make it personal to Perry; and she would have to tell him that she was "Lady Letty," which might provoke derisive comment. If he said bluntly, as he was likely to do, "Have you sufficient experience about love to advise love-sick fools?" she would feel rather cheap. Cheddar knew that she wrote short stories; he had not as yet expressed a wish to read one.

THINKING about him, idly surveying a huge pile of letters, he appeared unexpectedly—and apologised.

"Where is Perry?" he asked.

"In the village, I think. He will be back to luncheon."

"What a rummy place for you to work in!"

"I can work anywhere, even in a third-class carriage."

"Do you travel third-class?"

"Always."

"So do I."

To her surprise he sat down.

"If you weren't too awfully busy," he suggested, "I might wait for Perry here. Poor old Fetherston is dead. Pip thinks that Perry ought to be on the Bench. Fetherston was our Chairman, something of a dodderer. Too old and too cantankerous for his job, too much of a party man. I'm interrupting your work, but I'd like your opinion. It doesn't matter a fig that Perry labels himself Socialist. Nobody cares a hoot. He ought to be a J.P., and he'll learn a lot."

"What about?"

"Human nature. Some of our misdeameanants are the most gifted liars in the world. I say that you can learn more from liars than from fellows who tell the truth."

"Copy for me," she smiled at him. "Somehow one never thinks of lies at the bottom of the well."

"That's the place to look for 'em. Do you see Master Perry dispensing rude justice?"

"He couldn't be rude if he tried. Frankly, I think of him as harassed enough without taking a job which he knows nothing about. Are you on the Bench?"

"Yes."

"I can't give advice about anything to-day," said Shelagh testily.

"Hing up in one of your short stories?"

"You're not interested in them."

"But I'm interested in you, my clever coz. I spotted that all was not too well as soon as I came in."

This was disarming because so unexpected. Swiftly she decided that it would be churlish to sidetrack his sympathy. At the same moment, it blew into her head that her visitor had not yet been told that Mr. Fidge was coming to Moonhills.

"My father is coming here for a day or two."

"I—I— understand," he said gravely.

Surely any other young man would have been perfunctorily polite. His serious face tempted her to say roguishly:

"You hadn't a lie ready then?"

"No; you're the sort that one doesn't have to lie to. Your accomplished father is not altogether popular at FitzPayne. You must admit that he has got his knife into us, and turned it. But we shall be civil, and perhaps more than civil, hospitable, for your sake."

He spoke in his usual matter-of-fact way, but Shelagh made sure that had he so spoken to Judy she would have blushed. He went on, picking his words:

"It is possible that I, for one, understand your father better than he would understand me, and, speaking for myself, I shall be interested to meet him. Does that clear away any misgivings?"

"It does; but your generosity lands me in a bit of a hole. I do value plain speech, and—" She paused.

"Yes?"

"I—I am just beginning to think that father's speeches might be more conciliatory. I say that behind his back, because when he comes here I shall say it to his face. Rightly or wrongly, he has championed the manual worker, and so have I; but here the manual worker needs direction. Your father and you supply that direction. If there were more like you—"

"Believe me, there are. I hate rebels. I refused to go into the Commons on that account. My work is here. I can do that work with my hands, if need be. I'm fighting waste of energy and waste of time."

UNDER Biddy's tuition Perry was learning how to sit a horse over a fence. The old groom and Amos had put up half a dozen "legs" in the park. At FitzPayne there was an outside riding-school with wall, five-bar gate, an "in-and-out-clever," a brook, and two or three immense "doubles," bank-and-ditch obstacles. Perry dared not ride over them, but Biddy assured him that he would in due time, when he could negotiate handsomely a low flying fence. The cob had now a stable companion, a safe conveyance bought by Cheddar, so safe, so well-mannered, and such an experienced performer, that he went round the FitzPayne school with Cheddar on his bare back and a plain snaffle bit in his mouth.

"You sit on Saladin," said Cheddar, "and he does the rest."

Perry grimaced.

He came off repeatedly, till the inside muscles of too soft legs acquired hardness and grip. Cribbing began, and Perry made acquaintance with the

devotees of the chase who left their beds at five in the morning.

He was with Biddy when one of his covers was being drawn, two days before Mr. James Fidge arrived. She made a remark that arrested his attention:

"I'm not too happy about Squeak."

A minute previously Perry had been envying Squeak, so at home in his saddle so care-free when out with hounds, such an authentic "customer." Cheddar had persuaded him that it was his duty to sit on the Bench, even as it was his duty to sit on a horse. Somewhat to his surprise, his mother, coached possibly by the Duke, had put in a word. "You ought," she said, "to muggle up to every opportunity which puts you in closer touch with the countryside. You won't get your teeth into conditions till you can see them from every angle." So, reluctantly, Perry consented. Against his own confused convictions, he accepted Cheddar's assurance that nearly all honest work, however distasteful at first, became congenial if you did it well. You had to begin by doing it badly.

"I can understand your worrying about me," said Perry, "but Cheddar only makes me unhappy when I compare him with myself."

"Perry," said Biddy solemnly, "I have a hunch that Squeak is falling for Shelagh Fidge."

Perry nearly fell off his horse. Biddy went on calmly: "And she may fall for him."

"Two rotten hunches."

"Let's go into that. You'll admit that Shelagh is in a class by herself?"

"Oh, yes. Biddy, I must tell you something. I fell for Shelagh."

"Of course you did. And Mrs. Templar knew, didn't she?"

"Yes. But Shelagh wasn't the first I—I mean that clever, jolly girl's appeal to me. It sounds sloppy, but I got on better with girls than I do with men. Shelagh is self-sufficing. She loathes petting. The 'come hither' may lurk in her eye, not, if you please, in her heart."

"You asked her to marry you?"

"No. She's a dear. Honest as the day. She works like a black; she's hot stuff at tennis and golf, as you know; she's a fighter, but I believe that men don't count with her. Don't grin at me! You're thinking I say that because she was cold to me. She's been cold to better men."

A whimper from a hound, and then the full-throated chorus, proclaimed a find. During ten minutes Perry had to give undivided attention to Saladin. He galloped after Biddy and wondered if he could do so later on in November over a stiffly-enclosed country.

At breakfast that morning Perry kept an alert eye on Shelagh, who sat beside Cheddar. It would be a very rummy thing, he reflected, if history repeated itself, a tag often on Cheddar's lips.

It is significant that he experienced no pang of jealousy, convinced that Shelagh was not for him. His mother confirmed this with a sigh before Shelagh had been forty-eight hours in the house. Being what Orde called her, the "fair philosopher," Mrs. Templar was secretly wondering if Perry's fancy was turning to Judith, who hopped in and out of Moonhills like a frisky kitten. She liked Biddy better than Judy. Whenever she thought of Biddy as a possible wife for her son, she frowned, recalling what Orde had

said. Playing piquet with the Duke, sensible of his innate simplicity, she divined his horror of any taint. What was continually in her mind, the hope of seeing grandchildren before she passed on, she denied to her lips.

Watching Shelagh, Perry decided that Biddy had been childishly alarmed. Women borrowed trouble; they were born matchmakers.

He made an excellent breakfast. The big dining-room was now presentable. A competent staff was being slowly assembled by the chataine. The "coronation" might take place in the sweet fall of the year, after Michaelmas. Nevertheless, Perry at the head of his table was still disagreeably conscious of the family portraits.

MR. FIGGE'S Bristol friends welcomed him warmly, but those in authority spoke regretfully of dissensions in the party and acrimoniously of certain backsliders from the true faith. A really rousing speech was needed. Mr. Fidge, sensible that he had aroused great expectations, might have soared to heights had he been returning to London, but he knew that what he said would be reported in full by the local Press and, if he let himself go, there might be repercussions at Moonhills.

Shelagh met her father at Wells, a still mediaeval town which appealed to her aesthetic side. She knew little of the West Country. Great cities, so she thought, were too exasperatingly alike. Slums were the same throughout the kingdom; poverty was incapable of changing its skin.

Mr. Fidge embraced his daughter affectionately and congratulated her upon the country roses on her cheeks. He paid compliments to women—particularly the matrons—knowing that they—bless 'em! ruled the roost. He never forgot that votes, partly secured by his efforts, had been bestowed on them. "Collar the ladies of the larder and you slip a halter on the men," was one of his axioms.

"How I've missed you," he exclaimed.

"I don't believe it," said Shelagh lightly. "We have plenty of time; would you like to see the swans ring their dinner bell?"

"Swans ringing a bell? What a fairy-tale!"

"They do it; I've seen them. Yes; they're on the dole. Significant.... Will animals be given the vote?"

"You are full of beans, child, which warms the cockles of my aged heart."

"You don't think your heart is aged. You ought to take a look round now you're here. We can leave the bus in the market-place and put in a profitable half-hour."

They parked the car, walked on to the Green, and sat down upon a bench. Mr. Fidge lit a cigar, glancing indifferently at the cathedral. Lovely it might be, a remarkable survival, interesting as such, but it represented the pomp and power of a church that ought to be dismantled, a church upholding capitalism and kowtowing to rank and position. He had in him some of the resentment that informed bluff King Hal when he did to death the good Abbot of Glastonbury, Richard Whiting.

"Why have you butted in?" asked Shelagh.

Mr. Fidge smiled, putting a wrong construction on a mere colloquialism. Shelagh had been taught by him to use, but not priggishly, the right words. Appar-

ently the little wench believed that he had butted in.

"A father's curiosity sharpened by a letter from his daughter with a sting in the tail of it. You wanted to know if there was madness in the Templar family? Well, my dear, there is."

"Oh-hi!"

This "Oh" with unmistakable dismay in it was also misapprehended. To a man who habitually believed what he wanted to believe, it indicated a warmth of feeling for Perry easily over-estimated. He eyed her blandly, sensible of a change.

"I should have said 'there was.' I never flinch from what is disagreeable. On receipt of your letter I took steps to inform myself; I had a word with a discreet fellow who knows his Somerset. I was reassured."

"Reassured?"

"Madness is not rampant, but latent, in many old families. The Templars, so I'm given to understand, have been in the past wild and eccentric. There may be a predisposition. Science has much to learn about that. Take diabetes and the Mendelian law—"

"I'd sooner eat prunes; I'm tremendously interested in poor Perry. He isn't mad, or eccentric. But he might be both if—if he became convinced that he had inherited such a dreadful taint."

"He hasn't."

"Somehow I feel sure he hasn't. I've seen such a lot of him during the past ten days. You must be prepared for a change."

"I have butted in to take note of the change."

"I—I ought to have used another expression. I want to talk about the change in him—and myself."

Who can blame a fond father for misinterpreting this linking-together of man and maid? He went on smiling as Shelagh continued less calmly than was her wont:

"Don't ask him to—to subscribe to the party funds."

"My dear Shelagh! I'm his guest. That is the last thing I should dream of doing."

"I had a most horrible feeling that you might. You think he's rich; he isn't. At least, not yet."

"Tell me, child, of this change in him and you."

She sighed.

"You sigh? You don't regret the change?"

"I suppose it was inevitable. Both he and I have made contact with bewildering conditions. You thought I could help him. I—I can't. I don't know enough. I'm too puzzled myself."

GALLANTLY Mr. James Figge bent over Mrs. Templar's hand and kissed it reverently, which excited a twinkle in the lady's still lovely eyes. He was not one of those Sons of Labor who go to Buckingham Palace in work-a-day clothes and use adjectives—if we can believe the wags. Jimmy—he must be accorded his Christian name—was a man of culture. He could speak fairly fluently both French and German; he had a smattering of Latin; he had the manners of the old school. These were assets. Count d'Orsay might have murmured as he did: "Dear Lady, how well you look!" On arrival, welcomed by Perry in the noble hall, his host had said in a jolly voice:

"We must settle immediately an im-

portant matter. What wine would you like to drink for dinner?"

"You have a cellar?"

"There are two cellars."

"Two cellars. Benedictus benedicti!"

"The champagnes and what is left of the hocks and moselles are in the cooler of the two. In the other are a few first growth clarets and burgundies and some aged ports."

"These are tidings of great joy."

To Jimmy's credit he was not merely rejoiced at the prospect of tickling a palate sensitive to the others of fine wines. It occurred to him that no madman laid down wine. Perry's predecessor may have been queer, but not, not—mad.

"It would be a pleasure," he said, "to see these cellars."

"Good! After luncheon we'll make a pious pilgrimage to the Mecca of Moonhills."

Jimmy bestowed upon his host a paternal smile.

Certainly Perry had changed incomparably for the better. He approved Perry's decision; he decided that he had acquired an "air." Still smiling, he followed Mr. Templar of Moonhills into the library, now a charming room expressing the personality of the lady who reigned in it. Apart from the reception rooms still shut up, the house was beginning to look habitable. Perry, busy elsewhere, had encouraged Shelagh and his mother to do all that was possible.

After greetings had been exchanged, Jimmy sank into a comfortable chair and surveyed his surroundings. They might be his. In such a huge house, room, nay, rooms, could be set apart for the use of a veteran who had earned rest and refreshment. Here he could write the story of his life far from the maddening crowd. Shelagh had done good work, so she told him, in a gunroom!

Mrs. Templar had genius in the right arrangement of flowers, regarding them as an adjunct subordinate to the general scheme of decoration.

They were alone for a few minutes before luncheon. Mrs. Templar was not quite sure of the reason that had brought Mr. Figge to Moonhills. Up to a point she liked him, believing that Shelagh's father must have good in him. She hoped that he was sincere in his political convictions; she felt, intuitively, that his surface geniality came from without rather than from within. She summed him up, accurately enough, as something of a cabotin. Invariably he amused her and aroused in her a Puckish hankering to take liberties with his underpinning. She looked forward to his meeting with the Duke and Cheddar. Would there be passages at arms? Or would Mr. Figge adapt himself to company surely uncongenial to him at heart? He was much better dressed than the Duke, and apparently quite at home in the easiest of chairs.

After luncheon, Jimmy descended to the cellars, crypts with stone-vaulted ceilings. Many bins were empty; others were hearteningly full, or nearly so.

The port was decanted, Jimmy agreed that the decanting of the claret should take place half an hour before dinner. The chill of the cellar would be off it by then.

"I have asked Cheddar to meet you, Mr. Figge."

"Did he express a wish to meet me?"

"He did. We have made further arrangements for your entertainment. The Duchess has invited the three of us to supper to-morrow."

"Supper?"

"Sunday supper. Rule of the house. No dressing. We'll go early so that you can see the gardens. No party. Ourselves and ourselves."

"My dear boy, I'm delighted. Dare I infer that this informal gathering is in the nature of a rapprochement?"

Perry dealt with this honestly.

"You see they appreciate Shelagh. Who wouldn't? She's a marvel. By the way, must you rush off on Monday?"

"I—I might stay till Tuesday."

"Or Wednesday. When you accepted my invitation, you wrote that Shelagh could return with you. Is it too much to suggest that she might stay on a bit longer? Hard luck on you, but Somerset in August is more beguiling than Battersea."

"Just so. I mustn't be selfish. Let her stay on as long as she likes, provided she doesn't outstay her welcome."

Not realising what interpretation a father might place on his words, Perry said with conviction:

"If she waited till that she'd become a fixture. And now, Mr. Figge, I want to show you the village."

Jimmy, now at his best, solidly of the opinion that his host was free from all taint even of eccentricity, acquiesced. He dubbed himself a good "mixer." What he had denounced as the blatant ostentation of the rich did not apply to a potential son-in-law. The Templar family plate, the porcelain, the pictures were appraised by him as a trust, destined no doubt in the fullness of time to become the property of the people, but, for the moment, reasonably safe in Perry's care.

They strolled through the park into the village.

WHAT Jimmy was thinking he kept to himself, thoughts of the rosiest complexion concerned with the future happiness of two young persons destined—he had used the word "predestined"—by Omnipotence to come together and to work enthusiastically together, enjoying the high health and happiness which he was the last man in the world to begrudge them. He would have been startled had he read Perry's thoughts—also of a sanguine tint. Perry was thinking of Biddy, wishing that Biddy was present. Biddy could deal with Mr. Figge as faithfully as Cheddar when it came to intimate knowledge of backslidings and insanitary conditions brought about by apathy and ignorance. Cheddar might be too abrupt, too didactic. He decided that Biddy must be asked to accompany them when they visited Cheddar-FitzPayne.

Fortified by an excellent luncheon, Jimmy surveyed Moonhills with equanimity and indifference. He was quick to notice men at work on many cottages and said pleasantly: "You are putting your back into this." Perry attempted to make plain that mind was more important than muscle. The thatchers, he pointed out, had to be brought to his village, thatching being a lost art in Moonhills. The men in the water-meadows cleaning out the choked-up ditches were "turriners." Mr. Figge nodded with Olympian majesty, admitting that he was not too familiar with our more remote rural districts.

The "Bristol Sentinel" reached Moonhills after tea-time. Jimmy read his speech and was pleased with it. He was far from that senile stage when old men subsist on the smell of the oil in a lamp that is "utterly out."

He had used Kipling's lines on many an occasion when calling attention to the expiring lamps of the Liberals and Conservatives. Then he read an editorial which might have imperilled the ethers of the prophylaxera claret. The "Bristol Sentinel" had discarded party labels. The editor, a youngish man, was known to Jimmy and reckoned by him to be a "live wire."

He had been instructed by his millionaire proprietor to increase the circulation of an evening paper (not selling as well as it should when he took command) by giving frank expression to all shades of public opinion. What was wanted was lively criticism, the livelier the better, of all men prominently in the public eye. "Smash humbug wherever found" had been the first and last word Jimmy was pained to read the following:

"Is up-to-date Socialism changing its skin? We listened last night to a silver-tongued orator who was welcomed uproariously before he opened his mouth. When he closed it after speaking for nearly an hour, the applause to us appeared to be a perfunctory tribute to the man rather than whole-souled commendation of what he had said. He puzzled his audience. He appeared to have perched himself upon the fence of expediency. We expected a philippic. We got syrup of figs. This is significant. It indicates not only a change of temperature and temperament but of tempo. Mr. Figge is an accomplished chief d'orchestra. He can hold an audience. But he lost grip of them last night. Altogether a disappointing evening..."

"Curse the fellow!" muttered Jimmy. Nevertheless, he enjoyed his good wine at dinner, and admitted (to himself) that a young sprig of nobility had nobility in him. When Shelagh left the dining-room to join Mrs. Templar, Perry, as host, steered the talk into channels familiar to Cheddar. He was reasonably sure that Cheddar could and would enlighten Mr. Figge. However, the ducal "Back to the land" provoked the comment:

"To starve on the land!"

"That's the problem, Mr. Figge. They wouldn't starve, if they knew what I know."

"What has been spent on your education?"

"A certain amount of time; less money than you might suppose. I admit that a thorough reconstruction of our national school system is necessary. We spend millions in teaching children what is of little service to them when they leave school. I learnt next to nothing at Eton. What did you learn at your school?"

Jimmy laughed.

"To fight for my own hand."

This was a candid admission coming from a Socialist. Perhaps the aged port had restored buoyancy of mind. Cheddar noted a laughing pair of eyes. Did Shelagh's father take himself seriously? He had read the speech and the editorial comment thereon.

"Perhaps you love a fight for a fight's sake?"

"I do."

"Very human, sir; so do I."

Then Jimmy turned loose one of those specious statements which endeared him to himself.

"The big fight is the fight against personal predilections and inherited idiosyncrasies."

"But you are a pacifist—"

"Not, please, a peace-at-any-price man." Deftly he changed the talk. "This is wonderful wine. But it shows its grey hairs. Still, the vinosity is remarkable. The 'sixty-threes are gone. Do you lay down port at FitzPayne?"

"We do, Mr. Figge. A pipe was laid down when I was born. You shall taste it to-morrow."

This, thought Jimmy, does mean rapprochement. As he refilled his glass, he embarked upon an anecdote, telling a capital story against himself. Then, to please Perry, he swooped back to Shelagh's childhood. Such a clever little baggage at five years old! The chimney in her nursery smoked, so a cowl had to be placed on it. Letters to Father Christmas had been dictated by Shelagh, written out by her father, and despatched flaming up the chimney. Shelagh had been assured that Father Christmas would duly receive these letters and make note of the small suggestions in them. On Christmas Eve, the old gentleman would descend the chimney and fill the child's stocking.

"She fairly put me in the cart," said Jimmy, "by telling me that nobody could come down the chimney, because there was a cowl on it. I'd forgotten the confounded cowl."

"How did you crawl out of that hole?" asked Perry.

"Inspiration came at the last moment. I told the little dear that Father Christmas was an expert at removing cowl."

Cheddar was impressed. Mr. Figge might be a bit of a bouncer, but he loved his daughter.

Jimmy went to bed that night a happy man.

SUNDAY suppers at FitzPayne were very pleasant. After soup was served, the servants left the room and remained out of it till a bell was rung for coffee. Everybody helped himself; and the ladies refused to allow the men to wait on them, which made for easy informality. The Duke detested smart week-end parties, and would have none of them. He entertained magnificently in London. But August (and part of September) was regarded as the "family time."

The Moonhills party arrived after tea and were taken forthwith by Cheddar and Biddy to the village. At seven Lord Sedgemoor presented himself unexpectedly, demanding pot luck. He was wearing the shabby tweeds of an impoverished forced upon him, so he said, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He looked slightly begrimed as he explained that this was his "confounded shover's day off." Result: engine trouble. If the Duke could give him a crust of bread and a raw onion, the cursed car might be put right in the ducal garage.

"Of course. Perhaps I ought to warn you that James Figge is supping with us."

"James Figge?"

Had the Duke said "Judas Iscariot," Lord Sedgemoor could not have expressed more surprise.

"You—you are entertaining that pestilent fellow?"

"He happens to be staying at Moonhills. Yes; Figge and his daughter are already here."

"If I must sit at table with Figge, I must. One can always be civil."

"M'm; often I find it most difficult to be so."

The Duke had no abiding affection for my lord, but he had been at Eton and Christchurch with him. Biddy said pertly: "Pip has known old Sedgy too long."

When such remarks fell from Biddy's lips, her mother, if present, would shake a finger and exclaim: "Shush-h-h!" But she also reckoned Lord Sedgemoor to be a serious menace to stable government, perhaps even more so than an avowed "Red" who might be brought to see the redness of his ways. The ways of such a reactionary were past praying for. After a pause Sedgemoor said testily:

"Hasn't he been speaking at Bristol? He has. I never read what he says or writes."

"I do. At Bristol he was preaching peace and goodwill."

"Tchah! As if such a leopard could change his spots."

"He wasn't a leopard once. As a young man he spoke, and spoke well, as a Conservative."

"What?"

"He may be reconsidering his position."

"Position? What a word to use! He has no position."

The Duke smiled.

"He has a very handsome, intelligent daughter. Biddy says that young Perry Templar is interested in her."

"Let's hope that nothing comes of that. This youth is susceptible. Between ourselves he paid my girl attention. But I ask you, could I sanction a marriage between any child of mine and a mad Templar?"

"Young people don't ask for sanctions."

"Curse 'em! they don't. What a sick-enin' world we're livin' in! I shan't bolt, Harry. I repeat, I shall be civil."

"Would you like to wash your hands?"

"I should. I'm grubby, very grubby, from fooling about with the insides of my car. What we have to stomach nowadays! Harry, my dear fellow, this cove is your guest, but, between ourselves, is he clean?"

"In speech or person?"

"He's unclean in speech, a stirrer-up of mud. Is he clean in person?"

The Duke laughed.

"Prepare to be painfully shocked—"

"I knew it... I knew it... Nothing shocks me... a dirty dog, what?"

"He is much smarter in appearance, better groomed, than we are, and still a very attractive man. Do you think my cousin would have married him if he didn't look clean?"

"I've dropped a brick. Forgive me! I'd forgotten. I'm out of the running. Nobody tells me anything. And what I am told, I—I don't believe. What do you make of young Templar?"

"I'm interested in seeing what he makes of himself."

"Of course he's mad. He must be mad to be a Socialist. There I go again—another brick. But your nice boy disinfects himself. I've been civil to young Templar, but I've sized him up... I've sized him up. He's a scoffer. He scoffs at all we hold dear. He told my girl that he hoped to sell the family jewels and some of the pictures when times were better. I told him that times would never be better. Don't put me next to Figge—"

"Mary shall sit between you."

"Thanks. I can always get on with

Mary. With her I feel at my ease; with her—” Lord Sedgemoor paused. He was perilously near to dropping another brick upon the toes of his own wife, a Boadicea of a woman, who boasted that she alone could “cope” (her word) with the most obstinate man in Somerset. He had been about to say that with the Duchess he could enjoy his food and get his nose, a thick, slightly swollen nose, into the nosebag. He said instead: “With your dear wife, almost the only lady of quality left in these benighted parts, I can still thank heaven that I’m not dead.”

“I must repeat that pretty compliment to her.”

JIMMY had gazed at the Duke’s model village intelligently. He was in the mood to be pleased with everything. Perry and Biddy walked beside him; Cheddar and Shelagh brought up the rear. Smiling faces greeted them. This—as Mr. Figg observed—was autumnal England spring-cleaned. He admitted that he was walking backwards down the corridors of Time; he took note of industries resurrected from the dead, such as weaving, chair-making, fancy-thatching, and so forth; industries, no doubt, subsidised by the Duchess. They had been subsidised at first. Now they were self-supporting. Mr. Figg was invited to taste the Cheddar-FitzPayne cider, famous throughout the county. He did. He inspected samples of needle-work, gros point and petit point. Some of the gamblers were lace-makers. Not a man in the village was out of work. . . . On the village-green boys were playing cricket. . . . Jimmy accepted this prosperity as exceptional, a word constantly in his mouth. Perry left Biddy to show off FitzPayne wares. They needed little demonstration. Jimmy paid more attention to Biddy than to the village Cross. He had to compare her with his own Shelagh. Both were quick-witted. As a boy at school Jimmy had answered questions a thought before other boys. What, he asked, was the use of knowledge unless it were on tap? He understood the inner meaning of this pilgrimage. When he beheld the “squire” in the church, he guessed that Biddy was inviting him to look through a hole in the wall between past and present, hoping that he would admit (which he did) that what was best in the past had not yet vanished. But who disputed that? Obviously Biddy had been partly responsible for Perry’s modifications of opinion. Obviously, too, the pair were upon cousinly terms, which was quite as it should be. Cheddar and Shelagh were on similar terms. Attempting to take a bird’s-eye view of the situation, Jimmy saw a streak of humor in it. Perry, under FitzPayne influence, was bending a knee before the Juggernaut, Capital, stooping beneath the burden of a cool million; Shelagh, if she regarded the young man as hers, had, perforce, to reconsider her opinions. Exactly what a sensible girl would do. Meanwhile, he, as the guest of a brace of capitalists, must say nothing to disturb the peace. The Duke and he met, after the lapse of years, amicably.

“This is my father, Duke,” said Shelagh.

They shook hands. Jimmy reckoned dukes to be wraiths of the past, but he was prepared to talk to them as comrades of the future.

Then he was presented to Babs, not unimpressed by his appearance and deportment. He might have been descended from Rienz.

“Are you,” she asked, “a Son of the People or a Tribune of the People?”

“My only claim to your interest,” he replied happily, “is that I’m Shelagh’s father.”

THEY supped in the small dining-room at a round table. The Duchess talked to Jimmy; Lord Sedgemoor gave undivided attention to his food. He spoke of his own cook as not fit to carry a diaphrag in a scullery. “We don’t dine,” he growled. “We eat what is sent up. No grace before such meat.” Boadicea accused him of senile grumblings. How could she, as mistress of a cut-down establishment, provide a first-rate cook with income tax at five shillings in the pound, plus sur-tax? If my lord wanted a better cook let him put down a hunter.

Hock-cup was provided, and whisky-and-soda. The cup was to Lord Sedgemoor’s fancy; he helped himself too liberally, fearing that port from the wood might be part of a Sunday-fied bill of fare. As he ate and drank he listened to the talk on his left. He, confound it, was the guest of honor. Why did Mary allow herself to be monopolised by this rank outsider? He perceived that Mary was amused. Jimmy made her laugh. She supposed, naturally enough, that her uninvited guest would talk to Babs. Babs, however, preferred to talk with Perry.

In the centre of the table was a jardiniere full of roses, which interfered with Lord Sedgemoor’s view of Biddy, whom he liked better than Babs. Why hadn’t Biddy been placed next him? He took advantage of a lull in the talk to observe rancorously: “I don’t like that centre-piece, Mary; I can’t see little Biddy.” Now, Jimmy loved dearly the cut-and-thrust of the platform. Before supper Lord Sedgemoor had bestowed a disdainful nod on a Son of the People, withholding his hand. More, when the Duchess had tried to include Sedgemoor in her talk with Jimmy, that gentleman maintained a sulky silence. The silence that greeted a loud remark was instantly broken.

“Age loves to look at youth,” said Jimmy, “but, on the other hand, youth loves to look at roses.”

All present glanced at my lord’s empurpled countenance, which, in the opinion of the younger people, was better unseen. Biddy laughed; Perry laughed; Cheddar laughed; Jimmy chuckled. The Duchess looked down her nose, thanking heaven that the servants were out of the room. Lord Sedgemoor gulped down his cup and replenished his glass.

He was seething with indignation. When the 1904 port, laid down when Cheddar was born, began to circulate, the ladies remained in the room, another source of exasperation to a man who hated to baffle his tongue. He wanted to teach this fellow a lesson. Ladies or no ladies, a gutter-bred upstart must be put in his place, rolled in his own mud. How to do this bothered him. When inspiration came, it served him none too well. What had Harry said before supper about that Bristol speech? Had he intended to convey derision when he spoke of peace and goodwill? Was it possible that Mr. Figg was changing his coat? More than likely, if young Templar was making up to that handsome daughter. Could he extort from this Figg person, damning admission of the truth? Could he expose him before these grinning girls as a traitor to his own cause? Biddy would have told him that he was incapable of shivering a lance with such a formidable foe.

He waited for opportunity, pot-vallant, and relying upon the rough edge to his tongue. He filled his glass for the third time and, passing the noble decanter to Jimmy, said courteously enough for him: “You have been speaking in Bristol?”

“Yes, last Friday night—”

Silence fell upon the others. The Duke might—he thought of it afterwards—have rung the bell, which meant servants and coffee. He was puzzled by the courtesy in Sedgemoor’s voice. Perhaps, after all, he meant to be civil. Sedgemoor went on:

“Our host, who has read your speech, told me before supper that you had given them—jam.”

Jimmy became alert, sniffing a challenge. He replied laughingly:

“An editorial comment accused me of lading out syrup of figs.”

The Duke, sipping his port, smiled. Jimmy could take care of himself. Nevertheless, as host, he would feel happier when a nerve-soothing cigar was between Sedgemoor’s lips. He decided to ask his son to ring the bell in a minute or two.

“Syrup of figs! Don’t they expect from you something more stimulating? Perhaps the gentlemen in the National Government who once belonged to Labor are prescribing too late—dope?”

“Dope, Lord Sedgemoor?”

“What else can you call it?”

“I repudiate the word as applied to my speech.”

“Call it soft soap.”

“Have you read my speech?”

“No.”

“Then may I suggest that we postpone discussion of it till you have? We are both drinking port. Could you talk of its velvety quality if I were sipping it and you were gulping down ginger pop?”

Once more the young people laughed, and before the laughter died down the bell was rung for coffee. Jimmy had downed his man and done it with a smile. The Duchess said gently:

“We never talk politics on Sunday.”

Lord Sedgemoor knew that Mary had delicately snubbed him. “Ginger pop,” as a synonym for his powers of speech, infuriated him. He glared at the young people, still laughing and whispering. What were they whispering?

“I never talk politics on week-days. Politics are to-day knavish tricks. Men whom I’m ashamed to call our leaders have degenerated into vote-catchers. We have no statesmen left. We’re at the mercy of an educated rabble. What can a man like myself do about it?”

To this Jimmy replied:

“Absolutely nothing.”

The servants came back to the room.

WHEN the butler offered cigars to Sedgemoor, he said in a stage whisper:

“Your car, my lord, is in order.”

“Have it sent round.”

“Very good, my lord.”

This perfunctory answer nearly provoked a giggle from Biddy. Her mother did not attempt to persuade his lordship to prolong his visit. Indeed, she speeded him sweetly on his way. But both she and the Duke took pains to atone for the incivility of an unbidden guest. They wanted, being kindly people, to take the taste of Sedgemoor out of Jimmy’s mouth.

And this, comically enough, made a tremendous impression upon a man who was reconsidering his position, who was weary of class warfare, and at the moment acutely conscious that he was entitled to rest and refreshment. He still felt young, full of vitality, increasingly sensible of the less seamy side of life, sensible also that he might have made a mistake when he took arms against the few as a champion of the many. Couldn't the many to whom power had been given take care of themselves? And, if it was true, as Cheddar affirmed, that the few had their backs to the wall, didn't that excite sympathy and a measure of compassion?

Walking up and down the terrace with Jimmy, the Duke apologised for the misdemeanour.

"Diehards like Sedgemoor are dying out. I thought we were in for a rumpus. He's a backwoodsman."

"Not another word, please."

"I read your speech, Mr. Figge; and I know my Bristol. I'm not going to talk politics, but your speech surprised me. Violence, which is a rarely strength, has been tried and found wanting. Perhaps you won't admit that?"

"With reasonable reservations, I do."

NEXT day, after breakfast, in the presence of Perry and his mother, Mr. Figge touched upon his first meeting with his host of the night before.

"I met the Duke long ago when he was Lord Cheddar. Strange, passing strange, how one man can influence another! Really, my success—such as it is—as a publicist is owing to him. He gave me what I may have lacked at the time—a sense of direction. Everybody knew that I had run away with his cousin. He sought me; I did not seek him. He meant well. I can say to you, Mrs. Templar, what I should not say to anyone else. Lord Cheddar was in the House; he held some Under-Secretaryship; he had the ear of his political chiefs. Probably they instructed him to sound me. Soberly was I tempted to accept what he, speaking, of course, for them, offered to a young man who may have been recognised by them as a champion of lost causes."

At this moment Perry recalled an engagement. With a muttered excuse he left the library. But the bewildered expression on his face explained to his mother this sudden exit. She made sure that the Duke might have given to a neighbor and friend another version of this first meeting.

"Please go on, Mr. Figge. You are a champion of lost causes."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I have just had your word for it."

"You may have misunderstood me. The cause I champion to-day is not a lost cause, far from it. But, as a young man, I championed what I felt in my bones to be a lost cause, the cause of decaying privilege, of a too-selfish capitalism still all powerful and abusing its power. Lord Cheddar led me to the crossroads. Forgive me for boring you. He, in fine, went his way; I went mine."

"Thank you for telling me this. I can assure you that you are not boring me."

"But now," continued Mr. Figge, deprecatingly, "I can admit that the pendulum has swung too far from the privileged few. That distresses me."

"I'm sure it does."

"Yes. Last night your neighbor, Lord Sedgemoor, declared uncivil war against me at the Duke's table. I fear that a soft answer failed to turn away his wrath. I make due allowance for that wrath. Whatever I may have been in the past, I now label myself a man of peace."

He smiled at her even as she smiled at him. Nobody who knew him questioned Jimmy's will-power. He boasted that he travelled by short cuts to his objectives. He had come to Moonhills, at some personal inconvenience, to have a seasonable word with a young man whose intelligence he might well have underrated. He was aware that Perry, both at the Battersea flat and at the club, had listened to him with respectful admiration, accepting Shelagh's father at his own valuation. Hypnotists contend that their power over a subject increases with every sitting. The weaker will cannot escape from the stronger. On Sunday morning Jimmy attended Divine service in the village church, sitting beside his host in the squire's pew, where he took note of many memorials in stone and brass of other Templars. Perhaps the genius loci took temporary possession of one who avowed himself a Gallo in all that pertained to ancestry. During the service he made the responses in a full, firm voice and sang the hymns in a rich baritone. He appeared to be listening to the sermon, but he was turning over in his mind what might be said to Perry, too obsessed by responsibilities to speed up his wooing. Later on he met Judith, whom he appraised as a possible "runner" in the Templar Stakes. After spending an hour with Biddy, he discerned the Finger of Providence beckoning him to Moonhills. Being an optimist, he made too sure that the right word, spoken at the right time, would be received by the right man in the right spirit.

That word was spoken on Monday afternoon. Host and guest were alone after luncheon. Sensible that his speech at Bristol had provoked from Lord Sedgemoor the ugly word "dope," Jimmy decided not to address the villagers.

"I cannot," he said modestly, "deal with conditions unfamiliar to me. Later on, perhaps. My experience yesterday at Cheddar-FitzPayne was enlightening. The Duke has done much, but the ladies of his family have done more. You ought to marry, my boy."

"I couldn't give much attention to a young wife," replied Perry.

"Tch! The right wife would share your burdens. You are too clever to pick the wrong girl. You need a helper, not a hinderer. I'm not quite happy in my mind about you, Master Perry. It's good to see you at work here. You have put your hand to the plough. 'Tis not," quoted Jimmy, "the grapes of Eschol that repay, but the high faith that failed not on the way."

"There's too much humbug in this world—"

"If you regard it as merely a stage . . ."

"I don't; but, if I did, I might say that the best players are dead."

"No, no; the best players are coming on, marching on, vocal after years of silent endurance, active after the passivity imposed on them."

"I should like to believe that."

"What was I saying just now? Yes, yes; would that I could help you in the choice of a wife. Time was, not so long ago, when I believed that I could. But

this great inheritance has come between you and the girl who might have made you happy and been made happy by you."

Jimmy sighed, stood still, removed his Panama hat, and passed a silk handkerchief across his brow. Perry stared at him. This was very plain speech. He said stiffly:

"Are you alluding to Shelagh?"

"I am. Acquit me of holding a pistol to your head, or, in the Victorian phrase, asking your intentions. Nothing of the sort. Shelagh is my child; you are an aristocrat—". He paused. When Perry remained silent, Jimmy went on: "You may feel, and I respect such feeling, that your first duty is to your own order, to your own people, so dependent on you. But, if you feel that way, was it not a mistake to ask Shelagh here?"

"My mother asked her, but I was delighted to see her. She is a darling. I wanted to marry her two months ago."

"You told her so?"

"She choked me off. I—I don't believe she cares for me. I—I'd rather not discuss this, Mr. Figge."

"As you please. You can take it from me that she does care for you; but she has a proper pride, my pride. Being my daughter she must have felt that this inheritance is an acid test of you. She had to give you time—"

"Perhaps you will give me the same?"

"Certainly."

WHEN Perry joined Chidzey, Mr. Figge marched straight to the gun-room. It was now settled that he would leave Moonhills on Tuesday, allowing his daughter to prolong her visit. Naturally enough, Shelagh's willingness to linger on fortified Jimmy's conviction that she hated to leave Perry. He sat down, filled a pipe, and glanced paternally at his ewe lamb.

"I've never forgotten, child, that I have to play the double role of father and mother. I must say to you what I said to Perry not ten minutes ago; I am not quite easy in my mind about either of you."

"Father," exclaimed Shelagh breathlessly, "what have you said to Perry?"

"Nothing to which you could take exception. I wanted to make sure that he still cares for you. He does."

"He doesn't."

"He does. I know . . ." Whenever Jimmy said "I know," he became pontifical. He used the affirmation with astounding effect on the platform. Even hecklers were impressed and frequently silenced. Shelagh, not addicted to impulsive demonstrations of affection, kissed her father's cheek and laughed.

"Father, you don't really know all you think you do. Perry did care for me, but I never took him seriously, never! I know that at this very moment he is weighing in his mind the conflicting claims upon his attention of Biddy and Judith. And I imagine, I may be mistaken, that both girls, jolly girls, are not in love with him."

This was reassuring, but far from convincing. Jimmy patted his daughter's shoulder.

"Saying so doesn't make it so. Perry is an attractive young fellow; he has his dear mother's charm. Little Miss Judith is a tomboy. Biddy FitzPayne is—well—her father's daughter."

"Is she? Am I your daughter?"
"Now you are soaring beyond me. What can you mean?"
"You are clever; you ought to know what I mean. You have measured the gulf between yesterday and to-day. Biddy is as modern as I am. Let's cut Biddy out of this. The Duke would oppose any marriage between her and Perry because of the taint."
"You are right. He would. I can stand in his shoes, although something of a misfit for me."
"And yet you would encourage your daughter to marry a Templar?"

JIMMY was taken aback. This counter was a blow on the point. Having recuperative powers which seldom failed him, he rallied instantly.
"Because I believe Perry to be as sane as you are."
"All the same you know," she emphasised the verb, "that if there is insanity in a family it may skip a generation."

"His father was not mad—"
"Do you know that? Why does Mrs. Templar never mention him? I suspect that she has kept a horrid secret from Perry. He always speaks of her as so guileless. Is any woman guileless? He has been a most devoted son—"

"A devoted son is likely to make a devoted husband."

"Perhaps. I was going on to say that her devotion to him is pathetic. She is a creature of reserves, a judge of character, and generous in her appreciation of others. Why has she never mentioned her husband to me?"

"If you know nothing about Perry's father, how dare you assume that he was mad? He was killed in the war. As a pacifist I contend that all soldiers are mad, but the War Office doesn't employ madmen."

"I know this: Perry's father left the army long before the war. And he left his wife and child. Perry remembers that. He joined up as a 'bug-out,' but he wasn't appointed to his old regiment. He went into the Flying Corps. Perry says he was madly reckless, and he took up flying before the war. I daresay the War Office was glad to get hold of such a man. It is certain that Mrs. Templar is the sort of woman who would talk about a brave husband to me and her son, unless something uncanny lay behind her silence."

"This is mere conjecture. Perry, I repeat, is as sane as you are."

"I wonder if I'm too sane," murmured Shelagh.

Not till Mr. Pigge had left Moonhills did Perry speak to his mother of what had passed between them. It was against his fixed principles to discuss anything unpleasant with her; but he was happy in his mind, knowing that she had been rejuvenated by sunshine and fresh country air.

"Mr. Pigge carpeted me, Mum. He knows that I wanted to marry Shelagh two months ago. He tells me that she cares for me, but he's such a—"

"Regius Professor of Inexactitudes."

"Yes."

"Almost endearingly so."

"That you should say that! 'Endearingly!'"

Her slow laugh tinkled. Then the inflections in her soft voice deepened, as she thought that the day must come when she would be unable to say anything.

"I'm grateful, Sonnie, to people who amuse me."

"Do you believe that Shelagh cares for me?"

"She is a very human document. Sometimes I think of her as an edition de luxe of hymns ancient and modern."

"You say the oddest things!"

"You'll grant that she's daintily bound?"

"How she does it beats me."

"It's a feather in her cap that she can A well-ordered person indicates a well-ordered mind. Oh, dear! How we fall back upon platitudes as we grow older."

"What an observant darling you are!"

"I have to look at all of you from my window in Thrums."

"You make me see Shelagh from a fresh angle. You said something which sank in. You told me to remember what I had to offer before I offered it. I didn't know then what I had to offer but I thought you meant that I had a lot to offer besides myself. And that even Shelagh might be tempted."

"I was thinking of Shelagh as well as you when I gave that warning. You might have offered her what you believed yourself to be, rather than the man you may be."

"That Professor of Inexactitudes said on Monday that this inheritance was the acid test of me."

"The acid test of you and everybody who comes into contact with you."

"But you sent for Shelagh. What am I to make of that, Mrs. Know-it-all?"

"Mrs. Know-it-all may have thought that Shelagh ought to see you at work."

"I—I don't believe she cares for me."

"If—if she did?"

"Mum, that would make a tremendous difference. Why have you spoiled me for the ordinary girl? Does Shelagh care for me?"

"She alone can answer that question."

"But I funk putting it to her."

Mrs. Templar sighed. He went to bed that night sorely puzzled. Had anybody—Victor Orde, for instance—told him that he was under the thumb of his mother, he would have laughed. The pressure of that slender thumb had been so slight and so admirably and unceasingly imposed. Never had he felt it as pressure. On reaching his bedroom he took from an attache case a photograph of Shelagh in golfing kit. Staring at this he recalled an etching by Charles Gibson of an American girl exclaiming "Fore" to all the world. Shelagh had much of that young lady's pose and assurance. He went on staring at the photograph, muttering to himself: "A sight too good for me."

Great is the power of suggestion. Great also is a young man's abhorrence of suspense. It was humilatingly true that Perry "funked" asking Shelagh if she cared for him; but he screwed himself up to do it within a few hours of Mr. Pigge's departure. He wanted to please his mother, to enliven what years were left to her. He had faith in her sound judgment and, if Shelagh loved him, it would be delightfully easy to love her.

Thanks to Biddy's schooling he had ceased to be a crancer at fences. On the other hand he couldn't "rush" a young woman so exasperatingly mistress of herself. Shelagh would reply "yes" or "no" without turning a hair. If she said "no" he must swallow his pill without grimacing. To her amusement he bounced in, wearing a suit of grey flannel.

His blue eyes sparkled out of a sun-tanned face.

"You look excited, Perry."

"I am excited. If only I could excite you, whirl you out of your cool, composed self. You spoke to my becoming a different man. I am a different man. I'm no longer a Socialist. I have to label myself 'Preservative.' Does that hurt you?"

"Not at all. And I—"

She paused. To Perry's delight color crept into her cheeks. After a moment's hesitation she went on:

"Moonhills has been too much for you; it's too much for me. Revaluations have been forced on both of us."

"Yes, but I haven't revalued you."

She guessed instantly that he was about to propose. How could she stop him?

"I have revalued myself," she said quietly. "I expected to find you a different man and you are. I was right when I told you to give me a miss, because I was afraid of influencing you, of giving you perhaps a sense of misdirection. And so," her voice was very kind, "you did as I asked you. I can own up now that I was terrified of your asking me to marry you, terrified, too, that my refusal to do so would upset you horribly. I can assure you that I stewed in my own juice. I wanted to tell you to take on a wife who knows more about your job than you do; and she ought to have a name less reverberating than Pigge. When you rushed in just now I made sure that you had asked Biddy to marry you and that she had said 'yes.'"

Perry made a gesture, saying forlornly: "Would that have pleased you?"

"Immensely."

She spoke with such sincerity that Perry murmured ruefully:

"Biddy is as calm and detached as you are."

Then Shelagh laughed and became Lady Letty.

"Girls are beginning to find out that marriage may be as serious as death."

"Are you very busy?"

"Well—yes."

"I suppose people take the advice you adle out?"

"Some do; some don't."

Perry left her as she picked up the pen, which she had laid down when he came in.

WHEN he left her he was not too unhappy. Next morning, after breakfast, when Mrs. Templar was comfortably installed upon her sofa, he told her what had passed. She listened placidly, betraying neither surprise nor disappointment.

"Shelagh doesn't believe that I love her desperately."

"Do you?"

"I don't know," he groaned. "Oh, heavens, am I to spend the rest of my life saying that? I suppose if I loved her desperately I should put her above everything and everybody—including you."

"Stop supposing, Sonnie."

"I wonder what Biddy will say, if—I tell her."

Mrs. Templar did express surprise.

"You are going to tell her?"

"Why not? Biddy is a gin-and-tonic to me. When I feel blue she makes me smile again. What beats me is this: I slept well last night. I tackled my eggs and bacon this morning. I'm looking forward to cubbing to-morrow. Oughtn't I to be thinking of gasovens?"

"You couldn't love me very desperately if you did."

"You have a half-baked son."

"Never say that to me."

"I was only joking—"

"Too near the knuckle."

"I'd forgotten the mad Templars. But that might be a reason for turning me down."

"Sonnle, you're not the right man for Shelagh. She is beginning to care for somebody else."

"Not—not Cheddar?"

"I think so. What she said about revaluations is significant. Lord Cheddar has scrapped class distinctions. Mr. Figue preaches class war. I doubt if that ever appealed to Shelagh. A Duke's son preaches and practices class-peace. Shelagh is an authority on eugenics. She can thank her stars that her mother married a man sound in body if not in mind. You take this calmly—"

"The Duke won't, if it's true."

Mrs. Templar held her tongue. She was thinking that her son, now in fairly smooth water with a favoring breeze astern, might be near the reefs if he turned from Shelagh to Biddy. He was not in love with Shelagh; he was in love with love. Probably he would love charmingly any girl who loved him. Many men were like that.

"Does this mean," she asked, "that Shelagh will leave us?"

"Why should she? Her strong suit is common sense. Cheddar has an eye for quality. But the Duke isn't as amused by Mr. Figue as you are. Cheddar ought to marry a girl with money. That's how the big properties are kept together in France."

"I believe that the Duke has paid insurance against death duties to relieve his son of that obligation."

Perry stared at her. Often her intutions were uncanny.

"He's a wonder if he has."

"He does his duty—rain or shine."

ORDE arrived at Moonhills with a bundle of papers requiring Perry's signature. For the first time Perry displayed increasing interest in his London property. Nevertheless, Orde and Cheddar pointed out that what came out of London ought to go back into London. Perry kept on repeating: "Moonhills comes first."

"I'm glad to hear you say so. Work agrees with you. We're keeping up our end. Have you let any of the farms on your hands?"

"Cheddar will find me tenants when we get them into decent order. That may take years. If you provide the fertilizers—"

"We shall do our best for you."

"You know, Vic, Cheddar is saving the situation."

Orde nodded. Saving one situation might create another. He wondered whether Cheddar, interested though he might be in a neighbor's property, had found a stronger magnet to lure him to Moonhills? Unlike the optimistic Jimmy, Orde entertained no hope that Perry would find a helpmeet in Shelagh. The pair remained good friends. He watched Shelagh when she was talking with Cheddar, admiring her quick intelligence responding to his somewhat slow advances. Was Shelagh cold? Was Cheddar the right man for her? Then he whistled to himself, thinking of His Grace of Glasgombury.

Probably Shelagh would have left Moonhills, but she remained because Mrs. Templar caught a cold which settled on her bronchial tubes. Twenty-four hours later she lay at the point of death. Two specialists from Bath and Bristol could do nothing.

To the amazement of everybody, she flickered back to life after they had thought her gone. Halliday said that this was the will to live. When she recovered consciousness, Perry, bending over her, saw her smile. He put his ear close to her lips and caught a sublimated whisper: "I can't go yet." Then she fell asleep.

"It's a miracle," said Shelagh.

Mrs. Templar awoke hours afterwards, able to take a little food. From that moment convalescence set in.

When the bronchial trouble became serious, when she realised that it was serious, she made a pathetic attempt to speak alone with her son. She signed to Shelagh to leave the room. Then, to his infinite distress (and hers), speech was inarticulate; the words refused to come. She raised her hand and pointed to an old-fashioned dressing-case on a chest of drawers.

"Am I to open it?" he whispered. She shook her head, as her hand fell to her side. Her eyes closed. He summoned Shelagh, thinking that she was going.

He guessed, of course, that what she wanted to tell him might be concerned with instructions, or what not. The incident was dismissed temporarily from his mind. As soon as Halliday pronounced the immediate danger to be over, he imposed silence. "Don't let her talk." Then Perry told him of the attempt to speak, which Halliday thought of little importance. Too often, he pointed out, some trifling matter might distress a patient. Nevertheless, Shelagh—when he spoke to her about it—hazarded another guess.

"Her not being able to speak may have saved her. The will to live till she could speak."

"She has never fussed about trifles."

"It may have been something about Moonhills. Perhaps she was afraid that you might leave it if—she died. There is something subtle about her."

"Subtle!"

"Yes; a thin, delicate, impenetrable reserve."

"She has never been reserved with me."

"Because she has suffered, she hates inflicting pain on others, particularly you."

"Perhaps you are right about Moonhills. Do you think"—his tone was slightly defiant—"that I should leave Moonhills if she wished me to stay?"

"I can only tell you this: she refuses to impose her wishes on you or anybody else. Before she left London she admitted to me, and I had to drag it out of her, that you might."

"You told her what I said to you?"

"No. She must have guessed. She loves Moonhills."

"Somehow I think of 'subtle' as an ugly word, with a hint of cunning about it."

"We have to be cunning in our dealings with men."

"Anyway, when she's stronger she'll tell me what she struggled so pitifully to say."

"Perhaps," said Shelagh.

It is likely that Shelagh's devotion to Mrs. Templar challenged Cheddar's attention and kindled ardors in him, the more so because he saw much less of her, realising how he missed her companionship. At first he had taken for granted that she was earmarked for Perry; but soon he came to the conclusion that Shelagh regarded her host maternally. Perry quickened fraternal feelings in himself. All the FitzPaynes agreed that Perry presented drafts upon sympathy that had to be honored. It was also true that help extended to him aroused gratitude and inspired in him a determination to help himself. After much thought Cheddar decided that he must speak to Perry frankly.

He beat no bushes.

"Is Shelagh going to be a permanent guest at Moonhills?"

"I believe Mother owes her life to Shelagh. What a marvel!"

"When Shelagh stayed on here, I supposed that you wanted to marry her. Do you?"

"Do you?"

They stared at each other. Perry, possibly, was at his best. Cheddar at his worst. He flushed and fidgeted.

"If you hold the ace of trumps, play it."

"My hand is a Yarborough."

"Dash your modesty!"

"If it will make you look less disgruntled, I'll tell you here and now that Shelagh is beyond my horizon. Out in—and win, old fellow."

Cheddar made a gesture, and glanced at his wristwatch, being already late for another appointment.

"Thanks," he said curtly, holding out his hand. "My horizon is clearing a bit. I—I can't say more now. I—I haven't the foggiest idea of how I stand with her."

"Confound your modesty!"

That was all at the moment. Cheddar rode off.

WITH a mind more at ease—and determined not to play gooseberry—Perry allowed his fancy to dwell on Biddy. Judy was absent from home, visiting a school friend. It never occurred to Perry that he was the innocent cause of Judy's absence. He missed the hoyden and was indiscreet enough to mention this to Nurse Thomas, who grinned at him. When she showed her nice white teeth Nurse looked ten years younger than her age. Secretly she had summed up Perry as mildly flirtatious, and catholic in his tastes concerning all good-looking young women. Nurse was outspoken about men.

Perry regarded her as "copy," accepting without salt her declaration that she was in love with her profession. She put him to the blush when she dealt with technicalities, excusing herself (with a twinkle in an all-seeing eye): "I can say anything to you, Mr. Templar, 'cos you ought to know everything." When he replied hurriedly: "Yes, yes, but not certain things—" she laughed and chuckled, displaying a dimple. Her popularity as a woman, apart from her skill as a nurse, warmed all hearts. And she looked spotlessly clean with her fresh complexion and clear eyes. Judy nicknamed her "Thomasina."

"Ever take a squirt at your lines o' washing on a Monday afternoon?"

"My lines of washing?"

"You haven't, and I'll tell you for why. Yours is the dirtiest village in Somerset."

No apologies need be made for Thomasina. Perry encouraged plain speech and was exasperated when his people dissembled with him. Nurse—and you had to take her as you found her, and thank Heaven that she knew her business—might be a bit of a chatterbox, but her energy and vitality were a tremendous asset to Moonhills. She went on:

"Miss Judith is a real help."

"I wish she'd come back, Nurse."

Expressing this wish too fervently the lord of the manor may have conveyed more than he meant. Thomasina bestowed on him a roguish glance which he, being unsophisticated in the more devious ways of women, failed to interpret aright.

"She didn't wish to go away," said Nurse.

"Then why did she go?"

"You don't know?"

"If I knew," he replied, "I shouldn't ask. Miss Pelham is a great help, a worker like yourself and," he smiled, "like you, a shameless and importunate beggar. With her I have my hand in my pocket all the time."

"You mustn't think me a nosey-parker, Mr. Templar—"

"If you aren't, you ought to be. I pay you to find out here what I can't discover for myself. I'm puzzled. Why should Miss Pelham leave Moonhills, if she didn't want to go?" He spoke impatiently, with a mild air of authority alien to him, imposed on him by others. Cheddar had said: "You must take command. Boss 'em—or be bossed." He continued: "Please don't think I'm prying into any young lady's private affairs."

"I don't think anything of the sort, sir; and this is a public matter. Of course, she's very young and up to date. Popping in and out of your house has caused a lot of talk. That came to Mr. Pelham's ears. To stop the gossip he just packed her off."

"He did, did he?" murmured Perry feebly.

"Yes, he did. And I for one don't blame him."

"I'm glad you told me, Nurse," said Perry thoughtfully. "I ought perhaps to have foreseen that dirty gossip in a dirty village was inevitable. Much obliged."

Thomasina vanished into a cottage. This talk had taken place on the village green upon which a cricket pitch was being prepared. Each day Perry inspected the work of rehabilitation in Moonhills, pleasantly aware that his presence quickened the good work. In the cottage where Thomasina was dealing faithfully with the whining mother of half a dozen children the upper rooms were so low that it was impossible for an adult to stand upright in them.

There had been dreadful cases of overcrowding. The cottages, condemned by authority as uninhabitable long before Perry inherited them, were now being pulled down or reconstructed.

He was staring at Thomasina's ancient bicycle and wondering whether he ought to make her a present of a new one, when Pelham joined him. They greeted each other cordially, but the difference in years and experience lay between them. The Oxford don, although a very human person, resented Perry's headmaster at Harrow. Whenever Perry visited the Hill he found himself happily at home in the tuckshops entertaining a brace of jolly boys, but if he espied a don he gave him sea room, feeling still absurdly juvenile. Talk with his rector reinforced

Perry's youth. To attempt to play squire confronted by this tall, thin, austere scholar was impossible. Nevertheless, Moonhills had drawn them together.

With Judy in his mind he asked politely how she fared. He wanted to touch upon this malicious and most unwarrantable gossip, but Pelham had assumed his graven image of a face.

"Judith is well, thank you, and enjoying her visit. When she returns," the rector conveyed somehow that Judy would not return in the immediate future, "I must set about her coaching."

"Is she really keen about a—career?"

"I hope so, and I think so."

"That's another snag. Why do women want to compete against men?"

"A Socialist ought to be able to answer that."

"Socialists can answer anything which leaves out economics. That's why I've scrapped Socialism. No regrets. I thought that Judy wanted to be your unpaid curate?"

"A child of her age," said the rector stiffly, "doesn't know what she wants. You're nearly thirty. Do you want today what you thought you wanted when you were a boy?"

"Perhaps not."

They talked for a minute or two about the parish pump and parted.

SHELAGH returned to Battersea, but she promised to run down for occasional week-ends. Mr. Flage was engrossed with by-elections, being in demand as a speaker. Perry decided that Cheddar had not "cut in." He would ride his own line in his own way. Meanwhile, Biddy was constant in attendance on Mrs. Templar. From Biddy, Perry learned much about his plate, porcelain, and pictures. In a shed adjoining the huge kitchen garden she found some flowerpots of soft paste Sevres! Turning out cupboards, she and Perry brought to light Waterford decanters and eighteenth-century glasses.

Shelagh knew nothing about such treasures. She knew even less about field sports. She could talk enlighteningly of persons and books, indifferent to things. From Biddy, Perry learned much about his own possessions, and acquired an increasing interest in them and in his teacher. Their relations became more friendly, without any vagabondage into Cupid's domain. He feared to imperil the sanctity of friendship. Biddy, like Shelagh, spoke scornfully of "petting"; so far as men were concerned she exhibited the aloofness of a youthful and blooming Diana. But she remained a FitzPayne. What was left of his Socialism oozed out of Perry when she repeated her credo.

"Pip says that the only hope for democracy is in the strong hand of aristocracy. Not the domination of birth or rank and wealth, but of character. He says that light never comes from below. In the end the first-class brains will triumph. Knowledge, and nothing else, is power."

"What price love, Biddy?"

"Do you mean love of your fellow creatures or love of work for work's sake?"

"I was thinking," he said tentatively, "of love as a compelling force. According to you people are good when they're happy. Love is behind all human happiness."

Biddy, thinking of her sister, making the argument personal said flippantly:

"Being in love, my dear, exacts a lot. Babs is terribly in love, but she isn't too happy, because she's always measuring her love and wanting fuller measure in return."

He had told her, under pledge of secrecy, of his finding his mother's miniature in Humphry Templar's despatch box. When he showed it to her, she was touched even as he had been. And then she had asked a natural question which he could not evade:

"He must have loved her devastatingly—and no wonder! Pip says that he did. He told me that hearts were here for a smile. Perhaps he became mad when the engagement was broken off. What do you think?"

Perry, without pausing to reflect, told the truth.

"She thought him mad before the engagement was broken off."

"If I loved a man," said Biddy, too interested to pick her words, "who was mad for love of me, I'd marry him and try," she laughed, "to make him sane."

Meeting his eyes, reading in them, perhaps, an expression compounded of surprise, incredulity, and something else not so easily decipherable, she, too, abruptly changed the talk.

Moonhills became daily more engrossing; house, village, and estate. It might be in order, so Biddy hinted, to give a ball at Christmas, not a county affair but an omnium gatherum of tenants and neighbors. Perry might offer a beauty prize. He laughed back: "Would you compete for it?" She replied gaily: "Oh, yes."

"If I were sole judge, you'd get it."

"Not if Shelagh were here."

And then, and not till then, Perry told her quite simply that Shelagh had burked a proposal from him. She expressed sympathy.

"I'm glad you told me, Perry. If I fall in love, I'll tell you."

"I believe," said Perry, looking and speaking as if he were a boy of twenty-one, "that men fall in love more easily than girls. I suppose you can't throw a searchlight on that, eh?"

They were in the long gallery superintending the rehanging of pictures. If a ball were given, this was the right place provided you stretched a silk rope across the middle. Also another scheme of entertainment just discussed, the gallery lent itself to private theatricals. Perry, with Biddy's co-operation, was prepared to write a revue, something topical, which might precede the ball.

Biddy answered his sharp "Eh?":

"I have been in love. I had my first affair when I was fifteen. Devastating! I shan't tell you my hero's name, but he was Captain of the Eton XI. He scorned me. Yes, I cried my eyes out. Mother and Babs made fun of me, but Pip behaved like a lamb. Being a perfect darling, he took me seriously. Also, he didn't like my hero. Because at heart he's so old-fashioned, he regards marriage as a sacrament—"

"And you don't?"

"I don't know exactly what a sacrament means. Do you?"

"Oh, yes—an oath. And—and a consecration."

"Go on, and I'll do my best not to laugh."

Thus encouraged, Perry set forth, hesitatingly, his views on the holy state, so unholy (according to him) if the oath were broken by either party.

Perry, waxing more and more confidential, and honestly seeking enlightenment, said presently:

"I shall tell you something which nobody knows except myself: a little secret. What do you think of my mother?"

"She's a wonder woman."

"She is; she loved you, Biddy, at sight; and you loved her. Now is she, I ask you, the sort of woman who would make a marriage of convenience?"

"Never!"

"She did."

"I—I can't believe it."

"She told me so when I inherited Moonhills. She had to explain a lot that was cryptic to me."

"Pip remembers her when she engaged herself to your father. Pip supposes that he galloped into your mother's heart."

"No; she galloped into his. Now my point is this: two men loved her madly; but I don't believe either of them was really mad, not—not insane. If they had been insane, they would have been locked up. I can hardly remember my father; he was so often away. He did crazy things. Anyway, Humphry and he quarrelled. Then Humphry left everything to me. Why?"

"That is a puzzle."

"Because I was my mother's son."

"Well, you are."

"I—I hope so. Anyway, the point is this: Humphry loved my mother, and never cared a hang for another woman after the engagement was broken. That is the Simon-pure article, isn't it? How many men are capable of that sort of fidelity? I don't seem to be built that way; I'd like to be. When Shelagh turned me down I told Mother that I ought to be feeling suicidal, but I wasn't. What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing."

"They smiled at each other. Perhaps at that moment Biddy's heart was grazed by the first shaft from Cupid's bow. She decided that Perry had never been deeply enamoured of Shelagh or any other girl. His ingenuous face pleaded for him. Tempted to chaff him, she thought better of it, saying soberly:

"I respect you for wanting to marry a splendid girl like Shelagh, but haven't you had a wonderful escape from her father?"

"That," replied Perry, "has occurred to me."

NOTHING happened of more than trivial interest till mid-October, when the cubbing season was drawing to its close. By this time Saladin and Perry were upon easy terms. Perry said to Biddy: "Saladin does what he likes with me; but now—thanks to you—I like what he likes." Hounds had met at ten o'clock not far from Moonhills and were drawing a boggy cover. Perry and Biddy were on the north side of it. Nobody else was with them or near them. Saladin stood still, with ears pricked to catch the first whimper. Biddy was schooling a young horse too full of good oats and impatience. They were in a large grass field. Biddy said:

"I must take the ginger out of this beast. You stay here whilst I gallop round this field."

"Right," replied Perry.

Biddy was off immediately. Her horse tore at the bit—and bolted. However, if Biddy could steer him, he would soon tire of racing round the field. Then Perry saw to his dismay that she couldn't steer

him. A minute later the pair had topped a stiffish blind fence not too cleanly.

Saladin showed how it should be done; but Perry nearly left the saddle. A much bigger fence loomed up in the distance. Biddy's horse struck it hard and vanished.

It reappeared—riderless. Biddy might be lying dead on the other side of the fence. Desperately he rode at it. Saladin took the leap faultlessly, but there was a drop into the next field. Perry left the piggskin, pitching on his head. Saladin stopped and watched his master running to a spot where a figure lay motionless.

Perry bent over her, truly mad for the first time in his life with fear and horror. Had she broken her neck?

Practically he clasped her slim body to his, adjuring her to speak to him. . . . She lay limp in his arms. . . . Fortunately, she had fallen upon soft ground. If her horse had pecked badly on landing, she must have been flung over his head. He carried her to drier ground, and laid a trembling finger on her wrist. Her pulse was beating feebly. He was so relieved that he kissed her wrist, sat down, and laid her head in his lap. She opened her eyes.

"Where am I?" she whispered.

"You've taken a bad toss, darling. Are you in pain? Perhaps you're concussed." "Where's my horse?"

"As long as you're all right, I hope he's broken his neck. Are you all right?"

"I believe I am. I'll vet myself."

She sat up, raised her hands above her shoulders and touched them.

"Collar bone not broken. I feel a bit giddy. We came a real crumpler. I remember tucking up my chin as we crashed. I'll sit still for a minute or two."

He slipped his hand round her waist, pressing her head against his shoulder. Could a perfect gentleman kiss a darling girl who was half-dazed? She spoke first:

"How did you get here?"

"I followed you, of course."

"You jumped those two fences?"

"I got over somehow. Ought you to talk?"

"I'm right as rain. You had better leave me, Perry, and go after my gee. Pip thinks a lot of him."

"Does he? Well, I think a lot of you. I love you to distraction. If I caught that beast, I'd kill him. If you'd been killed, I'd have cut my throat."

"Oh, Perry—so messy."

He covered her mud-stained face with kisses. She returned them.

She rode back to Moonhills on Saladin, with Perry walking beside her. Approaching the stables she drew rein.

"Are you going to tell your mother now?" she asked nervously.

"Of course. We shall put Saladin into his box; and then, hand in hand, we'll present ourselves."

"But I'm not presentable, am I?"

"I've kissed a lot of mud off."

He expected her to laugh, but she looked so he thought, slightly distressed. Having more knowledge of women's ways than most young men, he jumped to the conclusion that she had given a valid reason. Reasonable himself over trifles, he said may not be trifles to a pretty girl, he said briskly:

"Have it your own way, Biddikins; the

beginning of an inevitable end. I am prepared to love, honor and obey you."

This disarmed her, provoking a smile, as she said:

"We might keep our secret till I've spoken to Pip."

"I've thought of him, darling. If that brute galloped back to stables without you on him, everybody will be scared stiff. I thought I'd put Saladin into his box, take you to Mother, drive you back to FitzPayne, and see your father as soon as he comes in. Are you feeling giddy again?"

"N-no."

"I can hardly believe my own luck. Perhaps you weren't quite in your right mind when you promised to marry me?"

"I want to marry you, Perry. You tell your mother; I'll tell my father. Before you tell her, drive me back to FitzPayne."

Something in her tone aroused the first suspicion that all might not be too well.

"Your father may think it cheek of me wanting to marry you; but, dash it all, if I'm not an eligible why did your people encourage us to play about together as we have?"

She replied evasively:

"Please, let me have my way about this."

"Of course."

THE Duke rode into his stable yard and was spared a shock. His stud groom told him that Lady Bridget's horse had galloped home, and was none the worse for his share of the trouble. Later on her ladyship had been driven over by Mr. Templar, and was now in the house, a bit excited and shaken, but unhurt.

The Duke went to his dressing-room.

He changed slowly, but his thoughts functioned swiftly. There might have been a serious accident. He had protested against Biddy riding this young and too hot horse; he ought to have been firm with her. Then he dismissed the incident from a mind obsessed by something of vital importance, something which he had to share with his wife, something which he knew would upset her. He hated to upset any member of his household. He shrank from being harsh to a servant. When he hunted his own hounds he had refrained from the choleric word too often on the lips of the ordinary M.F.H. When thrusters pressed hounds, he would lift his hand. That sufficed; that still endeared him to followers. On the previous night, after the ladies had gone to bed, Cheddar had told him that he wished to marry—Shelagh Fitzge. Habit constrained him to raise his hand and hold his tongue. Cheddar had asked Shelagh to marry him; she had consented to do so, but—on one condition. Under the circumstances, so Cheddar pointed out, it was exactly like her to impose such a condition, being a high-spirited girl with plenty of pride of her own, some of it, perhaps, inherited from the FitzPaynes. She exacted a welcome from the head of the family. Then the Duke said heavily:

"I must talk this over with your mother after I have thought it over. Somehow, my boy, Shelagh's father forbids the banns."

"But—I'm not marrying him."

The Duke looked dubious.

"Is this a shock to you?" asked the son.

"Yes."

"And a surprise?" The Duke nodded.

"I believe that Biddy guessed."

"Will it be a shock to Perry?"

"No, I had it out with him. He told me to cut in and win—if I could."

The Duke stroked his chin and sighed. He had spared his wife when he found himself alone with her. And next morning he had hoped that hard exercise might clear his wits. But as usual he had to give attention to his horse. Accordingly, he had come home earlier than usual. Cheddar was a good son. He liked what he had seen of Shelagh; but Mr. James Fidge obscured the fair face of the landscape.

He slipped into an old suit of tweeds and felt more comfortable. Meanwhile a message had come from Biddy. She was quite all right and would tell him all about it after her bath and change.

He went to his den, sat down in an easy chair, and rehearsed what he wanted to say to his wife. She might go off the deep end. His face brightened when he thought of Biddy. Had she guessed? And, if so, what did she think about it? Perhaps of all his children the youngest was closest to his heart. Such a plucky little soul—and so sensible. He sat still, recalling so much that had drawn them together; again and again she had taken his part when his own wife had failed to accept sacrifices imposed by duty. His wife still cherished a few time-worn inhibitions. But Biddy was free from them, far more so than Babs and his other married daughter.

He was thinking of her when she came in. He jumped up and kissed her, hugging her.

"My fault," he said. "I knew you couldn't hold that young 'un. He's a handful for me. You look all right. Sit down. I—I want to talk to you."

"Splendid. I want to talk to you. Is it possible that we want to talk about the same man?"

"Yes; he told me that he thought you had guessed what was in the wind."

"He told you? When?"

"Last night."

IMMEDIATELY she had to decide which of two men must be given pride of place. She could see that her father was distressed. And she knew that he couldn't deal faithfully with more than one thing at a time. However, before she opened her mouth, the Duke went on:

"Your brother has engaged himself to Shelagh Fidge. I haven't broken this to your mother. You may help me to do it. What do you think? Be frank with me."

"Shelagh is a darling. Of course this worries you horribly; but, Pip, what can you do?"

He told her of the condition imposed. Biddy, thinking of herself, said too hastily:

"If she really loves him she'll marry him with or without your consent. I believe she does love him; and he loves her. She's just right for him. A worker, as he is. That brought them together and will keep them together. The wrong girls have hunted him; you know that; he's hunted the right girl."

"I wish I was as sure of that as you seem to be."

"His position cuts no ice with her."

"She's a Socialist."

"So was he. Syrup of figs will ooze out of her as it oozed out of him."

"Wise little owl you are! Youth stands by youth. I suppose we shall have to surrender."

"I love Shelagh for being a Socialist."

"What?"

The Duke gripped the arms of his chair, sitting very upright in it, much impressed by the conviction in her voice. She explained:

"Perhaps I should call her a Laborite. Squeak is a Laborite. Both of them are out, all out, to fight against poverty and injustice. Shelagh knows so little of the impractical side of Socialism. She abused fox-hunting because she knew nothing about it. She knows one side. Till lately we knew only one side—our side. I've heard you say that so often. Why, Lord Sedgemoor would sooner die in a ditch than read the 'Daily Herald.' They are workers, Pip; Squeak might have fallen for an idler, a pretty time-killer; and how often I've heard you say that killing time is the stupidest form of murder."

The Duke blinked at her.

"What a little Portia," he murmured.

"Moonhills has opened Shelagh's eyes as it opened Perry's."

Unconsciously her voice softened as she spoke her lover's name. The Duke became alert.

"Do you mean to say that young Templar is no longer a Socialist?"

"Yes. I do—I do."

And then, aware that her father's eyes were looking deep into hers, she blushed. She owned up valiantly.

"Perry asked me to marry him after I took my toss, and I said I would. He wants me, Pip dear, and I want him. It is the—goods. He can make me happy; and I think I can make him happy. I was going to tell you, when you told me about Shelagh and Squeak. Perhaps my sympathies are with them because Perry and I are in the same boat. You told me not to fall in love with him. I—I couldn't help it; I—I did."

The Duke groaned.

Helplessly he glanced about him, at the ordered disorder so eloquent of himself. He could have worked in a noble library. He had tried long ago to do so. And it was significant that he had failed. The library was too vocal of the past. He had surprised his wife, and himself, when he retreated to this "loose box," as the family termed it. And in it he had attempted to discard the innumerable petty, hampering shackles which made it so difficult to change reaction into action. Nevertheless, he remained bound to outstanding principles. He knew that Cheddar could marry whom he pleased. In Cheddar's case he would have to surrender. But this was another matter. He heard Biddy's soft voice:

"Perry is telling his mother."

"She knows," murmured the Duke.

"She wants him to marry."

"She ought to have told him. Why—why has she kept the truth from him?"

Perry's father was locked up—

"I didn't know that. Nor does he."

"A lot of people know it. There was an aunt, too. . . . And the great, great grandfather. What a cursed mess we're in! Why so often do kindly impulses and actions bog us down? I wanted to help Perry, not altogether unselfishly. Moonhills is such a blot on Somerset."

"He isn't mad, Pip, he isn't. Do you think that I wasn't on the look-out for that?"

"If he is sane, his children might be mad."

"I shall have to surrender as graciously as I can to my son, but your mother and I cannot consent to your marriage with poor Perry. I am more sorry than I

can say for both of you. For the moment please keep this ill-considered engagement from everybody, particularly your mother."

"Perry said that he would see you this afternoon, after luncheon."

"I shall be here," said her father. "It is unfair on me that I should be forced to tell him the truth."

ALMOST at the same moment Perry was with his mother. He, too, changed leisurely, as slow with excitement and happiness. His mother, he made sure, would be delighted. Not one crumpled roseleaf lay between him and the altar. With Biddy's help his village within a few years would challenge the supremacy of Cheddar FitzPayne. Curse London! Floreat Moonhills!

He found his mother reading a book just published dealing with the Peace Conference after the war. She insisted on keeping in touch with current literature. Her comments upon themes of the moment amused Perry, because she was so swift to perceive both sides of an argument.

One swift glance at his face was enough.

"Ah! You have something to tell me."

"I should think I had. Biddy is going to be your daughter."

For an instant she closed her eyes, as he bent down to kiss her. When she raised the heavy lids, she smiled.

"You guessed?"

"Oh, yes. Tell me everything, particularly the details."

He did so, ending on the highest note.

"She's telling her father; she insisted on that. And he adores her. I daresay I'm not the son-in-law that he would have picked, but there it is. I shall pop over to FitzPayne after luncheon. I—I think he likes me."

"Of course he likes you."

"You agree that the sooner I tackle him the better?"

She remained silent, absorbed in thought. Taking for granted that silence might be construed as assent, he continued gaily:

"Everything is just right, isn't it?"

"Perhaps."

"What a word from you! As I said to Biddy—would he and the Duchess have encouraged us to be so much together if they had any real objection to our marriage?"

"Perry—"

"Yes?"

"I should like to see the Duke before you see him."

"Why?"

"A—a whim of mine. It is possible that the Duke has not considered marriage between you two people. He may be taken aback. Victor Orde said something—"

"What did he say?"

She tried to speak lightly, but her voice quavered.

"He said that the Duke was kind to you because he was sorry for you, and then—"

"Well?"

"He—he hinted that he was sorry for you because of the taint in the Templar family."

"I daresay. This taint has been grotesquely exaggerated. Good heavens!"

He had opened his mouth, and was now gaping at his mother, confounded by an unexpected thought. Perceiving that Mrs. Templar's curiosity was

aroused, sensible too that she was a keen-eyed onlooker, he burst into speech:

"Does Pelham believe in this cursed taint?"

"How do I know? He might. Why do you bring him in?"

"I'll tell you what I meant to keep from you. Have you any idea why Judith left Moonhills?"

"To visit a friend."

"That was the reason given to us. But Judy didn't want to go. I squeezed the silly story out of Thomasina. Pelham packed her off because there was gossip in the village about her and me. There was nothing to warrant such gossip."

"I'm sure of that," she replied gently. "But, at the same time, I thought that little Judy was rushing up here too often."

"I didn't ask her to come. You wondered why I looked startled a minute ago. I recalled some words of hers. She speaks before she thinks, as—as I do. She blurted out with a laugh that her mother had warned her not to fall in love with me. Would she have said that if there was any likelihood of her doing so?"

"Perhaps not."

"I laughed, but I told her she oughtn't to have given her mother away. And, at the time, it struck me that there was no reason against Judy marrying me; and that a match-making mamma would have been pleased if she did. Still, I must acquit that bothering woman of being anything of the sort. I accepted the reason. Judy went away and stayed away. Now she has come back and is working six hours a day. I've seen hardly anything of her. But if Pelham honestly thought that this Templar taint was in me, he, being a wise bird, might have packed off Judy on that account."

"He—he might," admitted Mrs. Templar nervously.

Her manner and voice puzzled him. Groping in the dark for what evaded him, he went on:

"Mother, you don't worry about this taint, do you?"

To his satisfaction she smiled at him. When, after a pause, she spoke, her voice was firm—almost hard.

"On my word of honor, Sonnie, I don't."

"Thank heaven for that. All is well."

"Not yet. I think of you first; but I must think of Biddy's father. There might be a painful interview, dreadful for both of you, if he believes that you have inherited this taint. That is why I wish to see him first. Give me my writing things. I'll write a note. You can have it sent over."

"Are you positive that this won't upset you?"

"Positive."

ALTHOUGH a good trencherman, the Duke made an indifferent luncheon. He rode over to Moonhills, taking a short cut through Perry's home farm. What Perry was doing and what he had already done would have provoked interest on any other occasion. Money was being spent, and very rightly spent. The outstanding fact that there was cash in hand—and apparently plenty of it—aroused vain regrets. If it were not for this accursed taint, he would be chuckling! Yes; benedictions would be forming themselves on his lips. Why had Mrs. Templar sent for him? The obvious reason made him grumpy. She knew herself to be a charmer. A charmer she had been and would remain till the end. She intended, of course, to coax him; she

would do it so delightfully. He was well aware of her subtlety; he had never questioned her whole-souled devotion to her son. She would indicate tactfully the impotence of the older generation. The Duke had been reckoned, as an Under-Secretary, to be capable rather than politic; he had always disdained the wiles and guiles of the trained diplomatist.

The old groom, looking ten years younger, took his hack, when he slid from the saddle in Perry's stable yard.

"Put him on the pillar chains," said the Duke. "He's a greedy beast. Give him nothing to eat."

A path led through a sort of wilderness to the front of the house. Very slowly the Duke stroled through this. It was no longer a wilderness. Perry and Biddy had been at work, cutting down rank growths of auruba and laurel. There had been talk of a water garden. At the moment the place looked bare and forlorn. The Duke paused to survey ugly stumps not yet removed, frowning at them. "Cutting down" had to precede "building up." This too familiar thought carried him back to his boyhood. He could remember his grandfather, the last of the autocrats.

"Clearings!" he muttered.

What clearings of too rank growths had taken place in his time. Recently he had glanced through some letters written by his great-grandmother to her husband. They were bewilderingly formal, beginning "My dear lord." The daughters of the House of FitzPayne in those days rose to their feet and curtsied when the head of the family entered the room!

Would Biddy curtsy to his wishes? He had a vision of her, hatchet in hand, slashing at the undergrowth. She loved that, went at it with rare gusto. How she had slashed at him and her mother! The House of FitzPayne might be divided against itself, if the young people stood together. . . .

He was ushered into the Moonhills library shortly after three. Perry had promised his mother to keep out of the way till tea-time. If he found the Duke with her when he returned to the house, he might infer that his prospects were brighter. On the other hand, kind though the Duke had been to him, he thought ruefully of a strong chin, a promontory of a chin which, like the Hapsburg lip, had been passed on to his son. Cheddar might side with his father.

Her visitor looked unhappy as he took Mrs. Templar's hand. She inquired after Biddy, provoking him to say:

"She's shaken up; I told her to lie down. I doubt whether she'll do it."

"Will you sit near me?" said Mrs. Templar.

She indicated a chair close to her couch. He sat down, thinking to himself: "I'd better listen to what she has to say; but what can she say?"

She began gently:

"You are much upset."

"I am," he replied bluntly. "The more so because I shrink from upsetting you. I have not talked this over with my wife. Biddy came to me after I got home from cubbing. She's little the worse for a bad toss; I wish I could say as much for myself. I blame myself for letting her ride that horse. I blame myself for this—this entanglement. You see I warned her and—and—"

"Yes?"

"I supposed that you, knowing what I do, and anxious as I was, as we all were, to help your son, would have warned him."

"I've kept knowledge of this taint from him ever since he was a boy."

His face softened.

"Am I to understand that you sent for me to work with me, not against me, because you feel about this taint as I do?"

"Perry thinks of me as a peace-at-any-price woman. Perhaps I am. To secure his peace and happiness, I would gladly sacrifice my own. And I believe you think that way about your children. You spoke of your day being over, as—as mine is. We aren't dead yet, but we can't exercise the authority that was imposed on us."

"I agree. We have failed to take into consideration human nature. Biddy is a sensible girl. She must love Perry deeply to disregard our feelings, our convictions. I trusted her; and I felt, so did my wife, that we could trust Perry, taking for granted that he knew the truth. Even if you withheld the truth from him, surely his solicitors, who are my solicitors, ought to have told him?"

THEY withheld the truth at my wish. Before I explain what governed me, will you tell me what you propose to do, if—Biddy marries my son without your consent?"

"She might. To add to my distress, Mrs. Templar, I must tell you that Cheddar has engaged himself to Shelagh Figge."

"I congratulate him and you. I hoped that Shelagh would marry Perry."

"Knowing, possibly, that Mr. James Figge would not withhold his blessing?"

She laughed. He stared at her, muttering irritably:

"I wish I could laugh."

"Isn't laughter one of Mr. Figge's weapons? There is a funny side to this, not funny enough to compensate us. I picked Shelagh as a possible wife for Perry, knowing that she is a noble woman, nobly planned. As a Socialist, Mr. Figge amused me, because he attracts attention, as has been said of Bernard Shaw, by standing on his head. If Shelagh marries your son, I predict that James Figge will stand on his feet and quite probably become a valued contributor to the 'Morning Post.'"

"You may be right. I can't play the Roman father with Cheddar, as I told Biddy this morning. You ask what would happen if I opposed this marriage, which my conscience, nothing else, forces me to do, and if, in spite of my opposition, Biddy cut loose from us? I—I can't bear to think of that."

"You would cut loose from her and him?"

"Feeling as I do, nothing else would be possible. Even Sedgemoor, our neighbor, a selfish and self-centred man, hinted that Perry had paid attentions to his daughter, and that he, he if you please, could not sanction such a marriage."

Again Mrs. Templar laughed. Again he displayed irritation.

"Lord Sedgemoor told you that? Would you sooner believe him or me?"

"Can you ask?"

"His daughter was flung at Perry's head. Perry disliked her at sight. She paid him attentions. What a world it is! If you had cited our rector as a man who shares your views I should not have laughed. He has a pretty daughter who might have fallen in love with Perry, and Mr. Pelham, I believe, would feel as you do. Now, if we agreed to disentangle what you call an entanglement, how would you set about it?"

The Duke smiled for the first time. What he had hoped was coming to pass. Violence was as alien to him as cruelty. The spurs he wore in the hunting-field were so blunted that they could inflict little more than a scratch upon the satin flanks of a thoroughbred. He carried a whip and seldom used it. "Do you call Perry susceptible, Mrs. Templar?"

"Oh, yes. Why?"

"We made sure that he wanted to marry Shelagh Figue. And that, of course, was none of our business. It is so easy to fall in love and out of it."

"Is it? That has not been my experience. Is Biddy susceptible?"

"No. But this engagement appears to have come about suddenly after the accident. From what I know of Perry an appeal might not be wasted."

"That means telling him the truth."

"If you had not sent for me, if he had come to me I should have told him what I know. You have spared me that; and I'm most grateful."

"You don't know all the truth."

"What can you mean?"

TO his distress, she covered her face with her hands, remaining silent. He got up, walked to the window overlooking the terrace, and stood with his back to her. He must give her time to recover self-possession. And he was feeling horribly upset himself. Mechanically his eyes strayed from the formal terrace to the formal gardens enclosed by yew hedges. In the past Moonhills had been famous for its topiary work. To the left stretched the park. The leaves were still on the trees. He could see the mere where he had caught pike when he was a boy. . . .

How joyfully he would have acclaimed a marriage between his daughter and Perry if this abominable taint had been absent! What a princely inheritance! But the black Templars for generations had beenriched it and, at the end, neglected it. Perry was the last of them, poor boy! Horrible, heart-breaking to think of him as "better dead."

He heard Mrs. Templar's voice:

"Duke—"

He turned, expecting to find her in tears. She was marvellously serene. Had she read his thoughts when she said:

"Can you remember me as I used to be?"

"Perfectly. No man who ever saw you would be able to forget you, but I don't think we met."

"No. My father was your father's wine merchant."

"I recall him."

"Many men, who bought wine from him, came to our house in the Circus. He loved to entertain men who liked good wine. The two Templars were our guests—and one other man, a friend of yours. I made a foolish, girlish oath long ago that his name should never pass my lips, but, when your back was turned I wrote it down on this pad in pencil."

The Duke read the name.

"You knew him?"

"Yes. Please burn that bit of paper." He did so. "Those three men fell in love with me. I was ambitious. I resented bitterly class distinctions. The county barely recognised me. I had been well-educated, far better than some under-governed young ladies whom I met at the public dances. The Templars said, I remember, that they got good talk as well as good wine in our house. Shall we say

that I engaged myself to Humphry Templar in much the same spirit which beguiled Elizabeth Linley when she promised to marry her elderly suitor, Walter Long? But Humphry's love terrified me. He was so jealous, so exacting, so unreasonable—"

"I'm sure he was."

"When the engagement was broken off after a dreadful scene between us, the county believed that he had broken it off—"

"Yes."

"I had to tell Perry that I broke it off; and I told him half the truth: that I was frightened of a mad black Templar. I could not tell him that I had fallen in love with another man hardly older than myself, a boy dependent on his father, who couldn't marry me openly—"

"I understand."

"We became secretly engaged as soon as I was free. I make no excuses for myself, none. I—I wanted to give him everything—and I did."

Her voice quavered and broke. The Duke took her hand and pressed it, profoundly moved. He had gone back thirty years; so had she. He was seeing her again as she was, another Elizabeth Linley; and he was seeing his friend, another Dick Sheridan, the son of a great magnate, a joyous care-free youth, beloved by everybody. He had forgotten for the moment his interest in this sad confession; he had forgotten Biddy; he was enthralled by a poignant personal experience, knowing that it might have happened to himself.

"Must you go on?" he asked.

"I must—I must. You know what happened. My lover was killed in the hunting-field. . . . I was beside myself with misery. He would have married me had he known how it was with me."

"I saw him killed," groaned the Duke. "He died instantly."

"Yes. I hadn't the pluck to kill myself. I dared not tell my people. But—Hugh Templar guessed. He was reckless and wild, but not violent, like Humphry. I told him. . . . He didn't seem to care much. . . . We went off together; he married me by special licence. This led to the furious quarrel between the two cousins. Hugh's regiment was in Ireland. That made things easier for me. For a time we were fairly happy. Hugh was good to me; my people forgave me. Soon after Perry was born we moved from the Curragh to Canterbury. Then the family taint developed itself in Hugh's only sister; she had to be put under restraint. . . . Hugh became horribly depressed. . . . I had known little about the taint till he told me. He abhorred any form of restraint; he told me that he'd put a bullet through his head before they locked him up; and I believed he would. Then my punishment began. Hugh was so temperamental and growing more and more reckless. When Perry was five years old Hugh had to leave the regiment. I coaxed him to put himself into the hands of a great specialist. Then he went into a home for six months. His friends knew about that. Perhaps you did?"

"I did."

"He came out of it more like his old self. We went abroad, drifting here and there. He was so restless, till he took up flying. Meanwhile, my parents died and I came into their money. Hugh and I lived much apart till the war broke out, when he joined up and, as you know, distinguished himself. He was killed in 1916. He—he wanted to be killed. There is so

little more to tell you except this. Humphry saw Perry when we were at Canterbury; he saw him again when he was at Harrow. You are a great gentleman, and you will spare me further humiliation. I have not long to live. . . .

"My friend's son," murmured the Duke. "Had he married you, Perry would be to-day—"

"He would be to-day what he is: a kindly, unselfish, straightforward young man, happily not too clever, worthy of any woman's acceptance. He has a touching faith in me which I dare not imperil. I kept him away from this West Country because I feared that any knowledge of the Templar taint might react on him. He is not afraid of it now; he is old enough to know his own essential sanity. I may have made a mistake. I—I acted according to my lights. Very flickeringly dim they were at times."

The Duke stood up.

"Thank you, Mrs. Templar. I accept this as the truth and all the truth. I withdraw my objections to a marriage which, for your sake, ought to take place as reasonably soon as possible."

That was a taste of his quality. A surrender so swift and unconditional exacted a generous response. Before she could speak, he added a few words:

"I shall tell my wife what you have told me; nobody else need know."

Her quality displayed itself.

"You mentioned Lord Sedgemoor just now. What will he and the others say?"

"They will say, Mrs. Templar, that I am a match-maker, that I wanted my little daughter to marry a rich man, that a bloated capitalist considered nothing else. What care I what they say? Still—"

he smiled at her genially—"I know what I shall say. I'm not Humphry Templar, but I understand why he left Moonhills to your son. I give my daughter gladly to Perry for the same reason."

PERRY came back to tea to find the Duke gone. He did not rush into the library, because he made so certain that bad news awaited him. He went to his bedroom and glanced derisively at his bed. Could he take tremendous opposition lying down? No; he couldn't. The love he felt for Biddy was the real thing. If the Duke had declared war, he wouldn't sleep to-night. Suppose he were forbidden the house? Could he send her a message? Suddenly he remembered the ruby ring. He had told Biddy about that and what it meant. He unlocked a drawer and took the ring from it. If the Duke had triumphed over his mother, he would send Biddy the ring. He slipped it into his pocket and went downstairs.

His mother greeted him smilingly.

"Have you worked a miracle?" She nodded. "How—how did you do it?"

"Isn't it enough that His Majesty withdraws his objections?"

"No—no—no. He's so set in his ways. . . . Are you a witch? I believe you are. What is he going to say to me? And what did you say to him?"

"I satisfied him of your sanity, Sonnie. Don't forget that Biddy's happiness is very dear to him. It was easier than you think."

"I can't think."

"Perhaps he considered me. He hopes for my sake that the marriage will take place soon."

"Soon? It's too marvellously good to be true."

He put his arms round her and hugged

her. Once more that afternoon time played tricks on her. Perry, so people said, took after his mother; she alone knew how much he resembled his father. Had the Duke's unconditional surrender been partly due to his belated recognition of this likeness? Again and again she had noticed that it was manifested most strongly when Perry was happy and joyous.

At this moment she might have been in her youthful lover's arms . . . She heard his voice . . . Presently there might be a reaction, when curiosity reasserted itself. From childhood he had been so mercurial, soaring to heights, sinking to depths. She had been the cause of those ups and downs. Before he was born she had been so miserable. And after he was born so happy, because she regarded him as the child of love, all that was left to her. But she was aware that his sensitiveness was a disability.

He sat down beside her. "Now for the budget," he said gaily. His use of a word so familiar to both of them made her wince. As a boy, nothing had brought them nearer to each other than her insistence on giving and exacting details. The French, she had pointed out, were past masters of small talk, making much out of little. Trivial details ceased to be trivial if you used Gallic wit. Living abroad Perry had acquired this agreeable knack. He had cultivated it when his mother became a prisoner.

SHE remained silent. After a pause he said:

"I believe you have something up your sleeve. I understand why you tried to keep knowledge of this taint away from me. But now I know about it. If a man like the Duke feels that I ought not to marry any girl, what arguments did you use to make him change his mind? My reason said you had none; but I had faith in you. There was a strange look on your face . . . It—it heartened me. I've been walking about the village wondering what you could say. And now you won't tell me what you have said. It's—it's so unlike you."

She attempted to explain. "I am so certain there is no taint, it has never shown itself in any way. Had it been there, do you think that I should not have detected it?"

"That wouldn't be enough for the Duke."

Could she feign weakness? To her relief he said tentatively:

"Will the Duke see me after tea?"

"He suggested, just before he went, that you should go to FitzPayne to-morrow morning. Biddy has been shaken up. Probably she's in bed. Also the Duchess has to be told."

"You are right. I wonder if I could take to Biddy that splendid ruby which Humphry gave you? It's in my pocket. Would it pain you to look at it?"

He had never mentioned the ring to her, but that and the miniature had remained in his mind as tremendously significant of Humphry Templar's love for a woman who had no love for him.

"Where did you find it?"

He told her, as she held the ring in her hand, gazing at it sorrowfully; but she was grateful for this unexpected digression, fearing that he might press home the point on which she had impaled herself.

"You aren't thinking of giving this to Biddy as an engagement ring?"

"No, but I told her about it, and she

was so interested. I felt that I couldn't offer it to her without telling you. I do believe that I care for her, as Humphry cared for you. When I found it, hard thoughts of him melted away."

"I'll keep the ring," said Mrs. Templar, "till you are married."

THEY dined together in the library. Perry chattered about Moonhills, talking in the whimsical way that pleased the FitzPaynes.

"Depend upon it, Selene has her eye on me. I disliked the name; now I love it. There is a temple of the sun at FitzPayne. I must have a temple of the moon at the far end of the terrace."

Biddy was duly toasted in a glass of champagne. Later on the dinner things were taken away. Perry lit a cigarette and wandered about the room—restlessly. Mrs. Templar perceived that the reaction she had anticipated was setting in. Finally he sat down.

"Biddy will ask a lot of questions," he said. "She warned me that we were in for a peck o' trouble. I felt like Peter Piper this afternoon. What has happened has been too easy. I did have a heaven-sent conviction that in the end we might pull through, but I expected delays and jabberings. If Biddy stuck to me, if I stuck to her, the parents might haul down the flag. What has taken place? You send for the Duke. He weighs in. And then—before a cat can blink her eye—the walls of Jericho crumble! It's a fairy tale. Biddy won't listen to a fairy tale. How did you weave your spells?"

Again she remained silent, thinking how faithfully silence had served her throughout her life. It was a broken reed now. A man, not a boy, confronted her. Moonhills had made a man of him.

"You spoke of a miniature," she said slowly, "which you found with the ring. Will you show it to me?"

"It's a rotten miniature."

"I should like to see it."

"All right. It's in my bedroom. I'll fetch it."

He hurried away. Before he returned she had decided to debase herself, to step from her pinnacle.

He thrust the miniature into her hand, muttering:

"It doesn't do you justice."

"But it does. Humphry had a photograph of me which was returned with the ring. Before he returned it, this must have been done. Weak face, isn't it?"

"You are not weak."

"I was weak once; so were you. Strength has to be earned, like liberty and everything else worth having."

She slipped a bangle from her wrist. Hanging from it was a small gold key.

"Open the dressing-case in my bedroom. You will find in it, under the top tray, a sealed letter addressed to you."

"Am I to read it?"

"Not yet. When I thought I was dying and couldn't speak, I pointed to my dressing-case. You may have guessed that there was something in it for you."

"I did."

"Get me this letter."

Awed by the expression on her face, he left the room without another word. She laid aside the miniature after one disdainful glance at it, and held out her hand for the letter when he came back.

"I wrote this when you inherited Moonhills, and, as you see, it was to be opened after my death. It must be opened now."

After you have read it, not here but in your room, you may feel that you have lost the woman whom you believed me to be, but Biddy, whom you can now marry without a qualm, Biddy, whose children will be as free from all taint as she is herself, will take my place."

"Never!"

"Read that letter."

"I want to burn it—unread."

"I forbid that."

Their eyes met. He dropped the letter, seizing her hand, as he knelt beside her.

"Suppose I have guessed what is in it?" he said.

"Guessed?" she faltered.

"Just now, not a minute ago. I'm a fool not to have guessed before. Fool I may be, but I know you. You are too clever, too sensible, to talk of my children being free from the Templar taint, if I were a Templar. Why did you admit that you were weak? You sent for Biddy's father to tell him that I was not a Templar. And you thought, darling, that you could keep this from me, didn't you?"

"Whilst I lived—yes."

"I thank heaven that I have such a mother; I thank heaven that I'm not a Templar. This is the happiest day of my life. Did Humphry Templar know?"

"He, too, guessed."

"And—and your husband?"

"He knew. I—told him. . . before I married him."

"That's enough for me. I refuse to read your letter in your lifetime."

He snatched it up, rushed back to the bedroom, replaced the letter, and slipped the bangle upon her wrist.

"Perhaps this is the happiest day of my life, Sonnie," she whispered, as he came back to her. "Is there any other question?"

"Only this. If I'm not a Templar, ought I to be the owner of Moonhills?"

"Yes. It is quite impossible for either of us to peer into the mind of Humphry Templar. He may have thought—it is barely possible—that your father's son would do what he, unhappy man, left undone. I cannot talk about your father; I can't speak his name. When I'm gone, you will know, and you won't be ashamed of him. I'm very tired, Sonnie."

"Of course you are."

He fussed over her, till she encouraged him to talk about Biddy. Presently she was wheeled into her bedroom by him; and he rang for her maid.

AFTER she was in bed, he came back to bid her good night; and she assured him that the night would be good. He lingered for a few minutes, loth to leave her. When he kissed her he told her what she wished to hear.

"You have been the best mother in the world to me."

After he had gone she lay awake, conscious of an extraordinary sense of well-being. But her thoughts were with the lover of her youth. She had outlived him for nearly thirty years. What had happened when he passed over? She recalled some of their clandestine meetings. Often she had been late, but invariably he had laughed, saying: "I don't mind waiting for you."

Was he waiting for her? She fell asleep long after midnight. In her sleep she died.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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